

# N-O-T-I-O-N-S

## Dress Makers Supplies and Sewing Needfuls

### The Great September Sale

EVERYTHING gathered under the general head of "Notions," including all sewing supplies for the home or dressmakers' use, has its part in this September Sale. There have been weeks of preparation, comparison, selection and buying for this sale, with the result that only



### THE BEST QUALITY OF NOTIONS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

are included. The economies speak for themselves, especially with the thought that such quantities are the lowest we have known for such standard grades, despite the rising markets. The list appended includes only a part of the fine values you will find. There are others as important for which we have no space. This is notice that you need not bound your conception of the Sale simply by the value you will read about.

- Excellent quality Brass Pins, fine needle points, full 800 count, reduced to, a package ..... 4c
  - Solid brass Hooks and Eyes, both black and white, in all sizes, twenty-four on a card, guaranteed not to rust—reduced to, a card, 7c; 25c
  - FOUR CARDS for ..... 10c
  - Standard quality Hooks and Eyes, all sizes, in black and white, reduced to ..... 10c
  - Steel Safety Pins, one dozen on a card, assorted sizes, good quality; reduced to SEVEN CARDS for ..... 10c
  - Fine quality white mercerized Corset Laces, 5-yard length; reduced to, each ..... 4c
  - Good quality English twilled Tape, in widths from 3/4 to 1 1/2 of an inch, 8-yard pieces; reduced to, each ..... 8c
  - White, black and tan Darning Cotton, warranted fast colors; large 45-yard spools; reduced to, a spool ..... 10c
  - SEVEN for ..... 15c
  - Fine quality French women Tape in widths from 3/4 to 1 1/2 of an inch; 4 yards in a box; reduced to, a box ..... 10c
- AND MANY OTHER MUCH BARGAIN PRICES.

## Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

# "THE SMUGGLER"

BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT  
Copyright, 1907  
J. B. Lippincott Co.

(Continued from our last issue.)

"One never can tell," said Lady Edith, thoughtfully. "But I confess it made me nervous. I did not bring many jewels, fortunately, but I have my mother's pearls and a few other trinkets I would not care to lose. I do not know what in the world to do with them, and am more than half inclined to dig a hole and bury them deep and safe."

She gave a vexed little laugh as she spoke, and raised a box wrapped in white paper which she held on her lap and which had appeared to contain bon-bons.

"I'll tell you," said Elizabeth, impulsively. "Leave them here. There is a little iron safe under the china cabinet in the dining room. I can't imagine why it was put there, for it is not big enough to hold much silver, but it possesses two padlocks, and you could lock it and keep the keys."

"Do you really mean it?" said Lady Edith, incredulously. "Yes—why not? I'm sure you won't be pursued for our valuables, and, if you will take all responsibility for leaving them, you are more than welcome to the exclusive use of the safe— isn't she, girls?"

Of course, we agreed willingly, and were quite repaid by the look of relief in her big brown eyes. We had a delightful morning, for our guest was even more charming than usual. There was a subdued exhilaration in her manner and an exuberance of spirit we had never seen before; her cheeks were softly pink, and her eyes shone, as she chattered merrily of various things, after her in her softened mood, with the grande dame manner laid aside, she was quite irresistible, and I found myself wondering why her left hand bore neither wedding nor engagement ring.

After lunch Lady Edith suggested that we walk down to the wharf in the village and meet her brother.

But I preferred the hammock, so the other three started off, leaving me to my own devices. For a while I swung idly to and fro, thinking of Lady Edith and her mother's pearls, and wishing she had opened the box and shown them to us before looking them away when I heard a step upon the gravel path, and Gordon Bennett lifted his cap and smiled amicably upon me.

"I apologize for coming so often," he remarked, appropriating a comfortable chair. "My excuse is that I wish to return your property. I forgot it yesterday."

He took Gabrielle's bag from his pocket as he spoke. I extended my hand for it, but he held it thoughtfully.

"Would you mind," he said at last, "telling me why, when I started to bring you this bag that night on the steamer, you all turned and fled?"

There was a twinkle in his eye which made me hotly resentful, although I tried to preserve a cool and indifferent manner. "We thought you were crazy."

"Why, please?"

His voice was genuinely astonished, and I plunged at once into an explanation. "You see, it was those chairs you threw overboard. It was such an extraordinary thing to do. Do men in their senses go around throwing chairs overboard?"

Mr. Gordon Bennett laughed then as he has never dared laugh since when referring to that subject, for we don't like to talk about it, as it makes us appear rather foolish.

