Cynthia Grey's Answers

Dear Miss Grey: I am a boy of 20 years old, and olve a girl dearly. We go for a walk every evening and she always tell me she loves me. I have asked her to be my wife. And she says "Yes," and my folks say, "No." I have a salary of $70 per month, and her folks is well off, and is willing for he rmarriage. But my folks says I am too young to marry, and says to, wait till I am 21. But I can't wait. Now, my dear Miss Grey, know how it is. I love her dearly, and I believe we could live happly togeather. Hoping to see an answer in the papper. GEORGE.

A.—Well, you did succeed in spelling your name right, didn't you? A boy who is within reach of good free night schools, or if not, can at least buy a speller, and can't write a short note any better than you do, should be ashamed. Get a blue back, and get to work.

Then, too, a boy who can't wait, and who considers the wealth of the girl's parents is too young to think of marriage. Any way you can't get a license without your parents' consent until you are 21.

This sounds hard, doesn't it. As you say, I do know how it is, and I know you cannot live happily with any girl unless you change your views.

Dear Miss Grey: Will you kindly give me some idea of the dimensions of the Panama canal? I will certainly appreciate it.—Inquirer.

A.—The canal will have a summit elevation of 85 feet above the sea to be reached by a flight of three locks located at Getun, on the Atlantic side, and by one lock at Pedro Miguel, and a flight of two at Miraflores, on the Pacific side. Each lock will have a visable length of 1,000 feet, and a width of 110 feet. Gatun lake, when dams are completed, will have an area of 164.32 square miles.

The canal is about 50 miles in length. The bottom width will varie from 200 feet to an indefinite width in deep water. The approaches on both sides, from deep water to land, are to be 500 feet. The canal will have a minimum depth of 41 feet.

Dear Miss Grey: I understand according to law a divorced person must wait six months before he can remarry in this state. Is it lawful for one to be married at high sea by the captain of the ship, or a minister, within ten days after getting a divorce?—S. G. W.

A.—Yes, six months is required between divorce and re-marrying, in this state. The law of the state in which the decree was issued prevails at high sea, so if one obtained the decree in a state that requires six months a marriage performed within ten days would not be legal. Some states require a year, and some no time at all—except that required to get a license. By applying at the library you can get, or see, the general law book that covers the question in all states and learn which state requires the least time.

Dear Miss Grey: I am taking pleasure in asking you a question, as I take the paper every evening, and see where you give lots of people good advice.

I would like to know if there is any way of finding my lost brother. He ran away from home when he was ten years of age, and is now twenty. I have advertised in many papers, and have asked the chief of police to help me, but we cannot find him. Do you think I will ever find him?—Anxious Bessie.

A.—I cannot say, but you may find him in the most unexpected way some day. I believe a great deal in the power of Mind, and if you will remember that if you and your brother are close in thought and love, and both are governed by the intelligence that rules the universe, you may be surprised at what occurs. I know a girl, who, by this mental law, brought together a brother and his wife who had been separated for years.

You might employ private detectives, but I advise you to be careful how much money you pay them before they do any work, for I know of one case, at least, where a supposedly reliable detective took a poor woman's money, and made almost no effort to help her.

Dear Miss Grey: I have written several moving picture plays, which I think are good. Have you any idea what one is worth? Any information you can give along this line will be appreciated.

A.—If you will get a copy of the Motion Picture World, a magazine on the subject, you will get an idea of what is in demand. Write to one of the prominent companies for information. They will be glad to give it, for the demand for good plays is great. If your plays are really fine, you will get a nice little sum, if not, they will be worth nothing.

Will Women Return to the Old Fashioned Hoop Skirt This Year?

There is a feeling in the air that we are going to wear hoops in the near future.

Already we are taking on a look of the wooden women who in childhood's days we put into our toy Noah's ark "two by two."

The new tunics are wired about the bottom and it will be a very easy matter to drop that wire an inch or two at a time to the feet.

