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Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

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A TERROR TO STANDPATISM

Striking fire and enthusiasm and winning the wholesale encouragement of the masses of the people on the one hand, the progressive party on the other hand is striking mortal terror among the standpatters in the state.

The withdrawal of the progressives from the standpat party saps the vitality, the lifeblood, the spark that kept the G. O. P. in the front in the past.

This the standpatters well realize and fear. They do not want the lines sharply drawn. They do not want the weakness of their numbers revealed by the withdrawal of the progressives.

But this flimsy straw to which they are clinging is, of course, a hopelessly unavailing one. WITH AN HONEST INDEPENDENT PRIMARY ASSURED, AT WHICH THE PROGRESSIVE VOTERS WILL HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO SELECT THEIR CANDIDATES, THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR ANY REAL PROGRESSIVE TO STAY OUT OF THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

There are no real progressives who will remain in the reactionary republican party. There is no progressive candidate in this entire state who will submit his candidacy to the people under the banner of Taft and Penrose, Cannon, and Hay, and Coimer.

The lines are clearly drawn, the roads are clearly mapped out. Progressives are not traveling on the republican road this year, or ever after.

Ter-Ra-Za-Boom-De-Ay

Mexico is rebuked for its divers blows at capital. Gen. Luis Terrazas, cattle king, has bought a big ranch on our side of the border, where capital may do as it gentlemanly pleases and t'ell with the agitator who would say it nay—even the gentlest, daintiest, most zephyr-like nay.

It is not recorded that his flitting occasioned repentant sobs beyond the Rio Grande, but that is no reason why we should not rejoice to have him "in our midst."

Observations

WHO cares if meat is going up as long as peaches are coming down.

THE separation of the standpatters and progressives makes it easier for the people to keep from being buncoed in the coming legislative scrap.

CAN'T get up a case of "Hay fever" this kind of weather.

WASN'T that a nervy assessor, though, to soak John S. Baker \$2,500 for personal property tax assessment?

LOOKS now as if the republican party will be fifth in the race, for there are certainly more prohibitionists than real standpatters in the country.

A CHAP named Vorhees, of Ohio, is reported to have declared that he discovered Taft sentiment in Washington. A man who can make such a remarkable discovery ought to be named the official explorer of Mars, the Lost Chord and the South pole.

COL. TEDDY'S managers are having a hard time to arrange his speaking itinerary. Everybody wants to hear what the chief bull moose has to say, and he wants to give his message to everybody.

TRUST and railroad-owned ships are excluded from the free use of the big Panama ditch, but what's to prevent 'em from hiding behind names of smaller "independent" corporations, buy up their stock and slide through the canal with ships of THESE companies? It's an old game.

A MODEST COUNTRY COTTAGE BY PERTON BRALEY. Illustration of a man and a woman sitting at a table.

Give me a simple little place with rooms, we'll say, for twenty; with swimming baths and ample space. For touring cars is plenty; with half a dozen tennis courts and roomy riding stables.

The Markets

- Oranges—\$2.75 @ 3.55. Apples—\$2.75 @ 3.75. Spinach—90c a box. Chickens—11 @ 20c a lb. Oysters—\$7.50 per sack. Clams—\$1.90 sack. Crabs—\$1.50 @ 1.75 doz. Butter, Washington Creamery—31 @ 32c. Eggs, Washington Ranch—24c. WHOLESALE PRICES. Feed. Hay, \$18 @ 19 ton; oats, \$22 @ 24; wheat, \$28.50 @ 30; shorts, \$29.50 ton; bran, \$27.50 a ton.

A COLUMN OF SMILES



NATE COLLIER—SPAN PERPETRATOR AND CARTOONER.

LIMERICK SEASONABLE RECIPES.

MAUD MULLER'S ANGEL FOOD. MAUD MULLER ON A SUNDAY BAKED A CAKE IN A SPANISH PAN AND WHEN SHE HAD IT DONE SHE CALLED IT MAUDIE'S ANGEL. JUST NOW SHE MADE THE CAKE SHE TOOK A CLIP OF AN OLD COW BELL AND A PAIR OF SKIS AND AN OX A SHEEPSKIN COAT AND A GUN SHE PLACED IT ALL IN A BAG AND COOLED IT OFF WITH A PALM LEAF WITH A BAR OF SOAP AND A SHIRT AND SHROUD IN IT AND WASHED CENTER WITH A LUMP OF COAL. JUST AS SHE FINISHED WITH THE JUDGE DROPPED IN FOR AND SEEING THE CAKE HE DECLARED IT WAS NICE AS ALAS, FOR THE JUDGE IS NOW THE WILD WINDS BLOW AND WAFT THE GRASS ON HIS NEW MADE GRAVE OF ALL SAYS THOSE MAUDIE'S HEART IS BROOK SINCE SHE CAUSED THE DOOR OLD JUDGE TO CROAK.

