

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN DELIGHT IN READING THE LETTERS AND ADVICE WHICH APPEARS IN CYNTHIA'S COLUMN

THE FAMILY PAGE

INTERESTING ARTICLE ABOUT THE TRAGIC CHARLOTTE CORDAY WILL INTEREST EVERY WOMAN READER

Society

The Voters' Educational association will be addressed by Frank Magill when it meets at St. Luke's parish house tomorrow afternoon.

Charles Hufford returned here Saturday after a month's absence in the East.

Miss Claud F. Grey will be hostess for a card luncheon Thursday afternoon.

The educational department of the Woman's club will hold an open meeting Thursday afternoon at the First Congregational church.

The Washington Gamma chapter of the Pi Delta Kappa will entertain at a fraternity ball tomorrow night at the Bonneville hotel.

The Missouri Woman's club will meet tomorrow afternoon with Mrs. Dr. Bertha Thomas, 619 South Trafton.

Vida chapter, O. E. S., will give the next of its series of dancing parties tomorrow night in Masonic temple.

Mrs. C. W. Knouff, 702 North K street, will be hostess at luncheon for the Progressive Study club tomorrow afternoon.

The younger society men will give a dance for the younger set Friday night in Sloan's hall.

Miss Eileen O'Brien left Saturday with the excursion party for California.

Chapter A of the National Council of Women Voters will meet with Mrs. J. Q. Mason on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The members of the Ethical society will present a playlet entitled "The District School" at the Tacoma Music hall soon.

The financial committee of the Young Women's Christian association gave a banquet Thursday evening at the association rooms in honor of the first annual meeting of the advisory board of the association.

Mrs. Albert Carlson, 2137 South G street, will entertain the Fraternal Aid club Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. C. C. Hunt will entertain the Virginia Dare chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, Friday afternoon at the Lewis apartments.

Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Hall are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Russell.

In honor of Mrs. Du Bruel of Anaconda, Mont., Mrs. W. J. Hansen entertained Saturday afternoon at her home on North Prospect street.

Mrs. Edwin Clark of North Twenty-ninth street entertained at a bridge luncheon last Friday.

Miss Mable Opie was hostess Thursday at a tea and hankercloth shower in honor of Miss Olive Anderson.

The District Home Mission society of the Methodist church will hold an all day prayer meeting at Central church Thursday. Luncheon will be served at the church and there will be a good program.

At a banquet given by the Y. M. C. A. to the advisory board reports were made of the first year of the Fox Island camp and country home and they showed great success has attended the opening of this feature. A small debt still remains on the property but the expenses were kept below the estimate.

There is a charm in baking if you use Pyramid Flour. It is pure, white, fluffy and strong.



QUALITY! QUALITY! We Always Handle the Best! Renton Coal has no equal—clean little ash and last. A phone order brings a load to your door in an hour. We also sell the Wellington Lump for those who desire. GRIFFIN TRANSFER CO. M. 589. A 3589

SHE'S A PROGRESSIVE JAPANESE WOMAN



This is Mme. N. Osaki, wife of the third secretary of the Japanese embassy at Washington. She is cultured and accomplished, has much of the good looks of Nippon, and takes an active interest in current affairs.

Cynthia Grey's After-Supper Talks.

Let's Listen to Baby's Appeal

Why do we—every last one of us—WANT to kiss the baby? And why do we invariably DO it unless the mother has courage enough to protest?

Perhaps it's because all of us—even the worst of us—have a deep well of love in our hearts for that which the baby embodies—purity—and our impulse is to express our worship by a kiss.

And we rock the baby until his little stomach rebels in nausea. We dance him on our knees until his little brain is addled.

We pin him into tight bands and there wonder why he cries.

We put a noisy "pacifier" into his sweet little mouth to keep him still, when he needs to cry and expand his lungs. Then he has colic, and adenoids later.

We raise him on cow's milk or baby foods, and fret because he's so strong as Biddy's, fed as he was meant to be fed, on mother's milk.

And why do we do all these things. Just because we're crazy about baby, of course. But we really want to do the best for baby, and we are beginning to see things as they ought to be seen.

Women all over the world are waking up to their own motherly selfishness and the baby's real needs, and we are going to have healthier, happier babies in the future.

Great Britain's women's health association has planned a "carnival campaign" to send a doctor and nurses through the country, who will teach mothers how to care for themselves, their homes, and their children. Handbills on these subjects are being prepared, one of which, entitled, "The Cry of the Children of the Mothers of Great Britain," runs as follows:

Please let me sleep in a cot all to myself and keep my nursery window open.

