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The Times

BY

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ALDEN J. BLETHEN,
President and Editor-in-Chief

JOSEPH BLETHEN,
Vice-President and Manager

C. B. BLETHEN,
Secretary and Managing Editor

CHAUNCEY B. RATHBUN,
Assistant Managing Editor

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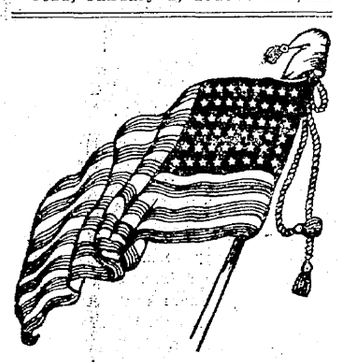


THE WEATHER.
Showers tonight or Friday; moderate westerly winds.

TIDES AT SEATTLE TOMORROW.

First high water	1:06 a. m.,	14.8 ft.
First low water	8:21 a. m.,	4.3 ft.
Second high water	2:09 p. m.,	10.4 ft.
Second low water	7:22 p. m.,	6.4 ft.

Roosevelt has indorsed Governor Sulzer's direct primary bill.

Senator Lippitt, of Rhode Island, terms the Underwood tariff measure "the most revolutionary bill ever introduced in Congress."

If King County teachers don't insist on fire-drill in the schools, they are likely to be put "on their explanation." It seems to be a case of fire-drill or "fired."

The Washington State Highway Commission evidently seeks to combine scenic advantages with practical road-building when it selects the waterfront route between Mount Vernon and Bellingham as a part of the Pacific Highway.

The rural jail-bird who petitioned the judge for permission to go to the circus was presented with a tin spoon by his fellows. The reward for possessing the biggest nerve was not enough. He ought to have been allowed to go to the show.

Taxpayers of Georgetown, having had their taxes reduced 6 mills, will have 6 mills added to their levy in 1914. This is a case of taking money from one pocket, putting it into another and then paying it out. It's a round-about way of collecting a tax due to the absorption of the old municipality—but it gets the money just the same.

Altogether for the New Alaska.

"ALTOGETHER FOR THE NEW ALASKA" is the slogan sounded at Wednesday evening's banquet. That affair was tendered to the newly-appointed Governor of the Territory; it was given jointly by the Arctic Club and the Alaska Bureau of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce; and it was attended by citizens thoroughly representative of the Territory and the State of Washington.

Two points of first importance were brought out: (1) Major J. F. A. Strong, Governor, as the spokesman of the Administration, stands committed to the policy of opening Alaska's resources; (2) President Wilson proposes, at the earliest practicable date, to visit the Territory, to become familiar, through personal contact, with its needs.

There is no uncertain note in the message given publicity by Governor Strong. He believes that a new era is dawning. He states his conviction that the "bottled-up resources will be uncorked," and that the government will guarantee to the people the right to take from the earth its hidden riches and to devote them to proper and legitimate use.

The attitude thus stated by the new governor is true conservation. Its expression at the banquet was happily made, and was applauded by all the eminent speakers including Governor Ernest Lister, Senator Elwood Bruner, Representative E. B. Collins, President J. E. Chilberg and Colonel William T. Perkins.

The importance of such a policy, intelligently applied, cannot be overestimated. All Seattle is familiar with the possibilities. There is no occasion to draw on the imagination in order to picture what would happen.

The Times, as an aggressive and thoroughly militant friend of Alaska, has stated the case over and over. Shrewd, practical men know that the one thing needed is to give Alaska home rule. The Territory asks only for its chance.

It is not so much a question of more legislation as it is to accord to the people a decent opportunity under the laws as they stand today.

The wealth is there—and the men are ready. Now let them go to it, for the dawning of brighter and better days, and the evolution of the New Alaska.

Under these circumstances the Arctic Club and the Alaska Bureau, through the energy and good offices of Secretary J. L. McPherson and Capt. R. H. Stretch, have added a notable triumph to their achievements in having thus officially welcomed Governor Strong to Seattle and introduced him to the people.

As Governor Lister said, no executive has ever been called to his duties under more auspicious circumstances than has Governor Strong. So from the Banquet hall the message has come forth to the *entire* Pacific Northwest, "Now, altogether for the New Alaska."

Power Boats for Saving Life.

SUMNER I. KIMBALL, General Superintendent of the United States Life Saving Service, pays a deserved tribute to power boats as a factor in life-saving. He says the admirable results achieved by the corps in recent years are due largely to improved facilities.

Power boats have made it possible to travel longer distances and to pay less regard to weather conditions than formerly. Of the 2,678 persons conveyed ashore or to other places of safety from vessels meeting disaster during the year, 2,669, or 73 per cent, were transported by power-craft alone. The service now has 109 power lifeboats and surfboats.

