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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE TACOMA TIMES

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Men

The bum on the corner whining for a dime to buy a sandwich, when you know that it's a drink he wants, is a man. The fellow being dumped into the police wagon because he has beaten his wife, even his mother, is a man. The great artist who has just painted a portrait of the beautiful lady, is a man. The captain of industry who has amassed something like a billion dollars by robbing and ruining other men, is a man. The stoker in the very bottom of the ship who faces heat that seems to ordinary mortals almost unbearable, is a man. The dude in the parlor who talks in a high-pitched voice, who tries to walk like a tightly-corseted woman, who carries his hands like a little dog carries his front paws when the little dog walks on his hind legs, is a man. Rich and poor; learn and illiterate; educated and mis-educated; college bred and well read; pompous and diffident; fawning and sincere; frank and hypocritical; husky and thin-chested; tall and short; thick and thin; shock-headed and bald-headed; red, yellow, white, pink and black—they are all men. They would be rich; they would be famous; they are lazy; they are ambitious. They love women; they are woman haters. They respect God; they are so careless, so thoughtless, that they never think of God. They think and talk; they are thoughtless blabmouths. They are handsome and ugly. They are athletic andemic. They are naturally honest; they are inherently crooked. They are lovable and loving; they are hateful and hating. Yet they belong to the family; they are our brothers. And as such we must accept them. The bum, seemingly, has as much right to clutter the way as the pompous billionaire. At the last there won't be much difference between them. The billionaire can't take his gold to the grave. And then some roads are rougher than others. The start may have been rather uneven. In time, perhaps, we shall find a way to calculate proper handicaps.

Law

Let's consider the law—man-made law. Of course, we must have law, and the law must be obeyed. It is not for us to question the law, nor the way the law is made. The law is the law! So says our president, who is deeply learned in the law. Laws passed by the New York state legislature (which found it necessary a few days since to oust Senator Allds because he was making laws for a bridge company) must be obeyed just the same as laws made by honest men. It's really funny, when you stop to think about it. The law says it is legal to sell whisky, and drink whisky; but if you drink whisky (that is, too much) they lock you up and fine you. And you pay the salaries of the men who lock you up and who assess the fine, as well as paying for the whisky you drank, and paying for the making of the law which says it is legal to sell you the whisky, yet puts you in jail for drinking the whisky! Now what kind of a double-cross is that? Law is a mighty peculiar thing! The laws of the Illinois legislature, at this moment in the throes of a dirty scandal, must be obeyed. Why, even the laws of the Pennsylvania legislature must be obeyed. New Jersey laws are expected to be obeyed. Of course, if you have enough money you can appeal from the law. You can carry a case from court to court and from court to court, until all the judges die, or get so old they are childish, or get so sick of your case that they may let you do as you please. But you and I are interested principally in the law as it applies to ordinary folk—you and me. It does seem that if we are earnestly seeking better laws we will really have to wake up and select better men to make our laws.

"Hardly a drop though. Must have been my empty stomach. Fellow that was flush set everybody up and the next thing I knew I woke up in a muddy alley this morning. I—What—"

He pointed to three baskets in one corner, covered with white cloths. "Rabbits," explained Hawkins shortly. "Uncle in the country sent them. Get those two baskets, we're going to take them to the market."

"Why not have one of 'em for breakfast. I'm hungry enough—"

"No. Er—we'll breakfast later." Hawkins picked up one of the baskets hurriedly. "Come along."

Several hours later they returned—two comfortable, well-fed men.

"Say, that sirloin was a pipplin," sighed Mr. Stubbins as he sank into a chair. "Your uncle's all to the mustard. But why don't you let me have rabbit stew—"

"I don't like rabbits, I told you," Hawkins snapped.

"Yes, yes. So you did." Mr. Stubbins leaned out of the window. Suddenly his head bobbed excitedly. "Say, there ain't a one there. Not a one."