"I am glad it amuses you," I replied in my most frigid manner. "Oh, I say," he said quickly, "don't look at it that way. Why, it was nothing, after all. I had made two trips on that old boat this summer, and one of those dilapidated chairs broke down with me and nearly pitched me overboard. I complained, but the company would not get new ones, which put my back up a bit, so I got into the habit of examining them, and when I found one weak in the back or legs I just pitched it overboard. That wasn't so bad, was it?"

It was a very simple explanation—so simple, in fact, that I felt provoked it had not occurred to me, and I hated to think how he would relate the incident to his friend, Mr. Blake, and how they would laugh over it. So I spoke of the cottage, and how we enjoyed life there.

"Yes," he said absently; "it's a jolly little place. But, tell me, how did you hear of it, and how did you manage to get it? I understood it was not for rent."

I told him he was mistaken and that we had no trouble at all in securing it.

"I would like to know to whom it belongs," he remarked. "Don't you know anything about it?"—he was looking at me curiously now.

"Not a thing," I said lightly; "do you?"

And then we changed the subject and talked of other things till the sound of voices and laughter told me Elizabeth and Gabrielle were returning from the village. They brought Lady Edith and Lord Wilfrid both home with them to dinner, and it was not difficult to persuade Mr. Bennett to stay also, so we had the first of some very merry repasts.

That night I asked Gabrielle to look in her bag and give me my side-comb; but she found that it was not there, and that our picture also was missing.

### CHAPTER VI. A Gold Cuff Link.

Elizabeth inspected the cellar next morning, and I went with her. It looked very much like other cellars, with paved floor, coal bins, and so on, except that it ran far back, forming a sort of alleyway, which was very dark and unprepossessing and seemed to be a repository for the usual accumulated trash of a household.

"And here is the hanging shelf," I remarked, as I almost ran into it. "Mary Anne has lost no time in putting it up again—on chains this time."

"How rusty they are!" said Elizabeth, pausing to examine them. "They look as though they had been here for years, but I suppose they are old ones she found somewhere."

She gathered up her skirts preparatory to going up the steps, and I was about to follow when something caught my eye, and mechanically I stooped and picked it up.

"Have you lost anything?" called Elizabeth from the stairs. "No," I replied. "I have found something. Look here."

Together we examined my discovery as it lay in the palm of my hand—a man's cuff link of dull, raised gold, the head of the

A NOVEL A WEEK.  
Next Week  
"BEYOND THE FRONTIER"  
RANDALL FARRISH

Sphinx on one side, and the underling shaped like a small key. Elizabeth turned it over curiously. "Look, Mary Anne," I exclaimed, as we entered the kitchen. "See what I have found."

Mary Anne advanced willingly, but as I raised the button by the key and held it toward her, her jaw dropped suddenly and the color forsok her ruddy face.

"Where'd you find it, miss?" "In the cellar, right by the steps."

"You've been—down in the cellar?" "Certainly; why not?"

Mary Anne wiped her face with a corner of her gingham apron, and poked wood into the stove with reckless prodigality.

"And how soon you got the shelf fixed!" Elizabeth broke in. "Shelf?" Mary Anne repeated, vaguely. "Oh, of course miss. 'Ow could I get along without it? And what else did ye find in the cellar, Miss Elsie, besides the little button?"

I thought she watched me keenly as I replied I had not looked for anything more, and wondered she had not seen it on her trips up and down the steps.

"Now, then," said a man's voice impatiently, "don't let's have a scene, and, for heaven's sake, this place is damp enough already."

"Oh, Willy, my dear, dear boy," she said appealingly; "don't go for to be short w' me—don't now!"

There was silence for a minute and then the man spoke again. "I tell you, there's no use talking any more. I've begun with it, and I'm going through with it."

"But the danger, Willy, the danger!" "I'm used to danger."

"Aye, worse luck, that you are! And me like to break me 'eart w' thinkin' of you 'o' nights."

"Then, mother, do as I tell you, without any more fuss. Come away from this place—it gets on my nerves—and give me something to drink, for I was up all night, and have more work ahead of me."

His voices died away, and at last a sound in the kitchen indicated that Mary Anne had returned alone, so I went to the table, the picture of despair.

"Mary Anne," I said very gently. "I was in the cellar just now, and heard you talking."

"Miss Elsie!" she gasped "You here?" "I didn't go with the others,

For this was the day agreed upon for a shopping expedition to the small town across the water. Lady Edith Campbell and her brother were to join us, and we anticipated a very jolly time.

