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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE TACOMA TIMES

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MOST WOMEN ARE HEROES

Whenever a woman does some courageous act not strictly in line with woman's ordinary conduct all men hasten to pay her tribute.

If she flags an imperiled train with her red petticoat, takes a gun to a burglar, or smashes a masher, we at once go into high panegyrics over her heroism.

At the head of this type of womanly intrepidity stands Florence Nightingale, the Crimean nurse, lately deceased, whom a grateful world is lovingly embalming in just admiration.

These are brave women indeed; and admiration for them is genuine and irresistible.

But hold on a moment! Is the selection of such instances as these as types of woman's heroism fair to women in general?

Not all women are army nurses. Not all women can be lighthouse-keepers or fever angels. Most of them must be home-keepers.

Let us go into eulogies of these who go as nurses to the battlefields and hospitals. That is all right. But what about the many more women who bravely send husbands, lovers, brothers, sons into battle to be shot?

All praise to the noble nurses who go to the fever spots and heroically stay to the end. But what of the millions of mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters who would die rather than be dragged from the bedsides of their dying dear ones?

Who has ever counted the hours that the mothers of the world have spent in lonely vigil, when despair pressed upon them and closed round about them like the midnight gloom?

Ah, these are so common that we take no note of them.

We are so used to heroism in women that we think nothing about it until it presents itself spectacularly in some unusual way.

OBSERVATIONS

KILLING frosts in Montana and Wyoming! Won't the astronomers please take another look and see if that blasted Halley comet isn't still gallivanting around Mother Earth?

WILLIE, 14-year-old nephew of John D. Rockefeller, took in a Los Angeles cafeteria, Thursday. Too bad to see a young lad go wrong like that!

MRS. LILLIAN FRENCH, of New York, is after Copper Kinglet Gus Heinze \$25,000 worth. Says she'll tell what she knows about wealthy New Yorkers and a lot of the high-up social lions, or byenas, are hurrying to get her mouth stuffed.

EX-CHAMP TOMMY BURNS is again in our midst, bragging as usual. But, this time its about a 6-lb. daughter, not a 200-lb Johnson.

CHICAGO theaters to have a woman's smoking room. Progress! by cracky, femal progress! And women's spittoons in the church aisles may yet come!

GEORGIA democrats laid out two democratic congressmen who stood by Cannon. Every little bit helps, and we may even have some democratic democrats in the next congress.

THEY'VE arrested, at Newark, O., a woman who took part in that lynching by standing up on her automobile and yelling "Pull him up a little higher, so I can see!" Nice, tender-hearted creatures, those Ohio auto women!

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: The Washington Society for the Friendless has opened a home at Port Orchard for the temporary help of prisoners who may stand in need of it.

Not counting the hundreds moving in and out of the county jails of this state every day, about 44 a month are released "provisionally" or "finally" from our penal institutions, the reformatory at Monroe and the penitentiary at Walla Walla.

Before these men and boys got into trouble they were much like the rest of us. Then, for some offense, they were in the public eye for a moment, then sent away for punishment and forgotten.

Aside from the officers of the state appointed to care for prisoners, only a few intimate friends pay any attention or care what becomes of those who are confined behind the walls. Only a few of all of them remain for long time inside. After an average of perhaps twenty months most of them are released on parole.

This means that a competent state board has inquired into the record of these men and find that they should be given the freedom to earn an honest living, with a "first friend" to exercise proper care and see that they make good.

Parole means two things: It is the promise or "word" of the

prisoner that he will be a desirable citizen, work for a living at some specified honest industry, will not leave his employment and will not visit disreputable places. He must send a report every month to the superintendent of the state institution from which he is conditionally released. The second meaning of the word is the freedom itself which the man enjoys under the conditions named above.

If a prisoner has friends in the state who are ready to furnish him work and wages for a year and have oversight of his conduct as "first friend" there is no problem connected with his release except the problem in his own mind.

If he has no one to help him, the Industrial Home, now being established by the Washington Society for the Friendless is open to him, where every effort will be made to place him in normal industry and help him to stick to it.

This home is not conducted so as to make men more helpless, but to encourage manly independence.

