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"God Bless the Dear Judge"

Speaking of injunctions, there is a fine healthy one in operation at Greensburg, Pa.
About the time the mine owners and their families were planning their European tours and other restful summer excursions, the spring crop of miners' babies was harvested.
The miners asked for more pay—or some pay. The mine owners said no and since March 15,000 men have either been on strike or locked out.
When the original strikers urged their fellows to join in the strike the lawyers got busy and soon the aforementioned injunction was clamped down.
A regular copper-lined, double-riveted little old injunction. It forbade the miners from talking, singing, marching, standing still—oh, it's easier to tell what it didn't forbid than to try to catalog their prohibitions. For example:
One of the miners, John Cambell, a war veteran, member of the famous Tenth Pennsylvania regiment, died. Before a funeral could be held a dispensation had to be secured from the court for a funeral procession as a gathering of the dead man's friends would have violated that tight little injunction about eight ways.
The court, feeling kindly, permitted the funeral and deputies and "pinks" were told off to watch it. An American flag was carried at the head of the procession and when the little funeral cortege passed the Jamison mine it was halted and the deputies made the miners furl the flag that their dead comrade had fought for because the injunction had forbidden, among other things the carrying of banners or flags in the highways. Rather than haul the corpse back to court—and in doubt whether His Majesty, the judge would take kindly to being bothered twice for one funeral—the "Starry Emblem of Liberty" was quietly doused and the funeral proceeded purged of contempt of court.
After the burial—no longer having the moral protection of the corpse and being merely living defendants in an injunction case—the deputies herded the mourners home by a roundabout way and Justice unsullied, held her sway.
But we were going to tell what was NOT enjoined.
Two things were found—breathing and praying. So the miners composed a prayer asking that God show the strikebreakers the error of their ways; soften the hearts of the mine owners and forgive the sins of the deputies—something was asked for on behalf of the lawyers and the judge; perhaps it was God's blessing.
The prayer is a rattling good one and popular, and up to now is unenjoined.
Whether He will hear and intervene before the enjoining judge intervenes with an anti-prayer injunction remains to be seen.
Meanwhile the miners, having been evicted from company houses, are rearing their babies in the open air.
Which, in the summer, will be good for the babies' lungs and make them able to pray sonorously when they grow up.

The Teacher Got Religion

He was the worst boy in school; she was the teacher. She was angered by his stubbornness; he was defiant.
She took him to the hall for punishment. Angrily she administered the penalty, and—then, somehow, a great wave of pity for the boy swept over her.
She looked at the worn-out coat of the little fellow; she thought of the frail body deprived of nourishing food; she thought of the hard and loveless home and of the starved soul of the poor kid.
Tears sprang to the teacher's eyes as the boy waited for further punishment. Then he saw the tears. His own eyes grew moist and overflowed.
Thinking of how the poor boy had no chance, in an impulse of tenderness she put her arms around the boy, and they cried together.
That is religion.
She and the boy both found it.

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.

Editor Tacoma Daily Times:

Dear Sir—Don't you think that some good inspectors of weights and measures would be a good thing for the people in our city?
Aside from the increasing high cost of living I think that the people are being cheated on measures and weights in fuel and provisions. I know one butcher in Tacoma who keeps his counter scales 3 ounces under weight of a pound all the time, and there must be others because I think that Tacoma has as many crooked merchants, according to its size, as any other city. The Canadian government has these inspectors and Eastern cities in this country have them. Chicago has and they have done a great deal of good there. Why not here? I am sure that your paper can add another mark to its already long list of

good deeds to the people by promoting this matter by printing something about it. I took this matter up with one of our city commissioners a short time ago and while he said it was a good thing, should be done and would do the people a great justice and good, he said, to get out of taking a hold of it. That the merchants would not like to have an inspector slip in on them unexpectedly, weigh their loaves of bread and test their measures and scales. I laughed at him and asked him who elected him to office, a few crooked merchants or the working people. They didn't like it in Chicago but after a few of the crooked ones got hauled up into police court and were fined, the people began to get what they paid for. Your respectfully,
A SUBSCRIBER AND STEADY READER.

