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NOT IN MARKET

"I have found," said J. P. Morgan to the Clapp investigating committee, "that gratitude is a strange commodity."

That was an expression to have been expected from a Morgan. A commodity, says the dictionary, is "something bought and sold."

A king of finance, like Morgan, probably always believes that everything has its price, everything---gratitude, affection, principles, all sentiments---is to be bought and sold.

A strange commodity is gratitude, says Mr. Morgan, who has doubtless many times given money away and received in return what he mistook for gratitude, while it is likely that he never came upon a genuine instance of that sentiment in all his giving.

Genuine gratitude is not something to be bought, but something to be earned through somewhat of self-denial on the part of the giver. It is safe to believe that in perhaps every one of Mr. Morgan's instances of giving, the recipient's first thought was that Morgan could well afford to give. The gift was nothing for him to make.

Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie give to colleges, libraries and other public institutions. This generation and the next will, very largely, look upon such acts as acts of restitution, and gratitude will enter very little into the public consideration of them.

While not a commodity, Mr. Morgan, genuine gratitude is indeed a strange thing. It is as rare in politics as a violet in the December snows. It is almost unknown in our hard business life. It is a total stranger to society function. But you can see it spring from a simple flower taken to a sick room. You can behold it as a halo around the old lady whom you've helped across the street. You can find it in the honest, innocent eyes of the friendless child whom you've given some small pleasure. You can win it from the hearts of struggling men and women in helping whom you give something of yourself. Not all your hundreds of milions can buy it, Mr. Morgan. Never believe that. It is not a commodity.

THE REAL CAUSE

The word of Roosevelt's attempted assassination sent a shudder of horror through the people of the whole nation. Instinctively the minds of men ran back to the days when the wires ticked out similar information concerning McKinley, Garfield, Lincoln.

Fortunately, the attempted murder of the ex-president was not as serious as in the former cases.

But the design was the same.

And the cause was the same.

Roosevelt touched on it himself following the shooting when he spoke to the citizens of Milwaukee.

Mendacity and abuse.

For months the organs of special privilege have been characterizing Roosevelt as the embodiment of all that is evil and hypocritical in American life. He has been denounced in a thousand columns daily for casting his lot with the new movement which proposes to change conditions for the masses.

And this abuse has finally told.

A weak-minded man became imbued with the idea that Roosevelt must be a monster from which the world needed to be freed and he started out to do the job.

"It is a very natural thing" said Roosevelt.

And unless conditions of life change, this natural result will come to other men in the future as it has come to Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Roosevelt.

As long as conditions create slums which breed a low order of the human animal, who is subject to impulse and amenable to suggestion from vitriolic political organs, the great men of the nation will be in danger unless the vituperation can be stopped.

It is one of the problems of the day.

It is getting to be a mighty serious one when four out of the last nine presidents elected by the people have been assailed by assassins.

OBSERVATIONS

Express companies will go on the interstate commerce commission grill Oct. 9. Some of them have hauled down as high as 300 per cent dividends.

They're making a great fuss in a New Jersey town over a high school boy who refuses to salute the American flag at the morning exercises, although commanded by his dad to do so. Maybe they're teaching him nothing to make him respect the flag.

An 85-year-old New York bridegroom says he guesses he knows he isn't too old to marry---he eats five meals a day.

Miss Trehawke Davies, passenger, fell 300 feet with an aeroplane in England and when the aviator crawled from the wreck he found her kodaking the scene.

Good thing the rainy season is on or the heat of the enthusiasm that is greeting Bob Hodge and Warburton might burn up the vast forests in Southwestern Washington.

All "line-ups," political or athletic, pale into insignificance before the line-up before the registration or water and light windows at the city hall on the "last day."

With business men insisting times will be good no matter who is elected, it is really funny to see the seriousness of the old standpatters telling how the mills will all close unless their man wins.

THE BEGINNING
Do not postpone the opening of a savings account simply because of the smallness of your first deposit. All things, you know, must have their beginning. The big things of today were little things of yesterday—Remember, we receive deposits as low as a dollar.
4 o/o BANKERS TRUST CO. BANK 4 o/o
CAPITAL $800,000.00
BANKERS TRUST BUILDING, TACOMA, WASH.

Caille Perfection Gasoline Engines
"The Cheapest Good Engine on the Market"
WM. A. MULLINS ELECTRIC CO., 1014 A st.