Arabic Nights

TALES OF MAGIC AND MYSTERY Retold for Boys and Girls

THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

I rested for some months after my third trip and then decided to start forth again. This trip was smooth and pleasant until one day, as we were setting out from a port, a storm overtook us, whirled the ship about until her course was lost, and after much tossing about, sank the entire ship.



After a few weeks they were all fat, while I grew leaner each day. One by one the black men ate my comrades, but I was so thin and so degraded that they spared my life.

One day when everyone in the village was away hunting, except a few old men who were too weak to pursue me, I succeeded in getting away. For seven days I traveled without rest, and upon the eighth I came upon a group of men picking peppers in a great grove.

BUT I WAS SO THIN AND SCRAWGED THAT THEY SPARED MY LIFE.

My wife, I begged hard to be set free, but I could do nothing. On the day of burial I was lowered into the pit with my wife. For a time I lay still, thinking only of my ill fortune. Suddenly some soft object brushed past me in the dark. I thought it was some sort of an animal and decided to follow it, for where there was something to live there must be some place of escape.

Daily Short Story

HAUNTERS HAUNTED

By Frank H. Williams. The ghost of John Reed, the new member of the Society of Implacable Haunters, rose to its feet and in a ghostly voice piped forth, "Gentlemen, I speak the ghost of John Reed. I greatly desire to have this honorable organization haunt the home of Charles De Forest, an old enemy of mine. He is a shrewd guy and foreclosed a mortgage on my ancestral home, forcing me to get out and live in a comparative hotel."

Other members expressed themselves in like manner, but after a brief discussion it was decided to continue. The members therefore advanced toward the bedroom of Mr. De Forest, spectral handkerchiefs held to their ghostly noses. They had not proceeded far, however, when severally and collectively they bumped into ghostly walls and received painful ghostly bumps. Had the walls been of earth, earthy, no injuries would have occurred, but being of the same substance as the ghosts themselves, their hurts ensued.



A PARTICULARLY HORRIFYING DENIZEN OF GHOSTDOM CRAWLED FROM BENEATH THE BED.

An astonished inspection was made of the bed, and it was found to be empty. Just at this point a sepulchral laugh resounded through the room. Despite themselves all the ghosts jumped. Instead of terrorizing a victim, they themselves were becoming frightened. Then their hair fairly went on end when a particularly horrifying denizen of ghostdom crawled from beneath the bed, glided through the open door and closed and locked it.

The first inmate of the home was a former undesirable citizen of Tacoma, who was supposed to be a hopeless natural-born criminal who used to be arrested on sight in Tacoma, Seattle or Spokane. A few days ago he came to this city an ex-prisoner reformed, industrious and contributing to the welfare of society.

The citizens of Tacoma are asked to do two things. They can help place the temporary home on a solid basis and they can cooperate in placing released men in honest work. The superintendent of the society may be communicated with at the Y. M. C. A. in this city.

Society

A reception was tendered Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Marsh by the members of St. Paul's church Tuesday evening. At the quarterly conference earlier in the evening the congregation unanimously asked for the return of Rev. Marsh next year.

Jack Doyle, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Doyle of this city, and Miss Alice Shamley were married at the home of the bride's parents in Edna this morning.

Miss Janet Ingersoll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Ingersoll, has returned from a visit with friends in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Boutell are on their way to Europe to spend the next six months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Rust are home from a trip to Alaska.

The boys and girls of the Salvation Army Sunday school had a royal good time at American lake yesterday. The street car company furnished a special car for them.

Miss Rose Schwinn is visiting Miss Clara Bryant at her country home, Rosedale.

Marriage licenses were issued yesterday to Nathan Swade and Bessie Warmitz, Seattle; F. G. Young and Fannie E. Tyler, Tacoma; M. L. Mattison and Freida White, Tacoma; Daniel C. Christensen and Lena Camus, Vega, Wash.; Charles Killstrom and Christine Roach, Tacoma; A. Holpera and J. Mollen, Seattle.

BELLE OF 1404



The above is a striking likeness of Margaret, Lady Peyton, a real leader of fashion about the time Columbus discovered the outside fragments of America. Reproduction is made from a recent book on costumes by Mrs. Ashdown.