Please nurse me yourself (as God meant you to) till I am nine months old.

Please feed me regularly, let me sleep all I want, and don't stick pins into my clothes, and then I promise not to cry.

Please scald, or sterilize dairy milk before giving it to me to drink, and remember to cleanse and scald my bottle every time I use it.

Please don't handle me artificial foods unless ordered by the doctor, or scraps of anything left over by "grown-ups," or I am afraid I shall be ill.

Please let me have loose clothes, as I love to move my arms and kick with my legs quite a lot.

Please give me a bath every day and let me splash about as much as I like.

Please let me be out in the open air all you can.

Please don't let lots of stupid grownups kiss and dandle me; it makes me so cross.

This "cry" from the land of Johnny Bull brings to mind a similar appeal written by Tom Masson in Lippincott's some years ago. Here it is:

THE BABY SPEAKS. All newly born babies who desire to have a copy of the following on a card, to hang around their necks, can obtain one free by applying to this office:

Don't handle me more than is necessary. Don't put into my mouth, to stop from crying, an old piece of rubber to suck. It is about the worst habit I can get into.

Pat Pointers On Spring Styles

Aside from the dominating simplicities of the Charlotte Corday fashion for spring suits and gowns one other idea is soon which may help to mold the 1911 styles. This is the so-called German dress reform movement in which Paul Poiret of Paris has interested himself.

He fashioned the recently shown skirt, divided at the bottom—the basis for some innovations in real or simulated divisions of the skirt soon to be displayed.

Notwithstanding the simple lines and the scantiness of material, spring costumes will flatten the purse just as much as usual.

The slender silhouette is still popular, the waist line is high and the hips are small.

Sleeves will be close, though not tight fitting. In costumes and separate waists sleeves are almost without exception short—elbow and three-quarter length.

Skirts are still narrow and many of them are slashed open at the hem. While a few long skirts accompany the very dressy suits, the tendency is largely in favor of walking length. In separate skirts black is first choice and navy blue, gray and brown follow.

One piece dresses suitable to wear without a wrap are developed in serge, Panama, astin, crepe, voile, marquisette, challis and foulard.

Black and white combinations promise to dominate color schemes of the coming season. Red will be used largely as trimming on somber-hued gowns, but the favorite trimming will be braid—the widest of which sometimes forms the collar, cuffs and revers of coats.

Separate coats will be full length and the favorite ones will be made of satin.

The wrap draped around the figure is seen in evening garments made of soft supple materials.

Except in rare cases the coat of the new spring suit will be short. Broad collars are an important feature in both tailored suits and separate wraps.

Dressy gowns are to be in peasant style, with the short one-piece dress and the collarless neck.

BRIDE AT AGE OF 12

WELLSTON, O., Feb. 20.—The youngest bride in the city, if not in the state, is Mrs. William Williams, 12 years old, living at the coal mine owned by Horace L. Chapman. The child wife was Ida Canter before her marriage.

Her husband, a miner, is more than twice the age of the bride. Annoyed by the persistent efforts of the probation officer to keep her in school, she left her home and went to West Virginia on a visit. Williams followed the girl to Pando, W. Va., where the ceremony was performed, she having the full consent of both parents.

One piece frocks take precedence in new styles, and long coats are made to match when not used for walking.

The gold mesh purse, which is so dear to the heart of women, has been almost supplanted by the black velvet bag.

The skirts are a trifle wider, so that one may now walk with ease.

The Times Tourists, in Turks' Capital, See Christian Church, Now A Moslem Mosque



A VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE, ST. SOPHIA IN THE FOREGROUND; THE "GOLDEN HORN" (THE BAY) BEYOND.

(THE TIMES TOUR of the World.) CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 17.—Constantinople was made to order—the Roman emperor, Constantine, built it when he wanted a new capital—nevertheless of all the great capitals of the world Constantinople has now more of the ready-made, hand-me-down air than any other.

For Constantinople, for all its superficial magnificence, is a squalid and dirty city. Until the recent overthrow of Sultan Abdul Hamid dogs wear the only things resembling "white wings" that the city could boast. Under the new regime things are beginning to look a little better.

The crowning glory of Constantinople is the Mosque of St. Sophia. Indeed St. Sophia is one of the architectural glories of

My Crown of Motherhood

I would not lose the clinging baby hands, To call the world's vast kingdoms all my own, I count the joy of my dear plaudits empty sound.

Beside the joy of motherhood I've known, To sing my song within the walls of home Is all I crave of fortune or renown.