I was therefore awfully disappointed when I awakened that morning with the dull pain in my eye balls I have reason to respect and treat with every deference.

The girls finally set out, and I lay quite still for some hours, then found myself gradually reviving and with a strong desire for a cup of tea. The house seemed very quiet, and though I opened my door and called several times, there was no response. Mary Anne had not returned.

I therefore got up and went down to the kitchen, to see what I could find, for I had eaten no breakfast.

The prospects were discouraging, but I found some crackers, and remembered that Mary Anne had mentioned putting the milk on the hanging shelf in the cellar, so I got a glass and went after it, cracker jar in hand.

I found the milk and filled my glass, then wandered aimlessly into the recess, sat down upon an upturned box, and began my lunch. I do not understand why I should have elected to do this, when the entire house was at my disposal, but sometimes one obeys an impulse without any tangible reason for doing so.

As I sat contentedly nibbling a cracker and sipping the milk, I heard voices, muffled but quite distinct, as though on the other side of a thin partition. At first I was alarmed, but in an instant I recognized Mary Anne's familiar tones.

"Now, then," said a man's voice impatiently, "don't let's have a scene, and, for heaven's sake, this place is damp enough already."

"Oh, Willy, my dear, dear boy," she said appealingly; "don't go for to be short w' me—don't now!"

There was silence for a minute and then the man spoke again. "I tell you, there's no use talking any more. I've begun with it, and I'm going through with it."

"But the danger, Willy, the danger!" "I'm used to danger."

"Aye, worse luck, that you are! And me like to break me 'eart w' thinkin' of you 'o' nights."

"Then, mother, do as I tell you, without any more fuss. Come away from this place—it gets on my nerves—and give me something to drink, for I was up all night, and have more work ahead of me."

His voices died away, and at last a sound in the kitchen indicated that Mary Anne had returned alone, so I went to the table, the picture of despair.

"Mary Anne," I said very gently. "I was in the cellar just now, and heard you talking."

"Miss Elsie!" she gasped "You here?" "I didn't go with the others,

because my head ached. You have not been honest with us, Mary Anne. We didn't know you had a son."

She rested her head in her hands and burst into tears. "Oh, Miss Elsie," she sobbed, "don't look at me that way—I'm unhappy enough without that. Yes, miss, I've a son, and if you 'eard us talkin', you know all about it. He took to drink, miss, and was allus in trouble. And last year 'e got to quarrelin'—in Montreal it was—and 'e stabbed a man. And the man up and died. So they're after 'im fur it, and they'll 'ang 'im, miss, they'll 'ang my boy if they catches 'im."

She rocked to and fro a moment in speechless misery, and then continued: "And I give 'im money, Miss Elsie, but I don't let 'im come up 'ere, except today 'e followed me unbeknownst, miss, and I let 'im go in the coal 'ole. Mostly 'e comes down the shore in 'is boat, and 'e meets 'im quite private. But I've give 'im all the money I 'ad, and 'e's goin' back to the old country to live a decent life."

"Where were you when I heard you talking?" "In the coal 'ole at the back 'o' the cellar. And I beg your pardon for the liberty I took, but don't lay it up agin me, miss, fur what else could a mother do? And, Miss Elsie, darlin', you'll keep a quiet tongue in yer 'ead, won't you, and let 'im sit away? Fur 'e's shipped as a sailor and sails on Sunday mornin'."

I said I would talk it over with the others, but I thought if she promised never to allow him near the house again we would say nothing, as he was really going to leave the country and reform.

This vagrant son explained various little mysteries about Mary Anne which had puzzled me a good deal, and I felt very sorry, indeed, for the poor creature with her secret trouble.

"Where were you when I heard you talking?" "In the coal 'ole at the back 'o' the cellar. And I beg your pardon for the liberty I took, but don't lay it up agin me, miss, fur what else could a mother do? And, Miss Elsie, darlin', you'll keep a quiet tongue in yer 'ead, won't you, and let 'im sit away? Fur 'e's shipped as a sailor and sails on Sunday mornin'."

I said I would talk it over with the others, but I thought if she promised never to allow him near the house again we would say nothing, as he was really going to leave the country and reform.

This vagrant son explained various little mysteries about Mary Anne which had puzzled me a good deal, and I felt very sorry, indeed, for the poor creature with her secret trouble.