"One what?" "Cat. And, say, there's the old lady a-rummagin' round under the house and a-pokin' in every corner. I believe—Gee! I believe she's lost 'em all. Say, I bet they liked that catnip so they went huntin' for some more and forgot to come back."

ALL AROUND THE HOME By Cynthia Grey

In buying fish see that the flesh is firm, so that if pressed by the finger it will rise again. Instantly, the gills red and the scales not easily rubbed off.

If fruit and vegetables are peeled in a pan of cold water, the hands will not discolor.

If a bodkin is not at hand, an excellent substitute consists of a wooden match. The tape and ribbon should be folded over the end of the match, when the latter can be pushed through the hem, as is done with a bodkin, and if held firmly will not allow the tape to slip.

Coffee makes an excellent polish for furniture. Drain off the left-over coffee, and when there is a quart mix it with a tablespoon of sweet oil. Rub the furniture over with this and polish it with a dry cloth. If the coffee is strong it will help to conceal all scratches.

To have a nice, smooth starch, put few drops kerosene in and stir till all taken up; this prevents the starch sticking.

Gooseberries when stewed make an excellent accompaniment for broiled mackerel and roast mutton.

An easy way to shrink gingham is to lay the cloth in a large tub without unfolding. Let soak in lukewarm rain water to which a cupful of salt has been added, until all the folds are thoroughly wet through, then take it out and unfold without wringing and pin on the line where there is a brisk wind. When the cloth is dry you will never know that it was not carefully ironed. Colored goods treated in this way will not run.

To clean water jars or small neck bottles or pitchers, fill with cut lemon peel in small pieces. Put in jar and fill with cold water and let stand a few hours or overnight. Will be perfectly clean in the morning.

When canning fruit, if a silver tablespoon is placed in a glass jar before pouring in the hot fruit, it will prevent the jar from breaking. This also applies when it is desired to put hot dessert in a cut glass dish.

If the hands have become very much stained with ink, they should be rubbed with lemon juice.

The regular monthly meeting of the Daughters of the G. A. R. will be held at the armory tomorrow afternoon.

Three days of old-time picnics is the program at the Non-Sectarian Widows' and Orphans' home on the military road, for August 26, 27 and 28. The fun will commence at noon each day and last until 10 o'clock at night.

Life On Panama Canal has had one frightful drawback—malaria trouble—that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "Three bottles completely cured me of a very severe attack of malaria," writes Wm. A. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C., "and I've had good health ever since." Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and prevent Typhoid. 35c. Guaranteed by all druggists.

PEACHES ARE RIPE!