ON GOSHEN A FELLOW NAMED GREEN WAS SO AWFULLY AWFULLY WHEN IT HAILED THERE ONE NIGHT THE DOOR SINK WAS A SIGHT YOU COULD SEE THROUGH HIM JUST LIKE A SCREEN.

CULLED FROM OUR PICKLE BUSH. MISS MARY MABLE MORRIS SENT A LETTER TO A CERTAIN GENT WHO PROMPTLY INTO SPASMS BECAUSE THE MAN TO WHOM WAS NOT THE MAN THAT MERRIMENT.

COMMON EXPRESSIONS ILLUSTRATED. Illustration of a man and a woman.

MOTHER GOOSE REVISED. Illustration of a woman and a child.

WELL KNOWN CROOK. Illustration of a man in a suit.

STYLE HUBBY LIKES. Mrs. Shortly was discussing the latest fashions with a young lady caller. "Did you say your husband was fond of those clinging gowns, Mae?" "Yes; he likes one to cling to me for about three years."—Lippincott's.

CAPITALIZED. "Columbus discovered America," recited the youthful student. "Yes, my son," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "Columbus discovered America. But it took a few men like your father to put the discovery on a big paying basis."—Washington Star.

ENCOURAGEMENT. She—It must be a hard blow to a man to be rejected by a woman. He—Indeed it must. She—Do you know, I don't think I could ever have the heart to do it.—Hartford Times.

SETTING HER RIGHT. "You are familiar, I presume, with Johnson's 'Rascals,' observed the Boston girl. "You must have got him mixed with Frank Gotch," said the St. Louis young man; "Johnson is a prize fighter." Then silence, like a cataclasm, descended to ameliorate the impact of the atmospheric concussion.—Chicago Tribune.

EXPERIENCED. Undertaker—Yes; I advertised for an assistant. Have you had any experience at funerals? Applicant—I was secretary of an aeroplane club for two years.—Life.

HE MADE TIME. "Madam, I'm traveling around the world on a wager. I have to make good time or I'll lose my bet." "Well, I don't mind letting my bulldog pace you for a couple of miles. Here, Tiger!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

GIVING THOUGHT TO THE FUTURE. "My friend, do you ever give any thought to the future?" asked the solemn looking man in the white necktie to the passenger next to him in the railway car. "Well, I should rather say I did!" replied the man addressed. "I bought an automobile last month, on the installment plan, and I have payments due each month for the next year."

TEDIOUS TASKS. A couple of wayfarers stood for an hour or more in front of a market, watching employees clean fish. "Ain't that the limit!" exclaimed one. "Can you think of anything worse than a job like that?" "Sure I can!" the other replied. "That ain't half as bad as scaling the Alps."—Judge.

AIDING THE MOVEMENT. "Poor man! How he aches! He must be nearly frozen to death." No, he isn't. I was just talking with him. He says something is wrong with his watch and he has to keep fiddling it to keep it from stopping."—Judge.

The Times Daily Short Story

THE HAND OF FATE

By H. H. Hudson. Lobo Ohtulu was happy. To be sure he lived in a native village in the Kongo Free State, and the outside world was unknown to him. Oko Kimo, his son, was the pride of his family. The little fellow was good at hunting and fishing, and frequently carried off the honors at the village games. The father expected that Oko would some day be a chief.



There was rubber in the district, however. The white man discovered it and wanted it. The black man could gather it for him. He sent his agents. These agents were instructed to secure a certain amount of rubber from each district. The agents in turn appointed captains. The captains were cruel barbarians and were armed with guns. They became masters over the native districts. If this overseer didn't secure the necessary amount of rubber, he was punished. A reign of terror began.

Ohtulu and Kimo went about their task. At first the father did not dream that the white man greed might coin the very blood of his people into gold. He soon learned to hate Volo Woogo, the savage headman who carried a gun, for he often beat those who came in without the necessary supply of rubber. The successful workers were given a cupful of salt or a piece of calico. Once a poor wretch came in after three days of fruitless search in the forest and stood trembling at the door of the agent's hut. Then the capita seized a gun and shot him dead. The capita was killed the next day, but more men were sent by the commissary to take his place.

Lolo worked the harder and helped Oko, for he feared that trouble might some day come to his son. Many natives were tortured. Some took to the forest and lived as animals. Quite often a shot was heard in the dense vegetation. The natives had learned to know what that meant. Another unlucky worker's misery was at an end, for every cartridge sent by a life.

One evening Ohtulu heard many shots back near the village, and as he made his way home he saw a boat passing down the

stream. In the boat was a pole, and trophies were hung thereon—the hands of those who had been shot. The hands were to serve as evidence that the cartridges had been used aright. When he reached the village all was sorrow and confusion. He found Oko Kimo among the dead, shot through the breast.