"Where were you when I heard you talking?" "In the coal 'ole at the back 'o' the cellar. And I beg your pardon for the liberty I took, but don't lay it up agin me, miss, fur what else could a mother do? And, Miss Elsie, darlin', you'll keep a quiet tongue in yer 'ead, won't you, and let 'im sit away? Fur 'e's shipped as a sailor and sails on Sunday mornin'."

I said I would talk it over with the others, but I thought if she promised never to allow him near the house again we would say nothing, as he was really going to leave the country and reform.

This vagrant son explained various little mysteries about Mary Anne which had puzzled me a good deal, and I felt very sorry, indeed, for the poor creature with her secret trouble.

"Where were you when I heard you talking?" "In the coal 'ole at the back 'o' the cellar. And I beg your pardon for the liberty I took, but don't lay it up agin me, miss, fur what else could a mother do? And, Miss Elsie, darlin', you'll keep a quiet tongue in yer 'ead, won't you, and let 'im sit away? Fur 'e's shipped as a sailor and sails on Sunday mornin'."

I said I would talk it over with the others, but I thought if she promised never to allow him near the house again we would say nothing, as he was really going to leave the country and reform.

This vagrant son explained various little mysteries about Mary Anne which had puzzled me a good deal, and I felt very sorry, indeed, for the poor creature with her secret trouble.

"Where were you when I heard you talking?" "In the coal 'ole at the back 'o' the cellar. And I beg your pardon for the liberty I took, but don't lay it up agin me, miss, fur what else could a mother do? And, Miss Elsie, darlin', you'll keep a quiet tongue in yer 'ead, won't you, and let 'im sit away? Fur 'e's shipped as a sailor and sails on Sunday mornin'."

I said I would talk it over with the others, but I thought if she promised never to allow him near the house again we would say nothing, as he was really going to leave the country and reform.

This vagrant son explained various little mysteries about Mary Anne which had puzzled me a good deal, and I felt very sorry, indeed, for the poor creature with her secret trouble.

"Where were you when I heard you talking?" "In the coal 'ole at the back 'o' the cellar. And I beg your pardon for the liberty I took, but don't lay it up agin me, miss, fur what else could a mother do? And, Miss Elsie, darlin', you'll keep a quiet tongue in yer 'ead, won't you, and let 'im sit away? Fur 'e's shipped as a sailor and sails on Sunday mornin'."

I said I would talk it over with the others, but I thought if she promised never to allow him near the house again we would say nothing, as he was really going to leave the country and reform.

This vagrant son explained various little mysteries about Mary Anne which had puzzled me a good deal, and I felt very sorry, indeed, for the poor creature with her secret trouble.

"Where were you when I heard you talking?" "In the coal 'ole at the back 'o' the cellar. And I beg your pardon for the liberty I took, but don't lay it up agin me, miss, fur what else could a mother do? And, Miss Elsie, darlin', you'll keep a quiet tongue in yer 'ead, won't you, and let 'im sit away? Fur 'e's shipped as a sailor and sails on Sunday mornin'."

I said I would talk it over with the others, but I thought if she promised never to allow him near the house again we would say nothing, as he was really going to leave the country and reform.

This vagrant son explained various little mysteries about Mary Anne which had puzzled me a good deal, and I felt very sorry, indeed, for the poor creature with her secret trouble.

"Where were you when I heard you talking?" "In the coal 'ole at the back 'o' the cellar. And I beg your pardon for the liberty I took, but don't lay it up agin me, miss, fur what else could a mother do? And, Miss Elsie, darlin', you'll keep a quiet tongue in yer 'ead, won't you, and let 'im sit away? Fur 'e's shipped as a sailor and sails on Sunday mornin'."

I said I would talk it over with the others, but I thought if she promised never to allow him near the house again we would say nothing, as he was really going to leave the country and reform.

This vagrant son explained various little mysteries about Mary Anne which had puzzled me a good deal, and I felt very sorry, indeed, for the poor creature with her secret trouble.

might set up at a table and eat like Christians, I can't fur the life of me make out."

Gabrielle repeated this speech as we sat around our fire that night and watched the waves break against the rocks.

"Of course," said Lord Wilfrid, "one could not expect the lower classes to understand the subtle fascination of an evening like this."

"Wilfrid knows so little of the lower classes," interposed Lady Edith; "wouldn't it be better, dear, to give them the benefit of a doubt?"

It was a very innocent little speech, laughingly uttered, yet Lord Wilfrid's face darkened disagreeably. Evidently he brooked no criticism, however slight. His sister looked at him a moment, then turned to Elizabeth with a perfunctory remark.