Cynthia Grey Tells How to Prepare Them

CANDIED PEACHES. Candied peaches are among the confections which are easily made at home. Pears, apricots and other small fruits can be candied by the same process. Slice the peaches and let simmer until clear in a sirup made with one-half their weight in sugar. Lay on dishes in the sun until dry. Pack in jars, and cover with powdered sugar. To make honeyed peaches substitute pure honey for sugar. PEACH SALAD. When peach salad is served, the dinner may be concluded without a dessert. Lady fingers or crackers and coffee are usually passed. Use ripe peaches, cut in very thin slices, arrange on lettuce leaves, garnish with chopped almonds, and serve with a mayonnaise to which one-half cup of beaten cream has been added. PEACH TAPIOCA. Soak one cupful of tapioca in cold water, and drain. Peel one dozen peaches and cut them in half. Cook them with a little sugar for 10 minutes and take them out of the sirup. Add this sirup, one-quarter cupful of powdered sugar, a pinch of salt, and one cupful of boiling water to the tapioca, and cook until clear. Line a mold with the peaches and pour in the tapioca, and bake for half an hour. Let it cool, and serve with whipped cream. TURKISH PEACHES. Peel the peaches by plunging them in boiling water, then remove the stone through slit in one side, without injuring the shape of the peach. Fill hollows with seeded raisins and arrange in baking dish; sprinkle liberally with sugar, and set in hot oven 20 minutes. Have ready a dish lined with boiled rice. Spread over it peaches, and serve with dressing made of coconut milk thickened with cornstarch and sweetened with granulated sugar, and one which can be quickly prepared mix two cups of cream with three cups of sugar, and add three eggs beaten until light. Cook in double boiler until custard thickens, then set aside to chill. Flavor with almond essence, add two cups of sweetened peach pulp, and freeze. Let peach cream ripen three hours before serving. CANNING PEACHES. Maria Parlova's directions for canning peaches are both simple and scientific. Here they are: "Decide upon the amount of fruit you will cook at one time, then have two bowls—one for the sugar and one for the fruit—that will hold just the quantity of each. As the fruit is pared, drop it into its measuring bowl. When the measure is full put the fruit and sugar in the preserving kettle. While this is cooking another measure may be prepared and put in the second preserving kettle. In this way the fruit is cooked quickly and put in the jars and sealed at once, leaving the pans ready to sterilize another set of jars. Another delicious but more elaborate method is a favorite with those who have time to do the work. Allow to every eight quarts of fruit two pounds of sugar and three quarts water. Make a sirup, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. As soon as it boils skim carefully. Meanwhile peel the peaches, pack in sterilized glass jars, making sure that your rubbers are new and the tops of the cans perfect. Settle the fruit as you pack by shaking the jar. Fill the hot jars with boiling sirup. Adjust the glass top half way over the jar, but do not put on the rubber. Set the jars in the oven in shallow pans half filled with boiling water. Close the oven door (the oven should be only moderately warm) and cook the fruit 15 minutes. Take from oven, having adjusted the rubber, fill each jar in turn with the boiling sirup, which should have been kept hot on the back of the stove. Fill so full that the scalding liquid runs over, then put on the top, wipe and seal. Set the cans on a board or thickly folded paper out of a draft until cooled, when you can probably tighten the top still more. This sirup does not make the fruit sweet. If you prefer to have it sweeter increase the proportion of sugar. Peaches put up this way in cans look better than when cooked in a kettle, then dipped into the can. When the peaches are large they must be

SOCIETY

Ten girls from the Arcade store will be among the guests at the summer camp of the Y. W. C. A. at Fox Island. A report of the progress of the camp made by Miss Wales, the extension secretary of the association, shows that 1,113 visitors showed up at the camp, outside of the sixty odd regular campers. Mrs. Bixby of New York, who has considerable experience in settlement work in that city, will conduct the vesper services next Sunday afternoon. A Venetian boat fete is planned for one of the regular Saturday night frolics. The Needlecraft club will be entertained at the home of Mrs. F. Carney, 2010 North Prospect street, tomorrow afternoon. Mrs. Charles S. Fell, the widow of a well known St. Paul newspaper man, is visiting with Mrs. C. H. Morse at Fern Hill. Friends of the Gen. Wright circle are invited to a card party to be given at the armory G. A. R. hall on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lister have as their guests for the week-end at their camp at Sunset beach near Coquilps the Misses Crassweller of this city. Mrs. Alevson, 3100 South Eleventh street, will entertain the members of Heroinne lodge, Pythian Sisters, from 2 to 5 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Edna Ogden of Seattle has been a guest of Mrs. W. H. Carr and Miss Nell Carr at their home on North Stevens street during tournament week. Miss Ogden is possessed of a rich contralto voice with which she delighted the congregation at the First Presbyterian church yesterday. Chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. F. McAnally, a party of 18 young people spent the week-end in canoeing a distance of 65 miles. The unique trip commenced last Saturday night at Magnolia Beach. The party circled McNeil's island on Tuesday. The Ladies' Aid society of St. John's English Lutheran church will hold its next meeting on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Chris Holz, 911 South I street. Thomas A. White of Yuma,

