

Suicide Leaves Estate For Working Horses

(By United Press Leased Wire.) SEATTLE, July 27.—George E. Hall, who killed himself with dynamite in the woods last Thursday near Renton, left between \$15,000 and \$20,000 of his estate of \$25,000 for the care and comfort of working horses.

The will was probated today. It contains a few small bequests for various relatives. The balance of the will is a detailed statement of what he wants done with the following commendation of the horse:

"We are all animals and the horse is the best and most affectionate and useful animal we have."

The money is left to the Seattle humane society to be "devoted to the care and protection of work animals, keeping constantly in view the comfort, sanitary and hygienic conditions."

Minute specifications for such care are included.

CATTLEMEN AND SHEEPMEN AGAIN AT WAR IN MONTANA

(By United Press Leased Wire.) HELENA, July 27.—War between the cattle and sheepmen in the northern part of this county has broken out again. As usual the fight is over the range.

Information received here today state that four sheepherders in charge of the Stowe bands crossed the "dead line" separating the sheep and cattle range yesterday. The herders were captured by a gang of cattlemen who disarmed the sheepmen, shot down a number of sheep, scattered the bands, and chased the herders over the "dead line" at the point of revolvers.

HUSBAND GIVES HER \$5 ONCE A YEAR

Marie Hansen says she cannot live and support four children on \$5 a year which she insists is all her husband, Hans Hansen, has given her in two years, so she wants a divorce.

Myrtle Rush also asked the court yesterday for divorce from Joseph Rush. She says she has been treated with cruelty ever since they were married in 1906.

MRS. LONGWORTH GETS INHERITANCE

(By United Press Leased Wire.) BOSTON, July 27.—Mrs. Alice Longworth will receive an annual income of about \$5,300 as her share of the estate of the late George C. Lee of Newton, her grandfather, according to an inventory of the estate on file today in the Middlesex probate court.

Lee died last March. His estate was valued at \$1,662,821.11. Mrs. Longworth inherits one-twelfth of its revenues.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE



JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER.

Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver, senator from Iowa, has been mixing it hot and heavy with the "interests" in the senate during the past few years, and twice during the last year leaped into the lime light and loomed up, a great big political figure.

The first of these occasions was when he introduced into the senate Gifford Pinchot's letter in which the forester defined his position in the Ballinger affair—a letter which subsequently cost Pinchot his job.

The second was when he got up in the senate June 14 and outlined his own position, frankly said what he thought about President Taft—which wasn't entirely favorable—and paid his compliments to the regulars who had been trying to "read him out of the Republican party."

The chances are that he will be a bigger figure yet in the next congress.

SOUTHERN STATES WILL HELP NEW ORLEANS

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 27.—Reports in Washington indicate that at least three Southern states outside of Louisiana are preparing to swing the Panama Pacific exposition in 1912 for New Orleans.

With this end in view, it is said, Texas, Mississippi and Alabama may get legislative appropriations which will assist New Orleans in raising the \$7,500,000 necessary to clinch the exposition.

AT THE TACOMA.

The Swain Stock company is having a big week with "A Woman Against an Empire," with which it is closing its engagement here for the summer.

AT THE PANTAGES.

"Arizona Joe" with his trained horses and wild west exhibition is delighting the Pantages patrons this week.

AT THE GRAND.

The Pullman Porter Maids in ragtime songs and dances at the Grand are making a hit. Other good features are also on the program.

Lady Macbeth's Face Marred by a Hat



FLORENCE ROBERTS DOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

Blued eyed, light haired Florence Roberts is a product of the Pacific coast. Miss Roberts has joined the Shubert forces, and her hobby is the legitimate. She dotes on Shakespeare, but in view of the indifference of the average player of today to Shakespeare, and the barrels of dollars made

by the musical comedies and other frothy productions, Miss Roberts will doubtless be obliged to temporarily drop her hobby and take up something lighter.

The expression on Miss Roberts' face in this, her latest photo, is quite Lady Macbethian, but the picture hat mars the illusion.

Pests of the Good Old Summer Time--The Bathing Beach Pest

As Imagined, Pictured and Described by the Artist Staff of The Daily Times.



Oh, see this curiosity! His hair is perfectly dry, because he has so much to attend to on the shore. When he goes into the water he holds small boys under the surface until they're almost dead. Clever, isn't it?



This is the insect that buzzes on the sand at the bathing beaches, throwing mud in Mabel's eyes or holding little Tommy under water to see him blow bubbles. Doesn't he remind you of a gorilla?



This turtle-necked offshoot of humanity will not dampen his cigarette, but occasionally hangs on the side of a rowboat full of little children. Also, he is fond of crying "Help!" and pretending he is drowning.



The ambition of this freak is to get tanned like a life saver without saving any lives. My idea of nothing to look at is a bathing beach pest. His love of posing makes him a logical candidate for store window demonstrator.