They sat together upon a large, flat rock with their backs against a higher boulder, while Mr. Blake and Mr. Graham sat at their feet, feeding the fire with bits of drift-wood.

We continued to talk for a while in a desultory way, but as the moments passed we lapsed into silence and watched the water dash noisily over the rocks, for the surf was wonderfully fine that night. Presently a little boat sailed across our vision.

"There goes the smuggler," Gabrielle announced, as one having authority in such matters. "He is taking Mrs. Bundy's emeralds," supplemented Elizabeth; "we ought to hope he will be wrecked."

"Do you wish it?" "Why, no," Elizabeth hesitated; "no, Mr. Blake, I'm afraid I don't."

"Nor I," said Gabrielle; "somehow I can't help taking an interest in him. But I can't forgive the emeralds; he might have let the poor old woman alone."

"I suppose he could not resist them," said Lady Edith. "I have read somewhere that there is an irresistible impulse—"

"Could you understand such an impulse?" inquired Mr. Blake. She considered a moment before replying.

"It is hard for me to realize," she said slowly, "never having been tempted."

"How can any one know what he would do until the time comes?" interrupted Mr. Graham. "As to yielding to an impulse—well, why are we given impulses if not to obey them?"

"A very dangerous theory," remarked Mr. Bennett; "but to return to our discussion. Smuggling is a hazardous business. Lady Edith, and it requires some courage, too, for one practically takes his life in his hands, especially stormy nights when the sea runs high."

"Yes," ejaculated Mrs. Graham; "yes!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

## TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

- WHAT RETAILERS PAY
- POULTRY
- BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE
- WHOLESALE MEATS

- Mutton, wethers ..... 14c
- Hogs, sides ..... 17 1/2c
- Dressed hogs ..... 14 1/2c
- Steer beef ..... 11 1/2c
- Swine, dressed ..... 12 1/2c
- Yearlings ..... 15c
- FRUIT
- Lemons ..... \$5.50 @ \$6.50
- Bananas, lb. ..... \$3.50 @ \$4.75
- Oranges, by size ..... \$1.15
- Loganberries, crate ..... \$1.00
- Blackberries, crate ..... \$1.00
- Cantaloupes, crate ..... 75c
- Pineapples, doz. ..... \$1.70 @ \$2.00
- Watermelons, lb. ..... 8c up
- Prunes, box ..... 35 @ 40c
- Red raspberries, crate ..... 85c
- Strawberries, box ..... \$1.15 @ \$1.25
- Grapes ..... 75c @ \$1.25
- New Yellow Transparent apples ..... \$1.50 @ \$2.00
- New Gravenstein ..... \$1.15 @ \$1.25
- Crabapples, box ..... \$1.00
- Winesap apples ..... \$1.15
- Nettles, doz. ..... \$1.00
- Huckleberries, lb. ..... 8c
- VEGETABLES
- New potatoes, local, ton ..... \$20
- Yakima potatoes, ton ..... \$25
- Onions, Oregon, lb. ..... 2c
- Carrots, sack ..... 45c
- Lettuces, head, doz. ..... 50c
- Radishes, local, doz. bunches ..... 25c
- Brussels sprouts, lb. ..... 15c
- California peppers, lb. ..... 8c
- Spinach, retail, lb. ..... 10c
- Fennel, doz. ..... 15c
- Beets, sack ..... \$1.25
- Tomatoes ..... 50c
- String beans, lb. ..... 10c
- Peas, lb. ..... 10c
- Turnips, sack ..... \$1.25
- Cabbage, home grown, lb. ..... 15c
- Green Corn, doz. ..... 25c
- Sweet potatoes, lb. ..... 10c
- Celery, doz. bu. ..... 60c
- Carrots, doz. ..... \$1.25
- Eggplant, lb. ..... 10c
- Summer squash, lb. ..... 2c
- Rhubarb, lb. ..... 2c
- WHEAT
- Amocat ..... \$3.00
- Pyramid ..... \$4.85
- Drifted Snow ..... \$4.35
- Olympic ..... \$4.95
- Occident ..... \$3.70
- Don't Beat ..... \$3.70
- Keystone full wheat ..... \$3.70
- RYE AND GRAIN
- Corn ..... \$4.40 @ \$5.00
- Bran ..... \$2.00 @ \$2.25
- Mixed Timothy ..... \$2.25 @ \$2.50
- Whole Oats ..... \$3.25
- Hay ..... \$1.50 @ \$1.75
- Middlings ..... \$3.25
- Shorts ..... \$2.25
- Timothy ..... \$4.75 @ \$5.00
- Wheat, ton ..... \$15 @ \$18
- Alfalfa ..... \$15 @ \$18
- Rollfed Oats ..... \$15 @ \$18
- Hops, 1915 crop ..... \$8 @ \$10
- Hops, 1916 contracts ..... \$8 @ \$10
- Hops, Juggies, lb. ..... 12c



### BY BIDDY BEE.

Whoever happens to like rice will never need worry much about the high cost of living.