ALL AROUND THE HOME

The grape fruit for breakfast should be cut in half the night before, the seeds all carefully removed, and sugar sprinkled over the fruit, which should then be placed in the refrigerator over night. The result is a delicious fruit for breakfast, sans all bitterness.

To clean a straw hat, cut a lemon in half and rub the cut surface over the soiled straw, squeezing the juice out while rubbing. The straw will soon be as bright as when new; then rub dry cornmeal over the straw with a sponge or rag to remove any particles of lemon. Or strain lemon juice through a fine fabric and dip an old toothbrush into the juice and scour the straw. Or dissolve tartaric acid in water to make what is practically lemon juice.

To get rid of the red water which is frequently found at the bottom of the kitchen boiler, empty it entirely and wipe dry. Then cement-wash it, just as you would whitewash anything, and let it dry before you put water in to it. By so doing you will have no more dirty red water.

What Women Do With Their Feet When they Sit Down

By Cynthia Grey. "What's the dope on correct position of the feet for women?" I asked Mrs. Myrtle Glenn Roberts and Miss Hussey, of the Roberts School of Expression.

Maybe "dope" wasn't just the word to use in making inquiry of a specialist in voice culture and a Shakespeare reader, but I think I got "the goods," anyway.

"This position is never approved," said Miss Hussey, crossing the knees—a position allowed to men and denied to women. "Still it is becoming so general," she admitted, "that perhaps it may come to be good form, just as a word gains place by usage."

"Artists use the pose," I suggested, "and surely Gibson's girls are artistic."

"But artists draw to life," argued Mrs. Roberts, "and Gibson tells a story or ridicules a fad in his pictures. You can't take that as a standard."

"The worst fault is the 'wide base,'" they agreed. "Setting the feet too far apart either in standing or sitting. Nothing make a woman appear more uncouth than careless, unbecoming attitudes of the body."

"Women think the minister can take care of their souls, doctors of their bodies, and the merchant can dress them," said Mrs. Roberts. "They have the idea that they can buy style, manner, an air, bearing, and all that, when if a woman only knew it she has within herself the thing that can distinguish her."

"It isn't clothes," she went on. "It's carriage, position of the body, whether sitting or standing, and voice mark a woman. And



These Positions for the Feet Are All Wrong, Say the Authorities.

yet the poor things go down town and buy whatever 'the style' without any thought of whether the prevailing fashions are becoming to their individual style."

"The line of the body from the chin to the toes should always be a receding one," said Miss Hussey, "the weight on the balls of the feet when standing, with the upper part of the body thrown slightly forward. And women needn't hold up a chair when they sit down, they can relax without slumping or can sit properly without being rigid."

"Yes," said Mrs. Roberts, "if women only knew how to stand on their toes and sit down on the end of their backbones they would be happier and live longer. With the weight of the body thrown back on the heels the whole body settles down, and the spirit with it. Women ought to be better looking and more buoyant in spirit as they grow older, and they can do it if they stand and sit properly, with the body properly balanced—it counts for poise and repose of mind."

"Woman, lovely woman, as seen

on the cars and in dining rooms in Tacoma, has been sketched by the artist, 'drawn from life.' That she may see herself as others see her, the drawings accompany this little preachment.

LOVE UNSOUGHT

They tell me that I must not love, That thou wilt spurn the free And unbought tenderness that gives Its hidden wealth to thee.

It may be so; I heed it not, Nor would I change my blissful lot, When thus I am allowed to make My heart a bankrupt for thy sake! —Edna Catharine Embury.

SYNTHIA GREYS CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: (1) What kind of stationery is proper to use for correspondence? (2) What should one say on being introduced to a man or woman? IGNORANT.

A.—(1) Plain unlined linen paper of creamy tint. It can be purchased by the pound. (2) "I am very glad to meet you."

Dear Miss Grey: (1) What will soften the hands and keep them white? (2) Please give me a dry shampoo for the hair. (3) Will long separate coats be worn this winter? (4) What color is most suitable for a blond? MISS M. S.

A.—(1) Wash them with bran water at night and dry them with dry bran. Wear a pair of soft kid gloves all night. (2) I do not advocate frequent use of the dry shampoo. One is apt to grow careless and permit the powder to reach the scalp, where it will surely clog the pores and cause the hair to fall. Sprinkle the hair only with a good talcum powder, and brush out thoroughly with clean, stiff-bristled brush. (3) Yes. (4) Dark blue or black.