Now don't say, "I'll never wear them," because every woman has more or less horror of looking conspicuous, and when all women are wearing the ugly frills and hoopskirts of the Victorian age no woman is going around in the narrow split skirt of 1913.

"Will commercialized fashions last?"

That is for some woman of more logical mind than mine to answer. But I have been wondering how much longer women will rest under the almost universal censure of "indecent dress" and "unbridled extravagance" and still remain the white slave of trade.

The greatest fashion designers are always in consultation with the manufacturers, and changes in fashion are not made because women demand them, but because manufacturers and merchants demand them.

Every man in the business of making textiles or clothing has learned the psychological fact of humanity's love of change, and he constantly plays on the restless, seeking-of-something-new which is born in us and which we begin to educate to the highest standard when in our cradle we throw away our rattles to grasp the colored ball that dangles before our baby eyes.

Women are prone to be more restless and reckless in this regard, especially the well-to-do women who are called fashionable, because all their striving must be in the realm of dress. And right here is another little psychological fact that enters into the ceaseless change of fashion. As long as there is a thinking brain in a human body that brain will strive for something, even if it be only to outdress some one else.

Through all the ages women have only striven for the things that have added to the glory of men, but, now that they are claiming the right to strive for themselves, I look forward and see many ideas changed.

It would seem as though sensible women might call art and utility to their aid and evolve a dress that would depend upon its fitness and beauty for its universal acceptance.

Before this much-to-be-desired change can come, however, there must be the greatest industrious upheaval, for it has been proved by our political economists that a terrible war, a horrible pestilence or a wide-spreading earthquake would not work such havoc in our country as for every woman to stop buying gowns for a year.

Think of this, gentlemen, when next you say, "Women are foolishly extravagant."

Wifey Must Take Husband's Place

LARKSPUR, Cal., Sept. 22.—This town is practically depopulated of men during business hours on working days, making it almost impossible to get juries. Judge Simpson announced that if John Smith is called and he is busy in San Francisco, Mrs. Smith must take his place. In fact, women will be called to do the bulk of duty in the police courts.

7-YEAR-OLD HOLDS A WORLD'S RECORD

TOKIO, Japan, Sept. 22. — A Japanese girl 7 years old has climbed Mount Fuji, 15,000 feet, unaided, thereby establishing a record. Until recently, no women were permitted to ascend Fuji's sacred slopes. Another record will be established when Sajuro Ota, 89 years of age, will accomplish his 100th ascension of the mountain. Crown Prince Hirohito of Japan, 13 years of age, often expresses his earnest desire to climb up Fuji. He hopes to do so this year with Prince Yi, his pal, formerly Crown Prince of Korea.

Society

Mrs. John B. Paul will entertain the Traveler's Study club for the first meeting of the season Tuesday afternoon at her home, 3115 North 29th street. The opening hour has been changed to 1 o'clock.

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The marriage of Miss Edna Smith of Tacoma to Robert L. Savage of Seattle, which took place Saturday, September 6, in Seattle, has been formally announced by Mrs. M. N. Kline, mother of the bride.

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Mrs. William Burroughs entertains tomorrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock with a luncheon at her North 24th street home for the members of a reading circle to which she belongs.

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Emma E. Shaw Rebekah lodge, No. 200, I. O. O. F., will give a dancing party Friday evening in the hall, Sixth avenue and Anderson streets. All Odd Fellows and their friends are invited.

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The board of managers of the Tacoma Rescue Home is meeting this afternoon at the home of Mrs. John Pott, 423 North Sheridan avenue, to complete arrangements for a series of benefits for the home to be held during the coming season.

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The Ladies' Aid society of the Immanuel Lutheran church will meet Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. P. J. Saxe, 4415 North 26th street.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hill entertained 40 guests in their house boat on the narrows Sunday. A tug towed the house-boat around the Sound for several hours, returning late in the evening to the Narrows anchorage.

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Mrs. Nellie Parker Spaulding of Boston will give "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" this evening at the Trinity parish house. She is a post-graduate of Emerson college and has a wide reputation as an impersonator. Mrs. Frederic W. Keator will be soloist of the evening, accompanied by Jason Moore.