The importance of the power boat appears from the fact that during 1912 there were 1,730 disasters, involving 7,193 persons. The number of lives lost was 16—a ratio of 1 to 108 with respect to the number of disasters and of 1 in 450 with respect to the number of persons involved. In 1885 the ratios, respectively, were 1 in 34 and 1 in 222, and in 1880, 1 in 33 and 1 in 221.

The Fight for Good Roads.

GOVERNOR LISTER has followed precedent to good effect in designating May 24 as "Good Roads Day" for the state of Washington and in appealing to citizens to exhibit their interest in this work on that occasion.

Particularly to be commended is his suggestion that a portion of the session in the state's schools on the preceding day shall be devoted to a discussion of and education in this most important subject.

There is no bigger subject before the people of this commonwealth today and there will be no bigger issue ten years from now than good roads. It will be a generation, at least, before even the major highway shall have been constructed.

No proposition before the people of the United States at this time has a more general appeal. It is an issue in every state in the Union. Those that have good roads want more. Those that have few are insistent in their demands for improvement.

Like all reforms in this republic, the impetus for better conditions must come from the great mass of the people. Let fifty per cent of Washington's population demonstrate its urgent demand for improvement and the battle will have been won.

In the meantime, while the campaign is being waged by elders of this generation, it is wise to educate the next that it may take up the task in the fullness of its maturity, may conserve the roads presently existing and extend them for the general benefit of all the best interests of the state.

Pittman to Draft New Railroad Bill.

SENATOR KEY PITTMAN, chairman of the Senate committee on territories, has announced his intention of drafting a new bill providing for the construction of government railroads in Alaska.

It is stated that the member from Nevada disagrees with the provisions of both the Chamberlain and Jones bills, on which his committee has been conducting hearings for some time past.

In view of Mr. Pittman's personal acquaintance with conditions in Alaska, it is safe to presume that his judgment on the matter under consideration is sound and constructive.

Nevertheless, the fact that he has decided to draft a new measure to take the place of the two bills on the subject now before the Senate may be fraught with serious consequences.

There is certain to be overmuch oratory and considerable quibbling when any measure dealing with this subject comes up for a vote. The adoption of such a radical principle as government construction of railroads is certain to develop strong opposition.

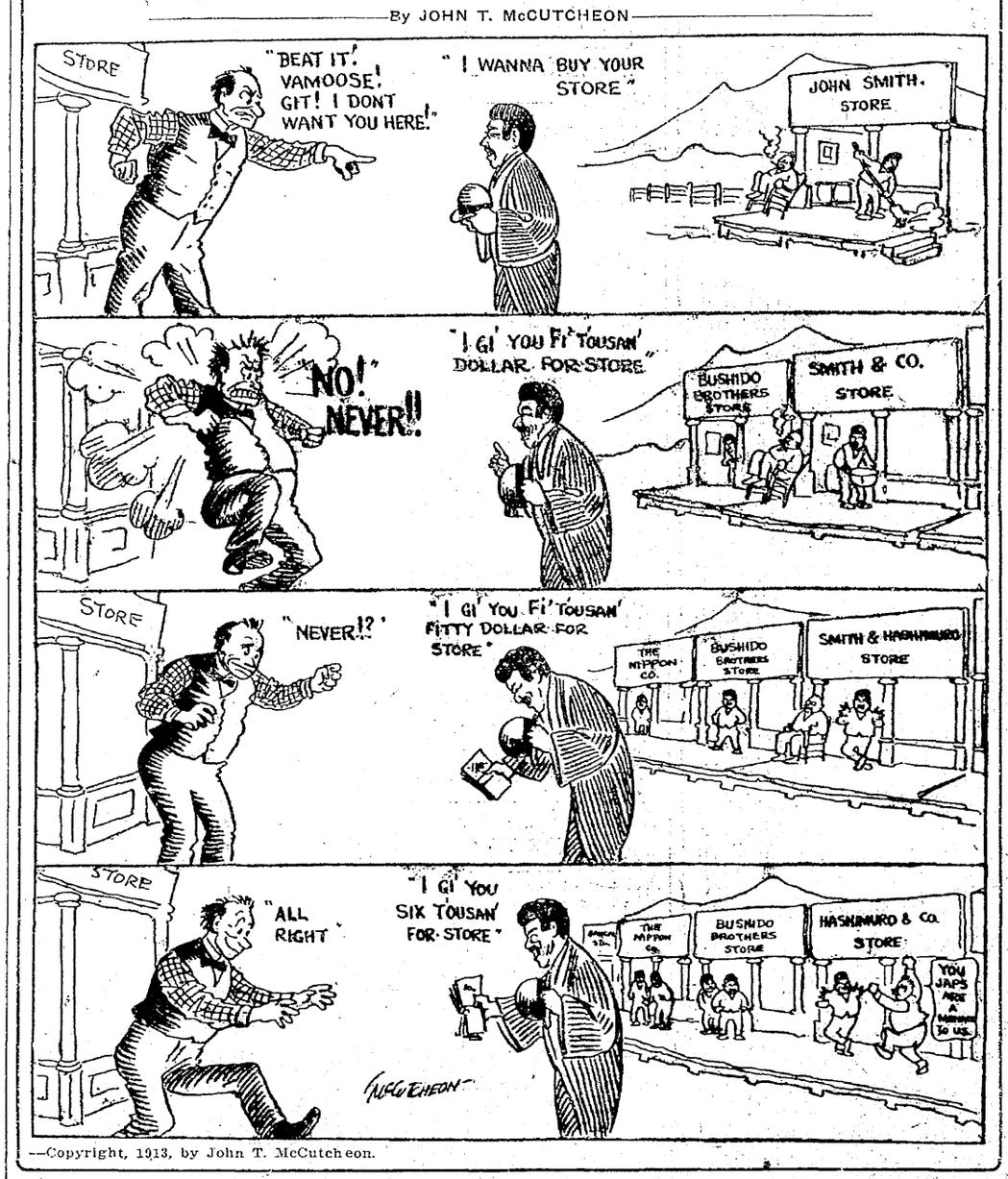
To meet this successfully will require united effort by all those who desire to see Alaska developed. Every element of disagreement, of controversy, merely jeopardizes the desired end the more.

