

PHONES Business Office Main 733, A1733 Circulation Dept. Main 733, A1733 Editorial Dept. Main 794, A1733 OFFICE—708 COMMERCE STREET

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE TACOMA TIMES

Entered at the postoffice at Tacoma, Wash., as second-class matter, TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE OF UNITED PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY BY THE TACOMA TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY

Strangling Two New States

Read Boyd Gurley's articles on the apparently hopeless struggle of the people of the two states that are just being born—Arizona and New Mexico.

Read how privilege has seized upon these broad acres and rich mines. Read how congress has helped to tie the people's hands while railroads put up a sham battle.

Read how the name of the president of the United States is being used to further the game of graft and loot.

The battle of privilege for "safe and sane" constitutions has in eight rich loot.

In Phenix, Arizona, the merchants are throttled by extortionate freight rates. The Maricopa County Business Men's association has just completed a successful fight for lower rates on interstate traffic.

The commission has ordered the rates cut \$18.20 a ton—a judicial verdict that the railroads have exacted as pure extortion \$360 a car on every bit of freight brought from the East.

There are passenger rates as high as ten cents a mile and freight rates which more than double the first cost of every article either received or exported.

The railroads want no interference with this graft. Arizona is filled with copper mines. At Jerome is the great copper quarry of former Senator Clark of Montana, a mine so rich that he laughed at an offer of a hundred millions from a French syndicate and from which last year he took a profit of nearly \$6,000,000.

In the south are the interests of the Guggenheims and the Phelps-Dodge companies, making millions of profit each year.

That profit is exacted at the expense of labor. The mines openly admit having a "black list" for members of the union. They work their men long hours. They want no "foolishness" of an eight-hour day. They want no liability laws which will permit widows and orphans to collect for lives lost in accidents.

The farmers have seen themselves robbed by federal preference for privileged interests. The great Roosevelt dam of the Salt river, constructed to furnish water for 200,000 acres of land, has just been completed. One of the chief assets of that dam was practically given away to the Pacific Light Co., one of the chain of the Arizona privileges.

When the dam was constructed, an immense amount of electricity was developed. The farmers, whose land was mortgaged to the government for the cost of the dam, counted on the sale of this power to help pay interest and bond charges. Yet the government made a secret 10-year contract to sell the "juice" to the Phenix company for 1 1/2 cents a kilowatt hour. This was then sold at 20 cents a kilowatt hour. Such a tremendous row resulted that the price to the consumer was reduced to 15 cents. That is, the thirteen hundred and thirty-three per cent profit was reduced to only A THOUSAND PER CENT PROFIT.

Sheep men established combing plants in order to escape the freight charge on the dirt and grease in the uncombed wool. The combed wool weighs but 40 per cent as much as the uncombed. The railroads raised the rates on the combed produce so that they collected just as much freight as they did before.

Arizona has only just begun its development. It has more mines undeveloped. It has great stretches possible of irrigation. It is destined to become a great producer of foodstuffs.

Its climate, noted for its marvelous cures of tuberculosis, is bound to attract sufferers who begin new lives and hope to live useful careers in this new state.

Upon all this Privilege is seeking to fasten its grip. It seeks, through its contemplated "sane" constitution, to make equal opportunity impossible. It seeks a tax on every cough from weakened lungs. It wants a tribute from every ambition that seeks to help in the development of this great country.

OBSERVATIONS

MADRIZ flies the coop and Joey Estrda hands the coop over to his brother, the revolutionary general. The way they pass the buck in Nicaragua is surely delightful.

HOLDING up of that steamship reminds one that no airship has yet been held up.

TEDDY'S off for a tour through 14 states, with 14 bunches of warm words in his pistol pocket. O! to be an editor who could go a touring!

AFTER carefully hearing the returns from California, those closest to Mr. Taft announce that he will have no fight with the insurgents at this time. Better hit out now, Bill. They're breeding insurgents like blazes all over the land, every day.

DIFFERENCE of only about 40 votes in the democratic vote for Dahman and Shallenberger, in Nebraska. But 40 democratic votes in Nebraska are really something gorgeous.

NAGLE, Taft's horny-handed secretary of labor, says his entire trip to Alaska was an eye-opener. Just think of one, long, continuous eye-opener to Alaska and back! Oh joy!

PRESS dispatches say that Col. J. Jacob Astor has met his ex-wife at a dance and "never cast his eyes at her;" but she's pretty enough to get a large collection of eyes without any of his casting.

TAFT has climbed his genealogical tree high enough to discover relationship to Aldrich dating back to 1668. Wonderful things, these family ties, aren't they?