Rice ranks among the most nutritious of foods. It is the staff of life for one-half the human race. When combined with milk or cheese it becomes an appetizing substitute for meat. It makes delicious puddings, griddle cakes and puddings. Served with cream it is a palatable breakfast cereal.

Rice is an acceptable food all the year and particularly appetizing in summer.

Expert cooks in Uncle Sam's government kitchens have recently been experimenting with the best way of preparing rice. And in the present era of high food prices, their recommendations will be much appreciated by economical housewives.

It is well to remember that when rice is used abundantly in the diet it is particularly desirable to include generous amounts of green vegetables and fruits also, in order that a supply of mineral substance adequate in

kind and quantity may be provided.

### MUTTON AND RICE

Four cups cooked rice, two cups cooked mutton cut into small pieces, one teaspoon salt, few drops onion juice, one teaspoon chopped parsley, one-half cup bread crumbs, one egg, one-fourth teaspoon pepper. Stock or water as needed.

Grease a mold or a bowl of about one and one-half quarts capacity and line with cooked rice. Heat the meat with the other ingredients, using enough stock to make a mixture that is moist, but will hold its shape. Pack the meat in the center of the mold and cover with the remaining rice, grease the cover of the mold (if a bowl is used, a plate will serve for a cover), steam or cook in water enough partly to cover the mold until the contents are thoroughly heated through. Turn on a hot platter and serve, with tomato sauce.

If one finds it convenient, cold lamb, veal, or chicken may be used in place of mutton in preparing this dish.

### DESSERTS OF RICE

As the basis of a sweet dessert, rice is always useful, especially so for individuals and little children.

If combined with milk and eggs it makes a very nutritious dish as well as one easily digested.

Plain boiled rice, cooked either in water or in milk, and served with a little stewed fruit, maple syrup, honey or other simple flavor, makes a more wholesome dessert for children than rich puddings or pies because it is less likely to upset the digestion or to destroy the appetite for simple foods.

### FIRELESS COOKED RICE

If one wishes to use a fireless cooker, add a cup of well-washed rice to three cups of boiling water, in which two level teaspoons of salt are dissolved. Cook for five minutes and then put in a fireless cooker. In two hours the rice should be done. If any water remains unabsorbed, it can be drained off.

Rice varies somewhat in the amount of water it absorbs, and the housekeeper accordingly

should vary the amount of water used.

### RICE SOUTHERN STYLE

When rice is prepared in southern fashion, all the grains are kept separate. Slowly add a cup of thoroughly washed rice to a quart of rapidly boiling water, which contains two level teaspoons of salt. The boiling should continue all of the time the rice is cooking. Stirring is not permitted, as this will break the rice grains. About 20 minutes is sufficient to cook the rice. Pour off all the water from the cooked rice, cover with a cloth, and place in a warm part of the stove, so that the grains will swell. To remove the starchy material from the outside of the grains, cooks sometimes turn the cooked rice into a strainer and pour one quart of hot water over it before covering with a cloth and allowing to steam and swell. A cup of raw rice cooked in this way will give over 4 cups of very white and light, boiled rice.

The water drained off from the rice can be used in soap making to save the starch and mineral matter which it contains.

## The Reason for a Street Railway

The reason for the existence of a Street Railway is to give Service. The only burden that it should assume or that should be imposed upon it, is to furnish adequate transportation facilities for the people of the city in which it is located. For the fares paid, its patrons are entitled to receive value received in Service.

When by the terms of its franchise a street railway is compelled to contribute large sums to street paving and gross income tax it is spending its receipts for something that in no way adds to the value of service and is not benefiting all the people.

Since 1899 the Tacoma Railway & Power Company has paid more than 26 1/2 per cent of its actual net receipts, after paying cost of operation and taxes, for street paving and more than 12 1/2 per cent of its actual net receipts, after paying cost of operation and taxes, for gross income tax. These two items have amounted to approximately one million dollars and have not added one cent to the value of the service received by the public. This sum spent for bettering the service would have purchased 100 new cars and constructed 40 miles of new track.

## Tacoma Railway & Power Company