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: Is black lace used this season? I have a bolt of black val an inch wide. Can it be used to trim an afternoon or evening dress? If so, please suggest something inexpensive, also color. AN AMATEUR. A—Lace was never more fashionable than now; and there is a craze for black this season. Use your lace with sheer black lawn or dotted swiss. Make the dress with low-cut neck and very short sleeves—just above the elbow. The lace would also make pretty trimming for a thin white dress, but it would be necessary to rip it off before laundering the dress. Dear Miss Grey: Please give recipe for coconut cream pie. L. S. A—Mix together one-half cup butter with one and one-half cups sugar. Whop light and smooth add one cup grated or shredded coconut. Fold in the beaten whites of five eggs, flavor. Pour into pastry shell which has been previously baked, and brown in quick oven. Serve cold with cream and sugar. Dear Miss Grey: (1) What will take green dye stains out of a white linen dress? (2) I am seventeen. Please tell me an easy and stylish way to arrange my hair. (3) I have brown hair, gray eyes and medium complexion. What colors shall I wear? (4) Are girls of 15 old enough to go to parties with young men? INQUIRER. A—(1) I fear the case is hopeless. (2) Part and roll the hair and "do up" in a figure eight coil low on the nape of the neck. (3) If your skin is not sallow, all colors except shades of brown should become you. (4) Not unless chaperoned.

Daily Short Story

CATS! By A. M. Perkerson Mr. Stubbins leaned out of the window, one hand resting against the fire escape, and stared down in wondering contemplation at the yard beneath. "She's feedin' 'em now. Giv'va 'em minced beef as I'm alive. Minced beef for 21 cats and there ain't crusts even fer two humans!" He again thrust his head and shoulders out of the window and glared savagely at the feast below. Hawkins, with his chair propped against the wall, stolidly read a newspaper he had picked up the night before on the stairs. When there had been no means in sight for breakfast that morning, he had merely tightened his belt and maintained a philosophic calm. In order to get at an inside page, he folded over the paper and was sliding a forefinger and thumb down the margin to smooth it out, when he leaned forward suddenly and, tracing the lines with one finger, read an advertisement and re-read it: RABBITS AND OTHER GAME WANTED. HIGHEST PRICES PAID. "Say," Mr. Stubbins exploded. "If she ain't givin' 'em catnip fer dessert! Come and see fer yourself." With the paper in his hand, Hawkins followed the direction of Mr. Stubbins' index finger. Below them, seeming to cast a continual look of disapproval at the rambling tenement at the top of which they were quartered, was a prim, precise little house with a prim, precise little yard. An entirely prime and precise little lady was distributing catnip. "Seem to like it." "Like it!" Mr. Stubbins' tone sharply called attention to the inadequacy of the comment. "Nothin' they like better. Not even rats." Hawkins' eye followed the fire escape as it wound downward. His absorbed smile gave place to an expression of speculation. "Umph!" he remarked. They could climb up that fire escape right into this room if they wanted to, couldn't they?" "In here?" Mr. Stubbins' eye also calculated the fire escape. "If they only would!" he breathed. "I'd give 'em catnip now, wouldn't I thought! Say—" He looked around as Hawkins, wet in hand, moved toward the door.



"RABBITS!" EXCLAIMED HAWKINS SHORTLY.

"Where you goin'?"

"Be back after a bit," was the laconic reply.

The door opened and closed again.

A trying day, however, had worn through and darkness had compelled him to forego his occupation of shooting flies with a rubber, when Mr. Stubbins, as he stretched out his arms in a yawn, heard a returning step in the hall.

Hawkins, entering, shut the door quietly and took from under his arm a bundle done up in a newspaper, which he laid on the table. He undid it and displayed a pile of fragrant catnip.

As Mr. Stubbins looked on dumbly, he picked up a handful and, going to the window, spread it on the top steps of the fire escape. Other handfuls he spread lower down.

"Well, what—"

"Just a little scheme," he remarked shortly.

Mr. Stebbins knew from experience that when his associate wished to be uncommunicative it was better to suppress any prying curiosity.

He merely stared in amazement. After a bit he picked up his hat. "Think I'll see if I can't rustle up supper. Friend stood me in fer a beer and a sandwich at dinner, but it wasn't fillin'."