AN auto has hit a Los Angeles barber and cut his face so that he can't utter a word. This news is not published as an advertisement, but in a spirit of hungry revenge.

SO busy was Taft with golf that he didn't notice their putting the harpoon into Teddy in New York. First thing he knows, that game will fizzle William out of his job.

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 Times: An editorial on that I ask you to publish the editorial "Food Exposed to Dust" appears in the August National Food Magazine. This magazine stands squarely with Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry, who leads the crusade for pure, clean food in the United States. The editorial is so clearly in point in the cases which are to be brought up for trial next Monday by the dealers who protest against the Tacoma pure food ordinance.

board of health was passing a grocery one day and observed boxes of fresh blackberries exposed for sale (It is sliced watermelon and ice-cream cones in Tacoma, too). They were slightly gray with dust, and swarms of flies were present. On the sidewalk within six feet of the berries some poor diseased mortal had spat, perhaps a consumptive. The sputum was circled with files, and a moment's observation discovered that they flew back and forth not only between the berries and sputum, but also between the berries and the gutter filth and street manure.

"But, most surprising of all, people purchased the berries and ate them raw. The druggist nearby was asked if there were diarrhoea in the neighborhood and he said: 'A good deal. I put up several prescriptions today and sold several patent medicine mixtures.' Some people will have typhoid fever in that locality and some may die."

Miss Anderson, food inspector for Tacoma, is making this fight for the public health of Tacoma in enforcing the pure food ordinance.

The ordinance prohibits dogs in food stores, but how often do we see melons, boxes of fruit and vegetables down on the sidewalk exposed to all kinds of contamination.

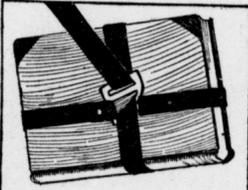
Every citizen of Tacoma that cares for his own health or that of his family ought to protest against such practices and help Miss Anderson by speaking of it and refusing to buy what is exposed to dirt and flies.

The ice cream cone left on display for days, then filled and sold to some child may be the cause of illness or death.

Commissioner Evans of Chicago informed the Hepburn committee that of the 6300 children that die yearly, 2000 succumb as the result of bad and unclean food. The good citizenship of Tacoma that can help in the enforcement of the Tacoma pure food ordinance ought to protect the children of this community by a continual protest against this evil.

Very truly, MRS. O. G. ELLIS, Chairman Pure Food Com.

NEW BOOK STRAP



Something new in straps for school books is on the market. The novel tongueless buckle answers in place of a knot, and a long woven strap to which it is attached will accommodate one book or several, as desired.

"LISLE THREAD" BANK PERILED



Goodness! here's a new idea discounting the old, reliable "Lisle thread" bank, where womankind has kept her money on deposit these many years. An enterprising shoe manufacturer is making boots for fall wear with a dainty patent leather pocket on the side, near the top, where it's supposed to be covered by the skirt.

It's a novelty, all right, but whether women generally will regard it as safe is another matter. There's never any question about the little wad of bills pinned to the inside of one's stocking, however. Except in instances like that of the woman who went bathing in the pair she wore to the beach, then donned a dry pair and left the wet ones, money and all, on the line to dry!

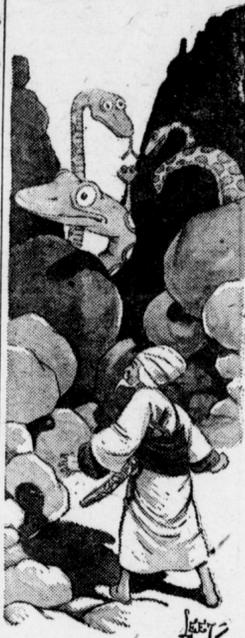
EXCURSION TO FORMOSA. Under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. an excursion will be given Wednesday night to Formosa, the association's summer home on Fox Island. The boat leaves the Commercial dock at 7 o'clock, stopping at Point Defiance. Return at 10:30.