The bathing beach pest has more antics to turn the stomachs of decent people than could be witnessed in a monkey house. It's too bad the game laws protect him.

Freeland and Roys Are Not So Busy

The law requires that three members of the city council shall sit on the county equalization board which convenes next month, and with a commission form of government Tacoma is up against it.

"I can't go," said Owen Woods. "Well, how can I go," said Lawson.

The mayor, though neither one could get away very well, so he appointed Freeland, Roys and Woods, and told Woods he need not attend the sessions when he could not make it.

Freeland and Roys have more time and they will be on hand to represent the city.

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WHEN A MAN MARRIES

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

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"There you are!" she said. "He worked all day yesterday fixing this place for you—yes, for you, my dear. I am not blind—and last night you refused to let him bring you up."

"He told you!" I flamed. "He wondered what he had done. And as you wouldn't let him come within speaking distance of you, he came to me."

"I am sorry, Anne, since you are fond of him," I said. "But to me he is impossible—intolerable. My reasons are quite sufficient."

"Kit is perfectly right, Anne," Lelia broke in. "I tell you, there is something queer about him, it she added in a portentous whisper. Anne stiffened.

"He is perfect," she declared. "Of good family, warm-hearted, courageous, handsome, clever—what more do you ask?"

"Honestly," said Lelia hotly. "That a man should be what he says he is."

Anne and I both stared. "It is your Mr. Harbison," Lelia went on, "who tried to escape from the house by putting a board across to the next roof!"

"I don't believe it," said Anne. "You might bring me a picture of him, board in hand, and I wouldn't believe it."

"Don't then," Lottie said cruelly. "Let him get away with your pearls; they are yours. Only, as sure as anything, the man who tried to escape from the house had a reason for escaping, and the papers said a man in evening dress and light overcoat. I found Mr. Harbison's overcoat today lying in a heap in one of the maid's rooms, and it was covered with brick dust all over the front. A button had even been torn off."

"Pooh!" Anne said, when she had recovered herself a little. "There isn't any reason, as far as that goes, why Flannigan shouldn't have worn Tom's overcoat, or—any of the others."

"Flannigan!" Lelia said loftily. "Why, his arms are like piano legs; he couldn't get into it. As for the others, there is only one person who would fit, or nearly fit, that overcoat, and that is Dallas, Anne."

While Anne was choking down her wrath, Lelia got up and darted out of the tent. When she came back she was triumphant.

"Look," she said, holding out her hand. And on her palm lay a lightish brown button. "I found it just where the paper said the board was thrown out, and it is from Mr. Harbison's overcoat, without a doubt."

Of course I should not have been surprised. A man who would kiss a woman on a dark staircase—a woman he had known only two days—was capable of anything.

"Kit has only been a little kinder than the rest of us," Lottie said. "She found him out yesterday."

"Upon my word," said Anne indignantly, preparing to go, "if I didn't know you girls so well, I would think you were crazy. And now, just to off-set this, I can tell you something. Flannigan told me this morning not to worry; that he has my pearl collar spotted, and that young ladies will have their jokes!"

Yes, as I said before, it was a cheerful, joy-producing situation. I sat and thought it over after Anne's parting shot, when Lelia had flounced down-stairs. Things were closing in: I gave the situation twenty-four hours to develop. At the end of that time Flannigan would accuse me openly of knowing where the pearls were; I would explain my silly remark to him, and the mine would explode—under Aunt Selma's.

I was sunk in dejected reverie when some one came on the roof. When he was opposite the opening in the tent, I saw Mr. Harbison, and at that moment he saw me. He paused uncertainly, then he made an evident effort and came over to me.

"You are—better today?" "Quite well, thank you."

"I am glad you find the tent useful. Does it keep off the wind?"

"It is quite a shelter"—frigidly. He still stood, struggling for something to say. Evidently nothing came to his mind, for he lifted the cap he was wearing, and, turning away, began to work with the

wiring of the roof. He was clever with tools; one could see that. If he was a professional gentleman-burglar, no doubt he needed to be. After a bit, finding it necessary to climb to the parapet, he took off his coat, without even a glance in my direction, and fell to work vigorously.

One does not need to like a man to admire him physically, any more than one needs to like a race-horse or any other splendid animal. No one could deny that the man on the parapet was a splendid animal; he looked quite big enough and strong enough to have tossed his sleek neck, without any difficulty, and co-ordinated enough to have crossed on it with a flourish to safety.

Just then there was a rending, tearing sound from the corner and a muttered ejaculation. I looked up in time to see Mr. Harbison throw up his arms, make a futile attempt to regain his balance, and disappear over the edge of the roof. One instant he was standing there, splendid, superb; the next, the corner of the parapet was broken, splintered post and a tangle of wires.