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The Young Ladies' Institute has announced the first of a series of dancing and card parties to be held Monday evening, September 29, in St. Leo's fraternity hall.

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The G. A. R. Johnson Crossing Social club meets at the Puyallup fair Wednesday.

Do You Fear Consumption?

No matter how chronic your cough or how severe your throat or lung ailment is, Dr. King's New Discovery will surely help you: it may save your life. Stillman Green, of Malichite, Col., writes: "Two doctors said I had consumption and could not live two years. I used Dr. King's New Discovery and am alive and well." Your money refunded if it fails to benefit you. The best home remedy for coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and $1.00. Guaranteed by Ryner Malstrom Drug Co., 938 Pacific av.

OUGHT AN ACTOR MARRY?

William Hodge, "The Man From Home," Writes "YES" in Big Letters and Says He Is a Greater Actor for Being a Lover and a Father.

BY WILLIAM HODGE,
Star of "The Man From Home" and "The Road to Happiness."

"Shall the actor marry?"

You might as well ask, "Shall a man marry?"

For the first requisite of good citizenship is the founding of a family and a home.

The idea that the actor who is married will not appeal to the matinee audiences is all "rot."

Joe Jefferson was married; Edwin Booth was married, and the actor whose personality is supposed especially to appeal to the matinee girl, Robert Edeson, has been married twice!

The actor who is married and who is the father of children is the better actor. He has known love in its highest and best sense and he realizes the responsibility that love entails.

There is only one detriment to the actor as a married man, and that is that he cannot always be with his wife and family. But in this particular his lot is shared by explorers, naval officers and the vast army of commercial travelers.

But for fifteen weeks in the year he can give up his work and devote himself entirely to his family and play. He can partly make up for the long absence.

The time has gone by when we think the actor is sui generis. He is just human—just a man and a talent for acting (which, by the way, is born more or less in all humanity) raised to its highest level. He will be better for the counsel and sympathy of a good woman and the love and faith of children.

Yes, I certainly advise every actor to marry early—but not often.

William Hodge, "The Man From Home."

Tacoma Playhouses

Tacoma Theater—Edison's wonderful talking pictures, all week, matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Pantages Theater—Four Marx Brothers and company of 18 in "Fun in a High School," with good vaudeville acts.

Princess Theater—Miss Josephine Dillon, new leading woman, in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow."

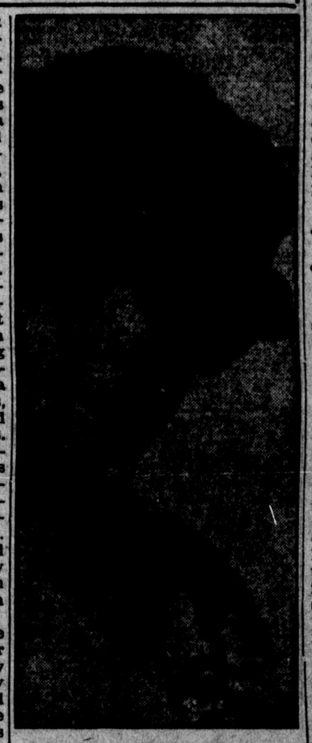
Melbourne—Latest movies, with Gaumont weekly special performance at 12:30 o'clock daily.

New Leading Woman Scores As Ragged Girl of Slums

Miss Josephine Dillon, latest acquisition to the rank of favorites in Tacoma's theatrical world, became an instant idol of the audience yesterday when she made her first bow at the Princess theater. Her welcome was a large-sized triumph. At the end of each act during both performances she was given an ovation, and was forced on one occasion to respond to a curtain call. Miss Dillon's success as leading woman of the Richards players needs no more vigorous prediction than the audiences gave her.