Arabian Nights

TALES OF MAGIC AND MYSTERY Retold for Boys and Girls

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

My second voyage proved a great deal more exciting than my first. For some days all was very peaceful and quiet. One evening we passed close to an island that was covered with fair streams and with wonderful fruits and flowers. We decided to disembark for a few hours and enjoy ourselves. I, being of an exploring turn of mind, followed the course of one of the streams. When I returned, I found the ship had sailed away without me. I climbed a tall tree and looked about. At some distance I saw a big white something. I hastened toward it, and found it to be a great white dome, very smooth and shiny. As I was regarding it, a cloud seemed to come over the sun, and on looking up, I saw a bird of enormous size flying towards me. Then I remembered that I had often heard of some strange bird called the roc and I realized that the dome was its egg. During the night I tied myself securely to the leg of the bird, hoping that next day the roc would carry me away from this desert island. In the morning my hopes were fulfilled; I was carried through the air so swiftly that I almost lost my senses, and as soon as I found the roc had settled on the earth I cut myself loose and let myself roll down a little hill. Round about me were mountains that seemed sky high, and the valley where I found myself was one mass of steep rocks. As I walked through the valley I discovered that it was strewn with diamonds, some of them of remarkable size. I took much pleasure in picking them up and observing their lights, until I suddenly noticed that near to me were many serpents, each big enough to have swallowed an elephant. Night was coming on so I hastened to a cave, hid myself therein, and covered the entrance with a large stone. I could not sleep well, however, for the serpents hissed about me all the night. With daylight they went



I SUDDENLY NOTICED MANY SERPENTS NEAR ME.

back into their caves and I came forth from mine, trembling. I walked on diamonds whatever way I turned and began picking up some of the largest of them and putting them in my turban. As I was busied with this something fell beside me with a loud thud. It was a large piece of raw meat, and while I was looking at it I heard several others dropping around me.

(Tomorrow we will tell you how meat happened to be dropped into such a queer place, and we will find that Sinbad was very glad it had been dropped there.)

Daily Short Story

HER ELEVENTH HOUR

By R. S. Phillips. Alix looked longingly at the toothsome pastries in the window. Often had she breakfasted and dined happily in the fragrant table-strewn space beyond the pastries. Then—she had a good position and Jim Preston's love, unspoken only because she held it in check. Now—her purse contained 7 cents, she had nothing to do, and stood like a hungry Peri barred out of the Paradise in which she had dined often with Jim—Jim, whom she loved so utterly but had left no word for when change of fortune necessitated cheaper quarters.

"Alix!" She turned slowly and looked into Jim's eyes, questioning, reproachful, brimming, as of old, with his unspoken love. "Why, Jim Preston!" The words came gallantly to her lips, and she put out her hand bravely. A drowning man clutching at a straw could not have seized the pretty fingers more eagerly.

"Come in and have breakfast with me. Oh! you've got to answer no end of questions. I've nearly disrupted Manhattan to find you." In another moment she was seated at the familiar table. "Why did you run away?" "Alix's eyes filled slowly beneath long, downcast lashes. 'The firm went to the wall, and I would have written you as soon as—it was all right again,' she finished, lamely.

"And you thought THAT would make any difference?"—with reproachful tenderness. "But now—I want to tell you my good news. I've got the contract to build that bridge—remember?—and leave for Mexico at 7 tonight. The tables and dishes whirled unsteadily, but the girl's voice came to her, controlled enthusiastically. "Jim! I'm so glad! Isn't that dandy!" "I thought you'd be pleased,



THE BLINDING TEARS, SO STERNLY BANISHED, CAME INTO HER EYES.

And since this is my last day in New York, I'm glad we're to spend it together."

"His last day! How final it sounded. Alix lifted her coffee cup gaily. "To your triumphal celebration!" she said, forcing laughter into her eyes. "And yours," added Jim, raising his cup.

"By the way, there's a 'phone here—and it's me to 'phone. Excuse me one minute. Dreamily she watched him, bitterly realizing that heart hunger could effectually still the other kind. Dear, dear Jim! How sweet it was to hear his voice again—if only for this "last day." The blinding tears, so sternly banished, came to her eyes.

"Well, it's all right!" Jim's voice, very near, brought her back briskly to the land of reality. "And now," with a swift glance about the almost deserted room, "I'm going to tell you now, Alix—I love you. Tell me you care, Alix. I've foolishly hoped you did."

"Why Jim! You can't!" "Look at me, dear. Ah! you do care. I've got the other ticket. Did you think I'd go to

Mexico alone after I found you, Alix?" "Jim's eyes met hers, squarely, adoringly. "Why—Oh, Jim!" It was the love and longing of months that echoed in those few words. "Then you do love me? Ye gods! It's good to be alive. Get into your coat, -dearest. What we've a busy day before us. No, there's no one looking!"

And the right side of the toothsome pastries, Alix Dare and one James Preston entered into paradise.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: Do you know of anything that will remove superfluous hair? M. F.

A.—There are numerous preparations in the market which are said to do this work, but the electric needle is the only permanent and satisfactory cure.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) I am nearly thirteen, five feet four inches tall. Am I too large? #2) How long should my dresses be? (3) Am I too large to wear my hair curled? CURLY.

A.—(1) No. (2) Just below the knee. (3) No.