To wear the name of wife to him I love, Is dearer far than any earthly crown.

But little fingers clinging to my gown, Hold me to but the lag-gard's halting way.

When little lips but whisper "mother dear," Then I forget the laurel and the bay.

By FRANCES GILBERTATH INGER SOLLA

FASHIONS Cynthia Grey's Correspondent

Foulards promise to be as popular as they were last season.

The simplest means of finishing off the high waistline is to employ a draped or folded girdle with a buckle or butterfly bow in the back.

The brimless hat that eclipsed the brow has now a rival. It is the brim turned straight up from the face or the side of the head.

Buttons are in decided favor as trimming. Not only are they used on blouses, skirts and wraps but they are exploited on hats.

Here and there one sees a skirt with a yoke, but the tunic is, next to the plain skirt, the favorite.

The close skirts worn for the street demand the utmost daintiness in shoes, and with the velvet gowns, the uppers are frequently made of the same material, vamped with patent leather.

One piece frocks take precedence in new styles, and long coats are made to match when not used for walking.

The gold mesh purse, which is so dear to the heart of women, has been almost supplanted by the black velvet bag.

The skirts are a trifle wider, so that one may now walk with ease.

Bric-a-brac is junk that's got into society.

"Did your rich uncle retain possession of his faculties to the last?" "Don't know—his will hasn't been read yet."

Dear Miss Grey: Please give me location of Cape Horn and Cape Nome.—Svensk.

A.—Cape Horn, long. 67 w., lat. 57 s. Cape Nome, long. 163 w., lat. 65 n.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) Is it customary for a young man to ask the father of a young lady for her hand before he presents her with the engagement ring? (2) Is it proper for the young lady to accompany the young man when he goes to select the engagement ring?—Anxious.

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Not usual, but entirely proper.

Dear Miss Grey: Since childhood I've had an ideal. I am engaged to a man who does not quite fill the requirements, but in some respects better. Would I make a mistake in marrying him?—Cynthia.

A.—If you love your fiancé, by all means marry him. I have my doubts about your affection, however, since you ask advice. Don't expect to meet your ideal as you've pictured him, for you'll surely be disappointed if you do.

Dear Miss Grey: Since childhood I've had an ideal. I am engaged to a man who does not quite fill the requirements, but in some respects better. Would I make a mistake in marrying him?—Cynthia.

A.—If you love your fiancé, by all means marry him. I have my doubts about your affection, however, since you ask advice. Don't expect to meet your ideal as you've pictured him, for you'll surely be disappointed if you do.

Dear Miss Grey: Since childhood I've had an ideal. I am engaged to a man who does not quite fill the requirements, but in some respects better. Would I make a mistake in marrying him?—Cynthia.

A.—If you love your fiancé, by all means marry him. I have my doubts about your affection, however, since you ask advice. Don't expect to meet your ideal as you've pictured him, for you'll surely be disappointed if you do.

Dear Miss Grey: Since childhood I've had an ideal. I am engaged to a man who does not quite fill the requirements, but in some respects better. Would I make a mistake in marrying him?—Cynthia.

A.—If you love your fiancé, by all means marry him. I have my doubts about your affection, however, since you ask advice. Don't expect to meet your ideal as you've pictured him, for you'll surely be disappointed if you do.

Dear Miss Grey: Since childhood I've had an ideal. I am engaged to a man who does not quite fill the requirements, but in some respects better. Would I make a mistake in marrying him?—Cynthia.

A.—If you love your fiancé, by all means marry him. I have my doubts about your affection, however, since you ask advice. Don't expect to meet your ideal as you've pictured him, for you'll surely be disappointed if you do.

Dear Miss Grey: Since childhood I've had an ideal. I am engaged to a man who does not quite fill the requirements, but in some respects better. Would I make a mistake in marrying him?—Cynthia.

A.—If you love your fiancé, by all means marry him. I have my doubts about your affection, however, since you ask advice. Don't expect to meet your ideal as you've pictured him, for you'll surely be disappointed if you do.

MARRIAGE--WHAT OF IT?

In England a commission has recently finished the taking of evidence in a case which might be nominated: "The State vs. Permanent Marriage."

This commission has had every form of testimony from every form of authority and it has been told:

That marriage was not originally indissoluble.

That thoroughly happy marriages are in the great minority.

That most men, personally, don't care for perpetual marriage.

That marriage with children differs from childless wedlock.

That what may be essential in one case is piffle in another.

That woman is as much interested and more in liberal divorce laws than man.

That a loveless marriage is a greater crime than its breach.