The new leading woman's success is even more apparent because of the extremely difficult part that she played in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," which is being presented this week at the Princess. In the role of "Glad," a diminutive urchin of the streets, she had all that could be expected of a stock company actress. "Glad" is an optimistic, philosophic girl of the slums, in rags and tatters, whose utterly cheerful comments on life and humanity are worthy of becoming mottoes in the life of every person. The character is unusually hard to present, but it suffices to say that Miss Dillon carries it with ease and a grace seldom seen in Tacoma.

Among other members of the company who deserve mention for their clever work in the slum play are George Zucco, James Guy User, Miss Ethel Tucker and James Mott. The play will be given all week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.



Miss Josephine Dillon.

PANTAGES

The Four Marx Brothers, with a company of 18 players, lead the new Pantages bill, opening today, with their laugh hit, "Fun in a High School." They have another farce on the bill, also, "Mr. Green's Reception," which is said to be ludicrous and clever. The Tango contest engaged in by the company has made a hit throughout the circuit. The Harris Boys, clever dancers; Greve and Green, as minstrelsy artists; and Eddie Howard, the crazy tumbler, complete the bill.

AT THE TACOMA

Astounding in their reality, the Edison Talking pictures, shown at the Tacoma theater this week, are creating more than an ordinary impression because of their coincidence with affairs of the day.

Mayor Gaynor of New York was buried in the big metropolis today. At the Tacoma theater tonight he will be seen in motion pictures that are so lifelike as to be uncanny, and he will be heard to talk, exclaim and laugh as naturally as though he were actually on the stage. This latest feat—keeping a record of a man's actions and voice after his death—is the most remarkable invention since motion pictures became practicable. The mayor's lips move, and the mechanical arrangement of the pictures is such that his words fit exactly with every motion of the mouth.

There are numbers of other interesting "movie-talkies" on the bill. The program will be canged Thursday.

The Little Misery

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Our Saturday Short Story

Continued From Saturday

(Copyright, 1898, by Robert W. Chambers.)

(Continued From Saturday.)

When September came a hush fell over the forest. Silent and more silent the woods grew as the new moon rose in the evening sky. At its first quarter the silence deepened, at its half the stillness was intense. Then one black night the Full Moon of September flashed in the sky, and a gigantic black shadow waded out into the lake and a roar shook the hills.

The first bull-moose had bellowed, and the rutting season had begun.

Instantly the forest, the lake, the shore, the stream were alive; the meat-birds cried from every cedar; the deer barked from the edge; a lynx howled and miauled in the second growth.

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Now there is a season for all things. "Each after its kind," says the quaint Book.

Skeene sewed porcupine quills in a semi-circle over the instep of his moccasins, laced a string of scarlet trout-flies across his slouch hat, and listened to the bull-moose bellowing.

When the September mood waxed full Skeene's heart grew full, and the blood in his neck and cheeks ebbed and surged like moontides. So, on the second night, he took his rifle and dragged the canoe to the beach. His heart failed him and he went back to his camp and rolled and grunted through a sleepless night.

On the third evening he started on foot, but he hesitated when the lamp in the Carry House broke out, a red beam in the night. He stood, wretched, wistful, undecided, fingering his rifle butt, and his heart beat to suffocation. Then, worn out with the fever in his veins, he slept openly where he lay.

On the fourth night of the full moon he went swiftly across the ridge, unarmed, and the miles of woodland and shore sped away like mist, so eagerly he ran. Far on the shore the red beam of the Carry lamp signalled him and his blood flamed the answer in his face.

And, as he strode up to the house, he saw a woman on the shore looking out into the night across the spectral lake. It was Lois, servant at South Carry. He had danced with her two years ago at Foxcroft Landing, he had sent her six otter pelts a month before he shot Sebato.

She was the girl he had come for.

Is it possible she expected him? The restlessness of September had drawn her to the lake and something had led him to her.

And so, together, they glided away on a trail of silver water to the strange country, drained by strange winds.

At dawn the sky crimsoned the Little Misery. They slept. At sunrise a moose roared a salute to the coming day.

They awoke and kissed each other.