PLAYTIME STORIES

A CAKELAND ADVENTURE
In Cakeland there dwelt a big, fat, roly-poly gingerbread boy. He was just one of the best natured boys you ever heard of, even if his raisin eyes did look crosswise.
Now, it was his task at night to watch over all the other cake-men, candy cats and chocolate soldiers, even to Noah's ark with its cracker animals, and to see that no ferocious mouse entered Cakeland.
Just at this time there was a dainty pink-and-white cake-girl visiting Mrs. Noah, and it must be admitted that gingerbread boy completely lost his little brown

ALL AROUND THE HOME

It is best to sew on hooks and eyes with a buttonhole stitch. The first stitch will hold them in place firmly and they will not come loose as readily as when sewn in the usual manner.

Always see that such vegetables as carrots and potatoes are crisp when buying them.
A little melted paraffin poured round the corks of home made pickle jars will prevent air from entering between the cork and the glass, and will keep catchups fresh and free from mold.

In the spring of the year, when boiling old potatoes, if one or two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk is added when potatoes are drained they will not discolor.

FASHIONS

Wide, supple ribbon is much in vogue, woven in fine, vari-colored stripes and oftentimes interwoven with gold or silver thread.

Women who have beautiful necks are showing them. The waists are cut square as in deep V even for morning wear.

It is almost impossible to find a gown this season that is not belted at the waist. This is as true for evening gowns as for morning dresses.

Linon suits are worn both for afternoons and mornings. Those worn for dressy occasions are handsomely embroidered in heavy floss.

Elephant gray is wonderfully popular this summer in linen and in finer materials.

Velvet trimmings are noticed a great deal on hats and frocks.

heart to her.
It was quite dark, the lights having long since gone out in Cakeland. All was quiet. The big raisin eyes of the gingerbread boy were wide open as he kept faithful guard.
Suddenly he heard a tiny nibbling and squeaking sound. His brown heart went pit-a-pat for the dead mouse had entered Cakeland. This terrible monster was eating a hole in Noah's Ark. Right well the watchman knew it was the pink-and-white girl that the beast wished to devour.
Oh, dear! how could he save her? His legs had no joints and he couldn't walk. But as the mouse came dragging the cake-girl out of the ark, the gingerbread boy leaped far over the edge of the shelf on which he stood and fell "kerplunk" down on the mouse—which was so scared he ran away.
Of course the little cake-girl was grateful and said many sweet, polite things to her gallant rescuer. I didn't hear what they said, but I do know that next morning King Baker of Cakeland was wondering how the brown boy and dainty girl happened to be standing side by side.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: I am a girl of 30. I stay at home and care for a house of nine rooms without modern improvements, and do all the washing and ironing for a family composed of three brothers and my parents. What salary ought I to get? My mother is good to me, but close in regard to money affairs. She buys me nice clothes, but if I ask for a little money I get a sermon instead.
K. Mc—

A.—You ask what salary a girl should get who does all the housework at home. You're entitled to something, undoubtedly, besides clothes and food. I can't tell how much. I think you really want to ask me how to get any salary at all. I would advise you to strike. I don't mean to suddenly stop working at home. But if I were you, I'd get interested in something outside the home, church work, charity work, or something like that. I'd gradually drop a little of the work about the house. Then I'd explain to the men folks that they are expecting too much from both you and your mother. Perhaps they thoughtlessly spend money which, if the case were properly shown to them, they might turn over to you and your mother for your own personal use. I'd show a little streak of independence, if I were you.
B. L.

Dear Miss Grey: After handling sulphur I sewed on a dress which had a yoke of gold lace. The gold turned black. What can I do?
HEARTBROKEN.

A.—The gilt thread can be cleaned by dipping into a solution of potassium cyanide. This is very poisonous and must be handled carefully. Get a little of the nearest jeweler or by stating your case to your druggist. Better try the solution on your goods first to see whether it will affect it. If it does not, then sponge the sewed-in gold thread with the solution and blot up the moisture with a white blotter.

What to do with the Tomato Society



By Cynthia Grey.
The meek and lowly but ripe and luscious tomato is in our midst—or ought to be! Originals—four for ornament and not for use—it has long since come into its own as one of the edible and nourishing vegetables the garden produces.
Here are a few hints to the housewife who would prepare them, either for present or winter use.
If one supplies oneself with good, wide-mouthed glass jars, new rubber rings each year, and perfect tops, one may can tomatoes without fear of time wasted.
Cut the tomatoes in pieces after skins have been removed, and cook only until thoroughly scalded, skimming often. Can and seal at once.
PRESERVED.—Remove skins from one pound small yellow tomatoes, add one pound sugar and let stand over night. Next morning pour off sirup and boil until thick. Skim and add tomatoes, two ounces preserved ginger and two sliced seedless lemons. Cook until clear.