That marriage is the disease and divorce the panacea.

That the masses and not the rich demand cheap and easy divorce.

That there are classes in marriage; indeed, that nothing brings out the essential differences in men and women so readily as wedlock.

That what may be an equitable law of marriage and divorce to one class may be the worst form of injustice to another.

That the child is the barrier between present conditions and the general recognition of the theory that men and women are better free.

That women of the masses are insistent for liberal divorce laws.

That women of the middle classes, at least, demand a single standard of morality.

That most women do not expect greatly to elevate the morals of men, hoping rather to have the law recognize their own right to equal liberty.

That women expect the same right to be divorced when their husbands galavant that is given the opposite sex.

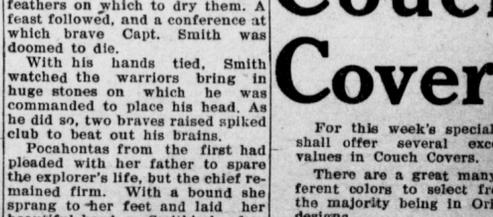
That the really poor need divorce, but seldom resort to it, using simpler methods of being freed.

That to these, easy divorce would be a truly moral force.

The commission listened intently to these varying views. Its conclusions probably will not be reached for some months and there is doubt if even then there can be any definite conclusion.

Red-Blooded American Heroes

HOW POCAHONTAS SAVED JOHN SMITH



The first English settlers of the New World sailed up the river which they called James, with a full sail under a stirring breeze.

It was May 13, 1607, when the little party landed on a fair site, and all that day the small boats plied between the land and the ship with boxes and bales.

They were a worthless lot, idlers and "gentlemen," who soon refused to do honest work and went on a chase for gold. But among them was one man of sterling qualities, Capt. John Smith, hero and veteran of many wars, writer, explorer and adventurer.

Smith could not long endure the quarrels of the settlement and set out upon an exploring expedition. In a small boat with two companions he explored more than 3000 miles of coast line and interior country.

But one day he was surprised by a party of Indians, made a prisoner, and taken to Powhatan, chief of the tribe.

The Indian warriors, 200 strong, in gay feathers and painted lined the walls of a natural arbor. In the center sat Powhatan with his daughter, Matoa or Pocahontas. Behind the braves stood the squaws with their necks painted red.

An Indian woman gave Smith a dish of water in which to wash his face and hands; another brought feathers on which to dry them. A feast followed, and a conference at which brave Capt. Smith was doomed to die.

With his hands tied, Smith watched the warriors bring in huge stones on which he was commanded to place his head. As he did so, two braves raised spiked club to beat out his brains.

Pocahontas from the first had pleaded with her father to spare the explorer's life, but the chief remained firm. With a bound she sprang to her feet and laid her beautiful head on Smith's head.

"Then you must kill me, too," she cried. The warriors with the upraised clubs hesitated while Powhatan gave the word that spared Smith's life.

From that time on Pocahontas became a friend of the settlers, warned them when an Indian uprising was planned, and often gave them provisions.

But after Smith had gone back to England the other settlers turned against the Indian girl and made her a prisoner. This proved to be a blessing in disguise, for she and John Rolfe, a young Englishman, came to love each other and their marriage was celebrated while the white men and Indians vowed to be friends.

She went with her husband to England, and was received with honor. It was a happy marriage, a son was born to them, and her descendants were famous in the colony, honored by the people. Pocahontas died in 1616. Her grave may be seen to this day at Gravesend, England.

Pyramid Flour, the Great Breadmaker, is a universal family flour. It will solve the bread question for you.

The Dependable Store.

Splendid Bargains In Couch Covers

For this week's specials we shall offer several excellent values in Couch Covers.

There are a great many different colors to select from—the majority being in Oriental designs.

All these Couch Covers are of uniform size—60x90 inches, with the exception of the Extra Special offered.

Just read over these prices: \$2.25 Couch Cover \$1.50 for

\$2.50 Couch Cover \$1.75 for

\$3.00 Couch Cover \$2.25 for

\$5.00 Couch Cover \$3.25 for

\$6.00 Couch Cover \$4.00 for

\$7.00 Couch Cover \$5.25 for

\$8.00 Couch Cover \$6.00 for

Extra Special This lot are of extra width—the size being 72 x90 inches, and regularly sell at \$4.00. Special while they last for—

\$3.00

Plumbing

Get our figures before letting your contract.

Repair work promptly attended to.

A. GEHRI & CO. 1113 Tacoma Ave. Phone: M. 462-44402

STANDARD HOUSE FURNISHING CO.