I could not have moved at first; at least, it seemed hours before the full significance of the thing penetrated my dazed brain. When I got up I seemed to walk, to crawl, with leaden weights holding back my feet.

When I got to the corner I had to catch the post for support. I knew somebody was saying, "Oh, how terrible!" over and over. It was only afterward that I knew it had been myself. And then some other voice was saying, "Don't be alarmed. Please don't be frightened. I'm all right."

I dared to look over the parapet, finally, and instead of a crushed and unspeakable body, there was Mr. Harbison, sitting about eight feet below me, with his feet swinging into space and a long red scratch from the corner of his eyes across his cheek. There was a sort of mansard there, with windows, and just enough coping to keep him from rolling off.

"I thought you had fallen—all the way," I gasped, trying to keep my lips from trembling. "I—oh, don't dangle your feet like that!"

He did not seem at all glad of his escape. He sat there gloomily, peering into the gulf beneath.

"If it wasn't so—er—messy and generally unpleasant," he replied without looking up, "I would slide off and go the rest of the way."

"You are childish," I said severely. "See if you can get through the window behind you. If you can not, I'll come down and unfasten it." But the window was open, and I had a chance to sit down and gather up the scattered ends of my nerves. To my surprise, however, when he came back he made no effort to renew our conversation. He ignored me completely, and went to work at once to repair the damage to his wires, with his back to me.

"I think you are very rude," I said at last. "You fell over there and I thought you were killed. The nervous shock I experienced is just as bad as if you had gone all the way."

He put down the hammer and came over to me without speaking. Then, when he was quite close, he said:

"I am very sorry if I startled you. I did not flatter myself that you would be profoundly affected, in any event."

"Oh, as to that," I said lightly. "It makes me ill for days if my car runs over a dog." He looked at me in silence. "You are not going to get up on the parapet again?"

"Mrs. Wilson," he said, without paying the slightest attention to my question, "will you tell me what I have done?"

"Done?"

"Or have not done? I have raked my brains—stayed awake all of last night. At first I hoped it was impersonal, that, woman-like, you were merely venting general disfavor on one particular individual. But—your hostility is to

me, personally."

I raised my eyebrows, coldly interrogative.

"Perhaps," he went on calmly—"perhaps I was a fool here on the roof—the night before last. If I said anything that I should not, I ask your pardon. If it is not that, I think you ought to ask mine!"

I was angry enough then. "There can be only one opinion about your conduct," I retorted warmly. "It was worse than brutal. It—it was unspeakable. I have no words for it—except that I loathe it—and you."

He was very grim by this time. "I have heard you say something like that before—only I was not the unfortunate in that case."

"Oh!" I was choking.

"Under different circumstances should be the last person to recall anything so—personal. But the circumstances are unusual. He took an angry step toward me."

"Will you tell what I have done? Or shall I go down and ask the others?"

"You wouldn't dare," I cried, "or I will tell them what you did! How you laylaid me on the stairs there, forced your caresses, your kisses, on me! Oh, I could die with shame!"

The silence that followed was as unexpected as it was ominous. I knew he was staring at me, and I was furious to find myself so emotional, so much more the excited of the two. Finally, I looked up.

"You can not deny it," I said, a sort of anticlimax.

"No." He was very quiet, very grim, quite composed. "No," he repeated judicially. "I do not deny it."

He did not? Or he would not? Which?

Almost, but Not Quite.

Dal had been acting strangely all day. Once, early in the evening, when I had doubled no trump, he led me a club without apology, and later on, during his dummy, I saw him writing our names on the back of an envelope, and putting numbers after them. At my earliest opportunity I went to Max.

"There is something the matter with Dal, Max," I volunteered. "He has been acting strangely all day, and just now he was making out a list—names and numbers."

"You're to blame for that, Kit," Max said seriously. "You put washing soda instead of baking soda in those biscuits today, and he thinks he is a steam laundry. Those are laundry lists he's making out. He asked me a little while ago if I wanted a domestic finish."

Yes, I put washing soda in the biscuits. The book said soda, and how is one to know which is meant?

"I do not think you are calculated for a domestic finish," I said coldly as I turned away. "In any case I disclaim any such responsibility. But—there is something on J.'s mind."

Max came after me. "Don't be cross, Kit. You haven't said a nice word to me to-day, and you go around bristling with your chin up and two red spots on your cheeks—like whatever-her-name was with the snakes instead of hair. I don't know why I'm so

crazy about you; I always meant to love a girl with a nice disposition."

I left him then. Dal had gone into the reception room and closed the doors. And because he had been acting so strangely, and partly to escape from Max, whose eyes looked threatening, I followed him. Just as I opened the door quietly and looked in, Dallas switched off the lights, and I could hear him group his way across the room. Then somebody—not Dal—spoke from the corner, cautiously.

"Is that you, Mr. Brown, sir?" it was Flannigan.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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