until clear.
UNCOOKED PICKLE.—Peel and chop three pints ripe tomatoes, add one cup chopped celery, four tablespoons chopped peppers, four tablespoons chopped onion, four tablespoons salt, six each of sugar and mustard seed, one-half teaspoon each cloves and cinnamon, one teaspoon grated nutmeg, and two cups vinegar, in order named. Put in stone jar and cover. Will keep a year.
STUFFED.—Cut thin slices from stem end of sufficient tomatoes to serve, take out pulp, sprinkle with salt and invert for one-half hour. Cook a few minutes a teaspoon finely chopped onion in two tablespoons butter, add one-half cup finely chopped meat, one-half cup soft bread crumbs, the tomato pulp, and season to taste. Cook, and add an egg, beat again and fill tomatoes with mixture. Bake in buttered pan 20 minutes.
FRITTERS.—Cook six peeled tomatoes, six cloves, one-third cup sugar and one small onion sliced, for 15 minutes, then rub through

a sieve. Season, melt one-fourth cup butter, add one-half cup cornstarch and stir until smooth. Add tomato pulp gradually, cook up, then add one slightly beaten egg. Pour into buttered dish and cool. Cut into squares, dip in flour, egg, and then in cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat. Drain and serve.
ASPIC.—Soak one-half box gelatin in one-half pint water an hour. Cook six tomatoes with one small onion, sliced, two teaspoons sugar, a bay leaf and a teaspoon minced parsley, with pepper and salt to taste. Drain, add gelatin, stir until dissolved and strain through coarse cloth into small molds. Put in ice chest and when cold serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.
CREAM TOAST.—Toast brown, small squares of bread. Make sauce by adding to three tablespoons melted butter, the same amount of flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one and one-half cups stewed and strained tomato to which one-fourth teaspoon soda has been added, and one-half cup scalded cream. Pour over toast and serve.

The Ladies of General Hooker

The Ladies of General Hooker circle will give a card party this evening at the armory. All G. A. R. members and friends are invited.

Dr. B. Elizabeth Drake returned to the city after a week's absence in Victoria, B. C.

Mrs. Helen Gail Gregory of Chicago, who was a guest of Mrs. S. A. Andrews during her stay in the city, has returned to her home in the East.

Mrs. George Milton Savage and daughter, Mrs. Arthur Clark, are spending the week at their summer home at Gig Harbor.

Mrs. E. M. Purinton has returned from a week's visit to the mountains.

Miss Ruth Pratt, daughter of Mr. LeRoy Pratt, and Miss Catherine Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Hill, will leave early next week to enter Mills college in California.

Congratulations are in order at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Reynolds Ripley on the birth of a son yesterday. Mrs. Ripley was formerly Miss Jessie Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Maguire of St. Louis will spend the remainder of the summer at Gravelly lake, near the summer place of their daughter, Mrs. Delbert A. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Hoffman will leave for Lake Cushman tomorrow for a week's outing.

Mrs. George H. Tarbell and daughter, Miss Mary, have returned from a visit with friends at Fort Gamble.

Mrs. E. L. Parker entertained with a card party yesterday at her home on North Anderson street.

The picnic given August 10 by the ladies of the Catholic Benevolent society was largely attended by the members and friends. All had an enjoyable time and great credit is given the officers of the society.

FRENCH FROCK OF SILK



Dresses of two-toned silk with hats to match are frequently seen on the fashionable woman of Paris. Occasionally the body of the gown is figured in two or more shades, the hem always of the darkest shade, but more often only the two tones in plain silks are combined.

For this charming little dress pale rose India silk is used for the body, deeper rose for the hem and trimmings. The skirt is gathered into a broad silver spangled embroidery band, which tops the wide, scant hem, and silver lace is used for the yoke.

With this dress is worn a pale rose silk covered hat with facing of the deeper color, and trimmed with deep rose poppies, one of which is used at girdle of gown. A Japanese parasol—which is the paragon of the day in Paris—should be carried with a costume in these colors.

TIMES HUMOR DEPARTMENT

POTERPAUG PENCILINGS

BY H. J. HUXTON



Poterpaug: Girls who hez fellers, en who hez also little brothers, tew tantalize these fellers en git thar skein of love all tangled up, jest want tew read about Malti, who with thar aid of one of these pesky little brothers knocked thar butter-milk out of a weddin party thar other nite.