A new bill may be imperative, but, on the other hand, it is sincerely to be hoped that the Nevadan has canvassed the possibility of uniting Senators Chamberlain and Jones in support of his measure so that there will be no dissension in the camp of Alaska's friends when it comes time to make the great fight for the transportation agencies which are so vital to her future development.

THE CALIFORNIAN AND THE JAP

The Californians Want a Law to Prevent Themselves Selling Their Property to People They Don't Like.

By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



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Their Married Life

Helen, from a Box, Looks Down Upon Warren at a Banquet at the Astor-Ritz

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

IT was just 9:30 when Helen, in an evening gown and long white wrap hurried down to a taxicab.

"The Astor-Ritz," she called to the driver as she gathered her chiffon skirts about her white satin slippers and stepped in.

To be whirling through the streets alone at 9:30 was for Helen a new sensation, and always self-conscious, she dreaded arriving at the Astor-Ritz unescorted.

It was the night of the annual dinner of the International Fraternal Society. Mr. Jennings had invited Warren to the dinner and had given him a box ticket for Helen. She was supposed to arrive about ten, to sit in a box overlooking the banquet hall and listen to the speeches.

With a fluttering heart she left the cab and ran up the awning-covered steps of the Astor-Ritz. Keenly conscious that she was alone, she hurried through the lobby to the nearest elevator

At the entrance to the balcony of the parquet hall the doorman took her ticket and escorted her to one of the boxes in which were already seated three beautifully gowned women

Below was the banquet hall with a long speakers' table at the end, and countless smaller tables crowded so close that the waiters could hardly pass between It was a brilliant scene—the lights, the flower-decked tables, the high, gilded ceiling and gleaming chandeliers

Helen's first impulse as she leaned over the red plush railing of the box was to find Warren. But it was not easy to locate any one in that great crowded hall, with all the diners in evening dress, and each with a white carnation in his buttonhole.

NOT WARREN.

Was that Warren with his back toward her at that table by the pillar? She leaned forward eagerly, but as she caught a glimpse of the man's side face her searching glance swept on to other tables.

The waiters were just bringing on the dessert—a pinkish ice in tall slender glasses. There were many things in the table appointments that Helen was eager to notice, but she could not be content until she had located Warren.

Then suddenly she saw him at a table near the center. Why had she not seen him at once? Surely no one else looked so distinguished.

If he would only look up! But he was talking to the man at his right. He had promised to look for her around 10, and it was that now, but he kept on laughing and talking, not even glancing toward the boxes.

The waiter had just placed before him his frozen ice and refilled his wine glass. Then Helen saw that every one at Warren's table was drinking champagne. Some of the other tables had champagne, some had claret, and at a few there were no wine glasses at all.

Warren was looking up now! He was glancing toward the boxes! He saw Helen and waved his napkin.

Helen flushed with pride as the other women in the box turned to look at her. In spite of their expensive gowns and jewels Helen felt certain that their husbands were not as handsome and distinguished as Warren.