Dear Miss Grey: How can I take banana stain out of white lawn? The goods has been washed since stained. MRS. G.

A.—Fill a bowl half full of boiling water. Pour in it half this quantity of alcohol. Hold the stain over steam until it disappears.

Society

Miss Hazel Howe, guest of Mrs. D. C. Scott during the summer, leaves today for her home in Ironwood, Mich.

Miss Susie Frank, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Frank, was married to Charles B. Farmer Wednesday evening at the family residence on I street. Rev. W. A. Moore performed the ceremony at 7:30 o'clock in the presence of relatives and family members and an informal reception and collation followed.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Weatherby and family are spending several weeks in camp at Longshore Springs.

Illema club was delightfully entertained Thursday at a picnic at the home of Mrs. E. P. Norton at Northhills, on Vashon island.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McCormick, Jr., have returned from their wedding trip and are guests temporarily at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McCormick on North Yakima avenue. They will spend the winter in Tacoma.

Mrs. A. B. Bailey has returned from a month's trip through the East.

Mrs. Ben Olson was hostess at a card party Wednesday at her home on Prospect Hill. At the card tables high scores were taken by Mrs. R. Davidson and Mrs. A. L. Fisher. A collation was served after cards at the small tables.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Phillips and sons have returned from a six weeks' stay at their country home on Whildy island.

Mrs. Nellie J. Scott had as her guests for the Illema play last night Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Phillips of Seattle and their visitor, Miss Ruby of Los Angeles.

Charles Derbyshire will give a song recital September 15 at Masonic temple.

Mrs. E. P. Norton gave a luncheon at her summer home at Northhills, complimentary to the resident members of the Pi Beta Phi society who spent a delightful day at her cottage.

Miss Susanne Graham has returned from a five weeks' trip in the East.

Mrs. A. McDougall and Mrs. P. W. Boyle returned last night from a two months' visit in the east.

Josh Wise SAYS:

"After St. Fridemush et corn on th' cob at our house, we had ter call in th' chickens ter clear th' floor o' what he'd spilled. When in action St scatters it like a seed-er."

AT TWENTY

BY EDWARD MEEMAN.

Somewhere the "dearest girl in the world" is waiting for me. Today, this hour, this minute, this very second—she Exists! Whether dark or slight or tall or fair, I know not. But one thing I know, she IS—somewhere!

She may be going to school, or maybe she's a teacher. Perhaps her dad's a gambler, and maybe he's a preacher. She may be six, or sixteen, or maybe six and thirty. She may be modest and demure; perhaps quite flirty.

Is she strong and wilful, a militant suffragist, Or of the snuggling kind, that wants only to be kissed? Is she motoring today, or sailing in a yacht? She may be spending millions—and then again, maybe not.

Does she wear gowns today, and toy with a jeweled fan? Or roll cigars or launder to earn the mite she can? "Eat supper" in a tenement—or in a mansion fine? Will she wait or be waited on tonight, this girl of mine?

Maybe her hair's in a golden braid; maybe over a rat; Maybe topped by a sailor; maybe a picture hat. Are her locks blond or ashen, auburn or red or black? They may not be her own at all! Ah love! alack!

Of those eyes I will look into so often, what's the shade? Have they the depths of a saint, or the rippling glint of a jade? Are they black, or brown, or blue, or gray, or of amber sheen—Lord-a-mercy! What if the eyes of this woman are green?

Maybe she's over in China, maybe across the street; Maybe I know her already; maybe she's yet to meet. Perhaps in print, unknowing, I've often read her name; A girl of the stage, or a nurse, or an author known to fame.

Maybe she wants to be fat; maybe she'd like to be thinner. She may be a homely saint; maybe a beautiful sinner. I don't know—but two things are sure as my heart's beat: She IS TODAY, and in God's good time, our hearts will meet.

Woman Suffrage, Marriage, Divorce and the Family.



VOTING IS TOO HAVY A BURDEN FOR WOMAN.

—From "Votes for Women."

STRIVING TO LEASE



Peddler: Nice shampoo soap, lady. Handy to shampoo your children's hair with. Frowzy Woman: Don't want any. My children never get shampooed.

Peddler: Something else I could sell you, then, lady? Any finetooth combs?

TRY THIS ON THEM



Stranger: You aren't troubled much with automobiles coming through your village, are you?

Marshal: No, indeed. We keep a warning sign posted at the limits.

Stranger: But automobilists don't heed warning signs? Marshal: They do this one. It reads: "Reward: For five gross of carpet tacks lost from runaway rig between here and the post-office."

A DEFINITION

Young Lambe: What, really, is an epigram? Cynfcon: An epigram is an insane remark your rich uncle makes while dining with you.