"Did I ever tell you," asked Ervin Nelson of the Cleveland Leader, "how my youngest boy baptized his cat? No! It was like this:

"Walter's playmate was the son of a Baptist preacher. The 'kid' had seen a few baptizing exercises and was anxious to imitate them. So the children caught the family cat and endeavored to practice the deep-sea method of immersion with the aid of a washtub. The cat couldn't have been sincere in her desire to lead a better life—she scratched and squealed until the boys had to let her go. Then the boy next door hollered:

"'Dog-gone you! Go on and be an Episcopal cat, if you want to!'"

A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY

NOTHING SERIOUS

Ready to Begin.

The Old Timer—Yes, sir; we had two ice crops this winter.

The Nowcomer to the Country—That speaks pretty well for this section. I'm glad we moved out here. What kind of water did you plant? — Woman's Home Companion.

ON PAPA

"Papa, you know that George, who proposed to me last night, is coming for his answer this evening, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, thank you, papa! That is the answer I was going to give him anyway." —Chicago Tribune.

Not So Hot.

A candidate for congress had been making a speech in one of the towns of his district where he was not well known personally, and in the evening, while waiting for a train, he strayed into a butcher's shop, and, without saying who he was, began to pump the butcher to find out how he stood.

"Did you hear that speech this afternoon?" he inquired after some general talk.

"Yes," replied the butcher, "I was there."

"What do you think of it?"

"Pshaw!" said the honest butcher, "I've made a better speech than that a hundred times, trying to sell 15 cents worth of soupbones."

The candidate concealed his identity.—Kansas City Star.

His Escape Was Timely.

When Frank King returned from the Spanish-American war he was asked to tell some of his experiences.

"How long were you in the hospital when you were shot?" he was asked.

"Stayed just five days; couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why so? Were you not well treated?"

"Well, you see, when I went in there were six patients. The first day they buried one."

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing; only the next day they buried another. I knew my turn would come in time. I went in on Monday, and I knew I would be carried out on Saturday. So I packed my knapsack and left on Friday. If I hadn't I'd surely have been buried on Sunday. Six days—one man each day. I couldn't stand that."—Kansas City Star.

DID YOU EVER NOTICE---

JOKES

Dead Easy.

Larry—I like Professor Whatshisname in Shakespeare. He brings things home to you that you never saw before.

Harry—Huh! I've got a laundryman as good as that.

Safe Bet.

She—If fashion makes our dresses any skimpier I really don't know what we women will do.

He—I do; you'll wear the dresses.—Boston Transcript.

Grim Humor.

Hokus—I will tell you, an operation for appendicitis is no joke.

Pokus—No, but if it were it would be a side-splitting one.—Life.

FRACTIONS

Lodger—My brother is coming on a visit; have you a couple of spare cots?

Landlady—A couple! Is he so big as all that?

Lodger—No, but, you see, the fact is he really consists of two half-brothers.—Boston Transcript.

A LONG ONE

"Mrs. Nagg is thinking of visiting the Thousand islands."

"I understand Mr. Nagg would be glad to have her spend six months on each one." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

RARE ABILITY

Willie—Paw, what is a statesman?

Paw—A statesman is a politician who can talk intelligently on Schedule K, my son. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Comic Personals

NOBODY.

Among those who are sojourning in our midst is that prominent personage, Nobody. It is related of Nobody that he is the most perfect individual in the world. The observant have noticed that he devotes his entire time in doing good to others and at the same time is the only absolutely contented man to be found anywhere. In addition to which he has endeared himself to all by taking the blame for every blunder and accident that occurs and is always prompt to square things to the satisfaction of those who have suffered. A rare trait this, and may his shadow never grow less. Like a policeman he is always around, is Nobody, when most needed. This is enough to make him Somebody when it comes to getting out the Comic page.

Leap Year Proposals.

Howell—What did she say when she proposed to you?

Powell—She said that she would like to select my neckties for life.—Judge.

"Th' Beelcysport dramatic club is plannin' a revival of 'The Mikado,' and have written to Kilrain and Sullivan fer permission ter produce their well-known opera."

MAGGIE'S VIEW OF IT.

Mistress—How would you like to be in society, Maggie, and go to a grand ball every night?

The Maid—Law, ma'am, I'd be too tired on my feet after my day's work to enjoy dancing.

Love, Life and The Wolf

A Thrilling Story of the Slums, in Five Chapters.
BY E. C. RODGERS.

CHAPTER I.

"I do say, Jim, we ought to be getting a piano for Katie pretty soon, for she's turned 13 and all the girls are learning music."

"And I wish, mamma, that you would get it in your head that you christened me Katherine, and not 'Katie,'" interjected that young miss.