A BOST PUNCTURED

The Sable: I am valuable for my fur. The Monkey: I hear differently—I hear it is valuable without you.

EXPECTATION

Roll on, O shining sun, To the far seas; Bring down, ye shades of eve, The soft, salt breeze Shine out, O stars, and light My darling's pathway bright, As through the summer night She comes to me. She comes to me. —John Hay.

OSCAR DOPES

Writes His Frened Adolf How Iss id Deir Relations Iss Broke to der Straining Point — A Scene in der Fashionable G. O. P. Club.

By Fred Schaefer GELIEBTER ADOLF: You inquire me vot iss dis mis Roozevelt und Billy Taft — are dey mat mit each oder, und dey and how much longer vill Teddy vait before he smashes him von?

Your question shows me more intelligence dan you efer was capable of, I tink so. (You str welcome.) As you vell know, Taft sat down in Teddy's chair vilo iss was still varm, to take care of his hunt against Jo Cannon, Guggenheim, Neise Aldrich, Acheeselees Ballinger und odders. Dot was all right Teddy dit nod vant to get mussel-bound, like a clam, setting dere too long, und vent by Africa to shoot dum-dums und odder vild insects. But no sooner dit der animal heat dit out of der chair cushion ven Taft felt fridgeness in der feet.

"Ach, stiek in der game," der odner fellers said. "We like to haf you play against us. We can deal Teddy out."

Ven Teddy came back he found der kitty hat all his chips und nobody vult make room for him ad der table. Dey efer looked ad him mit sarcastigness, like he was nod a member of der club.

Teddy looked dem ofer, und mit a sweet, forgoing remark to der ofteft, like dis: "Vell, I don'd care to play mit so many patstanders in der game, anyhow," tried to start a liddle penny ante in der nestst room, mit some new York fellers

Why Blotting Paper Blots

The surface of a piece of blotting paper has any number of small, hair-like fibers that are, in reality, small tubes. When this surface is applied to ink the small tubes suck it up by capillary attraction. If a fine glass tube is partly immersed in water, the water will rise in the tube. The same thing happens on a smaller scale with blotting paper.

Blotting paper was first made by accident when a careless workman in an English paper mill forgot to put in the sizing. Sizing is a fine grade of animal glue that enters into the composition of the best writing paper. The result of the omission was blotting paper.

OSCAR DOPES

Billie, squinting ad his carts, "lentle your attress pinned to your coat ven you chump off der doek." In my nextt letter, Adolf, I vill tolt you sickle of dis cutting remark. In der meandime Teddy vill be presorfing his usual silence —remaining as dumb as a oyster vich is rying in hot lard. Gedankensvoll, —Obyas

OSCAR DOPES

But soon Teddy noticed too many aces und let out a vhistle like a bump shell on ids vay across der outposts. Den he put on hiss hat vere Taft could see him.

"I hope dere iss someidings der matter mit noddings," said Taft, blushing to der tips of his face.

"Oh, no," laughed Teddy, mit pairfegt calmness, crunching a celluloid chip into der Axlemistee carpet. "I tink id iss der air in here. Id may be all right, but I am atrait dere iss ferry liddle of id, I ding I vill take a liddle troth outside around der bock."

"Vell, goot bye, Teddy," giekled

Josh Wise SAYS:

"Saw little Bad Horsblock stealin' a ride on th' back end of a brewery wagon. An' his mar president o' th' W. C. T. U!"

HICKORY GROVE WHISPERINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Cornway churched at Musselshell Springs yesterday.

Jud Blossom has traded for a new horse he got down to Willbura Corners.

Miss Seble Thomas is now writing the Hickory Grove local's for Most Anything.

Rev. T. J. Millar, pastor of the Hickory Grove M. E. church, is arranging for his Sunday school picnic to be held this time at Back Creek. Tod Judson's ball players will play at the same time.

More tomorrow. S. T.

The people of this country ate 7,500,000,000 pounds of sugar last year.

Ah, gentle dames! It gars me greet. To think how monie counsels sweet, The monie lengthened sage advices, The husband frae the wife despises. —Burns.

West Point Military Academy was founded in 1802.



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