"Don't stay long," Hawkins cautioned.

"Sure not."

But it was broad day as Mr. Stubbins returned up the creaky stairs. He paused at the door and open it doubtfully.

"Why—"

"Wine, my boy, wine," he interrupted Hawkins' sharp question.

Most Anything

PROPERLY LABELED Givup: Did the Tag day girls get any money from you? Titeguy: You bet they didn't. But they tagged me, anyhow. Givup: Was it one of the regular tags? Titeguy: No; it had on it "Cheap today."



"I vout wish to inquire, Osgar, of efer you sufferanced from vakefulness ven you could sleep?" "Yess, sure, I sufferance from vakefulness."

"Vell, ven?" "Ven my baby does."

an acre of forest for each inhabitant. Miss Jones: Can you tell me the time by your watch, Mr. Travers? Travers (fumbling his pawn ticket): Not before next week.

Germany consumed nearly 200,000 tons of copper last year.

Germany will not only bar Champion Jack Johnson, but the motion pictures as well. One Berlin newspaper says: "This is an excellent opportunity to put an end forever to the scandalous scenes which have disgraced the appearance here of African negroes who have been absolutely honozed by white girls and women who patronize the cabarets where these negroes have been employed."

Fresh churned unsalted butter. Quality unexcelled. Jersey Butter Store, 1114 C st.

Make your own poem of this by filling in the blanks: Katie Magee — down the front stair, When she — two dozen hungry —

There were 751,786 immigrants to the United States last year.

"These Japanese are certainly great imitators." "Yes, our Jap cook has learned how to make bread pudding."

Alaska has 368,000,000 acres of unappropriated government land.

The price of living is still up. Who gets the money—besides Mr. Rockefeller?

And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything. —Shakespeare.

Indiana has required all locomotives, except switch engines, to be equipped with electric headlights.

France has about three-fifths of

PLAYTIME STORIES

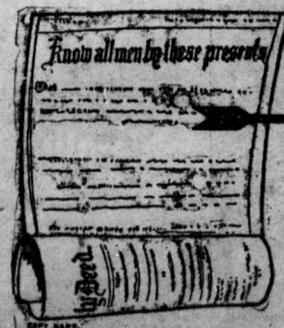
THE LAZY VIOLET

The sunshine fairies and rain-drop elves had been down at work in the ground, calling the flowers to wake and grow. It was spring. The birds were all singing and surely it was time for the flowers to be putting forth their delicate green leaves. All the plants, even to the tiniest violets, hurried to appear. That is, all but one sleepy, young, lazy violet that just curled herself up and snuggled deeper, saying to herself: "I am tired; I don't want to get up yet."

So, while all the other flowers and violets were getting their new dresses on and peeping up through the ground to say "How do you do?" to their old friend, the sun, this lazy violet slept. When the gardener came to look at his garden, he saw all the flowers up and nodding in the breeze, except this violet plant.

"Long past time for that violet to be up," he muttered. "Guess it isn't going to grow. I'll take it up and plant something else that will grow right away in its place. And with that he pulled the lazy violet up, roots and all, throwing it out on the ash heap.

Then how the poor violet cried to think she had been so lazy, and was now thrown out to wither without a chance to bloom. She told a sympathetic robin her sad story, telling him to be sure to tell it to all lazy flowers that they might profit.



"A Good Deed In a Naughty World"

"See how far that little candle throws its light! So shines a good deed in a naughty world." —Shakespeare

The best deed that a man can possess is a deed to the home which shelters him. It is in every sense a "good deed," and like the good deed that Shakespeare refers to, it casts a warm glow and light on everything about. Nowadays it seems comparatively easy for everyone to own a home of his or her own. Many reputable business men made a business of building homes and selling them on terms to meet the needs of the small purchaser. The person who reads the "Want" ads of The Times from day to day will find many opportunities to buy homes. Property is often offered at bargain figures through advertisements in The Times. Only those who read these little advertisements regularly "get in" on the best offers in real estate.