"Well, Katie, or Katherine, and I love you just the same under either name, if your ma wants a piano it's up to her to find out how we are going to pay for it and keep the roof over our heads at the same time," replied Jim Haskins—James was his name on the company's payroll, but at home and with his friends he was just big, good-natured Jim.

"Lots of folks who don't make as much money as you do, Jim, have music taught to their children," insisted Mrs. Haskins.

"All right, ma, go as far as you like, but keep out of debt. I'm going to play with the kids now."

Just then Henry, age five, and Jennie, two years his junior, executed a bold attack on the paper their daddy was reading and chorused:

"Play train, daddy." Down on the floor dropped their daddy, which was a signal for Jack, seven, and Mary, nine, to come bounding over from the little desk where they had been making the prettiest pictures in water colors—that is, they thought they were the prettiest, and daddie and mamma agreed.

Jimmie, who, with his eleven years and his father's name, was the pride of the family, closed up the big illustrated Bible and appointed himself conductor.

Daddie was the train; the chairs were the stations, and Mary and Jack and Jonnie piled on, while Henry assumed the responsibility of engineer. That let him ride all the time.

From station to station big Jim Haskins crawled on hands and knees until a pair of overworked knees decided that it was bedtime for the little passengers.

Tucking the children in their beds followed good-night kisses and hugs and prayers. Then Jim Haskins and his wife settled down to the paper and the mending.

Next morning after breakfast Jim started off to work; the older children to school. Henry and Jennie ran to the corner with their big dad, tugging helpfully at his dinner pail.

"Good-bye, kiddies," Jim, kissing them, said. "Meet me tonight."

(To be continued tomorrow.)

LATEST MARKET REPORT FOR TACOMA HOUSEWIVES

Fruits
Strawberries, 15c box.
Huckleberries, 3 lbs. 25c.
Cantaloupes, 2 for 25c.
Peaches, box, 45c.
Pears, box, $1.50.
Oranges, 30@50c.
Lemons, 40c.
Cocoanuts, 10c.
Bananas—30c doz.
Apples, box, 75c@$1.25.
Apples—Gravenstein, $1.50 box.

Meats
Roast Beef, prime rib, lb. 18@20c.
Pot Roast, 12½@15c.
Boiling Beef, 8@10c.
Sirloin, 20c.
Porterhouse, 25@28c.
T-Bone, 22@25c.
Round Steak, 18c.
Leg of Lamb, spring, 20c.
Lamb Chops, shoulder, 15c; loin and rib, 20c.
Shoulder of Lamb, 12½c.
Lamb Stew, lb., 7c.
Roast Pork, 20-22-25c.
Pork Chops, shoulder, 20c; loin and rib, 25c.
Veal Roast, 18@25c.
Veal Cutlets, 20@25c.
Ham, sliced, 25@30c.
Salt Pork, 15c.
Pork Sausage, link, 20c; bulk, 15c.
Bacon, 18@35c.
Corned Beef, boneless, 15c.
Tripe, 10c.
Brains, 15c.
Liver, 10c.

Poultry
Spring Chickens, 25c.
Hens, 20c.
Spring Ducks, 25c.
Squabs, 35c.

Fish.
Halibut, 2 lbs. 25c.
Crabs, $1.50@2 doz.
Trout, 25c lb.
Salmon, 15c.
Black Cod, 2 lbs. 25c.
Rock Cod, 15c.
Sound Smelts, 2 lbs. 25c.
Shrimps, 15c.
Codfish, brick, 25c.
Olympia Oysters, $1 qt.
Anchovies, quart, 25c.
Kippered Salmon and Cod, 18c.
Kippered Herring, 18c.

Vegetables
Celery, bunch, 5-6-10c.
Green Corn, 20c.
Cucumbers, 2 for 15c.
Tomatoes, 2 lbs. for 15c.
Squash, lb., 2c.
Bell Peppers, lb., 15c.
Egg Plant, lb., 5c.
Globe Onions, 4 for 10c.
Beets, Carrots, Turnips, Onions, Radishes, all bunch stuff, 3 bunches for 5c.
Cabbage, 5@10c.
Potatoes, sack, 65c.
Spinach, lb., 5c.
Sweet Potatoes, selected, 8 lbs. 25c.

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS
Butter, tub, 35c lb., 3 lbs. $1.00.
Best tub, 37c lb., 3 lbs. $1.05.
Fancy Bricks, 35c.
Washington, 35c.
Oregon, 35c, 3 lbs. $1.00.

Cheese
Tillamook, 20c.
Wisconsin, 20c.
New York, 30c.
Imported Swiss, 40c.
Roquefort, 60c.

Eggs.
Fresh Ranch, fancy, 45c.
Regular, Eastern, 30c.

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