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When the public-spirited citizens of Foxcroft offered $500 reward for the capture of Skeene, Placide L'Hommedieu scratched his greasy chin, licked his lips, and went out to buy cartridges. They found L'Homedieu a week later peacefully floating down Moose River in his canoe with a bullet in his brain.

When Skeene paddled away with Lois, there was trouble in Foxcroft. Hale left sluice, drain and chain and wired the sheriff at the Landing to meet him at Moosehead Inn. The mayor went also, and next morning the reward was doubled for "James Skeene, murderer, dead or alive."

Hale had never forgiven the blow at the cut-off, but Hale had other reasons. They concerned Lois, servant at South Carry, for when she left with Jim Skeene she took Hale's betrothal ring with her.

After Skeene had set Placide L'Hommedieu afloat, with mud on his face and a bullet in his skull, Lois, waiting for him when he poled into the Little Misery, looked at his knife, then at his rifle, and finally into his somber eyes.

"I heard—only one shot. Was it a deer?"

He nodded, muttering that he had missed; but that night she caressed him, taking his curly head into her arms, and wept over him till daybreak crimsoned the world.

After that they were almost gay. He notched logs and built a hut and rammed moss into the cracks. Lois brought clay from the sweet water, and cut balsam until her little hands were stained to the palm. Twice he passed the three Carrys to the C. P. R. and hung to a freight as far as Sainte Croix. He bought salt and pork and flour and cartridges with the proceeds of Hale's ring.

They knew that happiness that is bred in haunting fear, that fierce, that intense love whose roots are imbedded in terror.

Snow came and Skeene lugged more deer hides into his hut.

The lake froze and Skeene dragged his canoe into the hut and daubed it with white-lead, while Lois crept close to his side and strung snowshoes. At times she sang. He listened, lying beside the canoe.

Snow fell on the frozen lake; the Little Misery was mantled, the carrys choked. The deer yarded on the ridge, the moose on the slope above; the black bear buried his feeble nose in his stomach and dreamed.

As for Lois, she learned that men are brutes, and that Skeene was all the world to her. She learned that he went hungry that she might eat, that he shivered while she slept under skin and blanket.

Sometimes they played together. Skeene would often hide, too, in the hollow of a great swamp-oak, and when he came home she would call: "Jim! Jim! find me!"

And so it came about that Skeene, laughing up at Lois in the hollow swamp-oak, glanced over his shoulder and saw six black dots clustered upon the frozen lake to the southward. He said nothing, but looked into the north. There were more dots there, more also on the ice in the west. For a moment he thought the east was still open; after a while he heard the scrape of a snow-shoe very near. Lois also heard and her face was like death as she reached down and took the rifle from Skeene's hand.

When he had climbed up into the hollow tree beside her and looked out from the hole above the great branch, he saw Hale peering at him from a dead-fall.

"Come down," said Hale.

Skeene clapped his rifle to his cheek and fired.

"Come down," repeated Hale from behind his dead-fall. Lois, trembling at Skeene's feet, shrank at the somber voice from the woods. Skeene bent and kissed her and caressed her, muttering things she could not understand, but she caught his hand in hers and tore off the fur mitten and pressed it to her hot lips, moaning and sobbing.

"Come down for the last time, Jim Skeene," said Hale, slowly. Suddenly a rifle shot rang through the frozen forest. The hand that Lois held tightened against her lips, quivered, relaxed. Something outside fell clinking and clattering to the ground at the foot of the tree. It was Skeene's rifle; and Skeene sank forward, hanging half out of the hole in the tree, head downward, like a dead squirrel.

And beside him the other wild thing sobbed and whimpered and moaned among the branches while below the swift axe bit into the tree from which the dead game hung, head downward.

"Look in the hut for the woman," bawled Hale.

The tree swayed and crackled and fell crashing into the snow.

"Where's that woman?" shouted Hale from the hut;—"D—n her!"

But when at last he found her he changed his mind and let her stay with Skeene there in the snow.

(THE END.)