Malti is a cat—a big, hairy maltese cat—that belongs tew Miss Ada Spreckles, en old maid wiv olives rite next tew pretty Marie Brown. This cat her a disposition like a curry-comb, en thar is no question but that Miss Spreckles is responsible fer it, fer she keeps it shet up in thar haouse all thar time.

Wall, last evenin thar weddin of Marie Brown en Hime Butler, thar postmaster's son, wuz scheduled tew cum off. All thar guests hed rived, includin Parson Perkins, who wuz tew tie thar nuptial knot, but Pete, Maria's little brother, wernt nowhar in sight fer thar reason that he wuz daown cellar a-thy'n papers on thar feet of Miss Spreckles' cat Malti. Malti wuz a-fittin sum tew prevent bein gum-shoed, but Pete finally succeeded in gettin her well hoofed. Upstairs thar ceremony hed started en Parson Perkins wuz sayin, "Dew yer take this woman ez yer lawfully weddin wife?"

When thar wuz a terrible yowl en a hiss, en in thar effort hez with yellar eyes en boxin gloves on thar feet tore up thar minister's beak en began tew play fantan with thar hair.

Then thar horrible mess begun. Malti shok thar papers off thar front feet en jumped on thar fat maltese ez best man. Jim tried tew pry Malti's toe nails out of thar flesh, en in thar effort hez tilted over backwards en stepped on thar trunk of Miss Addie Nichols, who wuz bridesmaid. Thar train wuz ripped off, en in thar indignation Miss Nichols slapped Jim's face. Then sumbdy blew out thar lamp en thar room duz clothed in darkness. Thar yellar eyes of Malti seemed tew gleam everywhere in thar room en everybody thar tew git out of thar way of thar gleam. Furniture wuz smashed, women screamed with fright en strong men bellowed with rage. Nobody cud locate thar door. Deacon Appleby trod on Huck Sibley's toes, en Huck Sibley drew off en knocked thar decedon in thar clothes press, whar he lay a-groanin en sayin cuss words. Miss Julia Moulton grabbed a hold of Frank Bemis' hair en she hung on like a drownin man tew a straw. Beme tried tew pry her off, but she let daown her thumb and screwed it inter his eye. Finally thar wuz a crash en thar seat went plumb through a window. When thar lamp wuz lit a strange sight wuz revealed. Hime Butler, thar groom, hed his arm round Miss Spreckles, who he mistook fer thar bride in thar dark, en Parson Perkins wuz under thar table. After things got straightened acut thar couple wuz married. After thar weddin' little brother Pete wuz snaked acut of thar coal cellar whar he wuz hid, en wuz given a good hidin, en by gum he needed it.

Josh Wise SAYS:

"People who go in fer secrecy may have an excuse—they may have no other place ter go."

While man is growing, life is in decrease; And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb. Our birth is nothing but our death begun. —Young.

The occupations represented among the signers of the Declaration of Independence were lawyers, merchants, doctors, planters, printers, farmers, soldiers, surveyors, statesmen, generals, shoemakers and sailors.

Some malicious person has started the rumor that President Taft wants to appoint Judson Harmon to the supreme court. But will the supreme bench be large enough to accommodate all of the president's political opponents?

The lord mayor of London draws an annual salary of \$50,000.

Executes a freeman's will, As lightning does the will of God; And from its force, nor doots nor locks Can shield you—'tis the ballot box. —Pierpont.

In 1856 nine days was considered remarkable speed for vessels between New York and Queens-town.

"I have a good job," said the suitor, "with an income of \$2,000 a year. My family is one of the best in the community, and I already have a home furnished for you."

But still the maid hesitated. "Besides," continued the suitor, desperately, "I have a collection of 1,247 tobacco coupons redeemable in pianos and ear rings."

After that it was only a question of naming the day.

Of the 8,000 automobiles in Austria, 3,000 are owned in Vienna.

All Delaware is digging since a farmer in that state accidentally plowed up a hidden treasure of \$32,000. The state is so small that it is likely to disappear if the digging keeps up.

The Erie canal is 387 miles long and seven feet deep. It cost \$52,540,800.

A German expert believes that in the future ammonia will be the chief fertilizer.

AN ARTISTIC KNOCK



Saloonkeeper: But the other brewery can furnish lager that has matured longer.
Beer Agent: Ah, that just goes to show that their beer can't be sold as fast as ours.

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