The next day a good man came. He carried no gun, and his face showed that he suffered much. The missionary tried to comfort the people, and sometimes pointed to the sky where the Great Spirit dwelt.

One evening a native stealthily made his way to the place where the white man dwelt. It was Lobo Ohtulu. If he could get along without his Oko, the white man could get along without his son. He watched his opportunity. Then he snatched up the white boy and carried him far away. Ohtulu colored the boy's body with the stain of many berries, so that he was as black as Oko had been.

As time went on, Ohtulu liked the boy as he had his own son, although he dwelt in constant fear that the kidnapped child might be taken from him. They worked together in a new district. One day, however, his charge wandered from him. He would find him, or the day was drawing to a close. Then he heard the report of a rifle. His fears were confirmed when he found the mutilated body.

That evening the corporal brought in some more hands to the missionary and left them as proof that the cartridges had been

well used. After he was gone, the Belgian commissary cast a glance at the gruesome tokens; but as he did so his attention was riveted upon one of the missing members. It was the hand of a child, and bore a peculiar malformation. He thought it queer that the hand of a black child should so strikingly resemble the hand of his lost son. He examined the hand more closely. He discovered that the color was not natural, and rubbed off. Then he understood.

Olympia Boat. The New Steamer NISQUALLY. Leaves Municipal Dock Daily at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. The 3:00 p. m. Trip Connects for Shelton. Returning Leaves Olympia 12:15 p. m. and 6:00 p. m. MAGNOLIA—Leaves Olympia for Tacoma and Seattle 7:30 a. m. Phone Main 5208.

SEATTLE ROUTE. Strs. Indianapolis and Chippewa. The fastest and finest day steamer on the coast. EIGHT ROUND TRIPS DAILY. Leaves Tacoma from Municipal Dock at 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m. 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00 p. m. Leave Seattle from Colman St. Dock 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m. 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00 p. m. SHELTON PARSE SEE ROUND TRIP SEE. A Steamer Every Two Hours. L. K. FURCELL, Agent. Phone Main 344.

The Tacoma Public Market

THE PLACE. To get good things to eat in the Bakery line. Special for Saturday. 2 doz. Cookies for 15c. DICKSON BROS. Public Market. Cor. 11th and D.

WATSON THE FLORIST. Asters, doz 25c. 11th and D st. Main 1761.

Firms on the Curb and Street. Illustration of a building.

HOLLIS. Shoulders of Mutton 10c. Roast Pork 10c. Pickled Pig's Feet 10c. Good Steak 12 1/2c. H. C. HOLLIS. 1142 So. D. Main 510.

SHIVERS. 12 bars good Laundry Soap 25c. 6 lbs. good Rice 25c. Peaches, Plums, Pears and Apples cheap. Other good things to eat. Free Delivery. SHIVERS 1128 So. D. Main 4570.

ACME BUTTER STORES. 1118 So. D. Pub. Market. 1108 So. K. Fresh Creamery Butter, 90c lb. The best butter, fresh from the churn every morning, 95c lb., 3 lbs. \$1.00. Cream Cheese, domestic Swiss, brick, primost or limburger cheese, lowest prices. 2 cans Sweet Corn 15c. Reg. 25c Catsup, 15c. Full pints. Reg. 15c Mince Clams, 10c. Try our 25c Coffee; satisfaction guaranteed. Lipton's Tea, 30c half pound, 60c lb. We have all varieties Heinz Pickles. The best. ACME BUTTER STORES 1118 So. D. 1108 So. K.

EGGS. Strictly Fresh Local Ranch Eggs, dozen 30c. Two Cans Carnation Cream 15c. Two Cans Mount Vernon Cream 15c. Eastern Sugar Cured Bacon, pound 16c.

Enterprise Market. 1146 So. D. Fresh Killed Chickens. The only dry pickled chickens on the market, lb. 18c.

Quality Butter Store. 1106 Commerce St., Near 11th St.

The National Meat Co. Home grown Peaches, basket, 15c; Home grown Sweet Corn, doz., 20c and 25c; Cucumbers for pickling, per hundred, 20c to 30c; Fancy fruits and all kinds of fresh vegetables. Stalls 25-36. FREE DELIVERY. Main 2946.

J. B. SWAN & CO. 1124 So. D. Have you a sweet tooth? Cakes of all kinds. Nut Loaf 15c and 25c. Layer Cakes 25c. Angel Food 25c. Devil's Food 10c.

WASHINGTON PRODUCE CO., 946 South D. Main 8433. Cucumbers for Dill Pickles, per sack 75c. Small Size, per thousand \$2.00.

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