It was absorbingly interesting to sit there and look down upon all those men. Most of them had finished their dinner now and had relaxed to a lounging attitude over their coffee and cigars. Except that now and then one of them would look up at the boxes and smile, they seemed wholly unconscious of the many beautifully gowned women who were looking down upon them.

The waiters had now all lined up by the door, each carrying a tray piled high with souvenirs. At a sign from the head waiter, they filed in and out through the tables, leaving a white box beside each plate.

Had the diners been women, they would have instantly opened the boxes, but the men seemed hardly to notice them. So Helen's curiosity was not gratified.

THE DINNER OVER.

At length the dinner was over. The waiters began carrying out the dishes and the pink-shaded candles, most of which had burned out. The orchestra that had been playing in a balcony above the boxes now stopped.

The chairman at the speakers' table rose and rapped for order. Helen wondered why he was chairman. He was small and insignificant with a thin voice that did not carry. After some tedious remarks which no one could hear, he introduced the first speaker of the evening, Dr. Olony, an eminent sociologist.

Helen leaned forward with eager interest. The speakers were all prominent men, and she felt their addresses would be well worth hearing. But Dr. Olony began with the usual trite preliminary remarks about it being "an honor to address so distinguished a gathering." Then to Helen's dismay he produced a formidable manuscript and proceeded to read it.

Everybody sat back resignedly. After the first few moments Helen did not pretend to listen. The women beside her kept up a running conversation. Several men had now come up to the various boxes to sit with their wives and friends. The eminent Dr. Olony was still reading in a monotonous voice.

Helen's glance never left Warren for long, and now she saw him push back his chair and leave the table. He looked up and nodded. He was coming up to her!

"Well, what do you think of it?" when he entered the box and took the chair beside her.

"Oh, dear, it's very interesting," happily excited now that he was with her. How wonderful he looked—how distinguished! Her eyes rested on him proudly.

ROASTING THE SPEAKER.

"Rotten speaker," he grumbled. "A man ought to be mobbed for reading a speech at a dinner like this. What people want is short pointed addresses of say—five minutes. That boob's been spouting for fifteen."

"Oh, dear, you didn't bring me your souvenir! I wanted so much to see them."

"Forgot the blamed thing. Get it for you later. Wonder who that stunning woman is in that box over there?"

Helen followed his glance to the dark-haired, regal-looking woman. She was undeniably beautiful. Her gown of white lace was cut strikingly low, and there were strands of pearls about her throat and in her hair. Helen was not often jealous, but somehow she felt suddenly plain and poorly gowned beside the striking loveliness of that woman.

The speaker finished now and sat down amid much applause. He bowed repeatedly, not seeming to realize that the applause was only an expression of relief that he was through. Again the chairman rapped for order.

This time a United States senator was introduced. To Helen's relief he had no notes, his voice was deep and booming, and he was plainly used to talking on his feet. But his ranting eloquence was just words—empty phrases. He had nothing particular to say and was merely "orating."

"Warren, who loathed after-dinner speaking, and who rarely attended big dinners because he would not be bored, was becoming restive.

"How many more of these guys do we have to stand for?" drawing from his pocket the dinner menu, on the back of which were the names of the speakers. "Suffering cats! Four more? Well, I guess not! We'll cut it and make for home."

"Oh, dear, we'd better wait a little longer! It'll look rude to leave so early. Mr. Jennings will think we didn't enjoy it."

"Guess he's bored stiff, too. Why in blazes don't they have some live talkers, instead of ringing in a lot of dead ones?"

If the speech of the eminent sociologist had been long, the senator's seemed interminable. He boomed on with high sounding phrases about "The Achievements of the Nineteenth Century * * * The Splendid Strides of Civilization * * * The Advancement of Society," and something about "Shining Orbits in the Sky of Future Progress * * * Blazing in Front of the Jeweled Crown of an Unconquerable Race."

Every one was becoming impatient and restive, even the chairman had his mallet poised as though anxious to rap it, but still the senator kept on shouting his oratorical phrases.

'Gosh, that fellow loves to hear himself talk," growled Warren. "He's good for another hour yet. Come on!

"But dear, we must wait—we can't leave while he's speaking," whispered Helen.

MISSED THE SOUVENIR.

"Like to know why we can't? Here's where I get out!"

"And I didn't get the souvenir—I didn't even see what they were!" bewailed Helen, as Warren hurried her out through the crowded corridors of the Astor-Ritz.

"Souvenirs!" with a contemptuous sniff. "Well I wouldn't have stood for any more of that duffer's speech for a dozen souvenirs. I'll wager he's spouting there yet."

"Yes, he was tiresome," Helen admitted, sinking back in the taxicab with a sigh of relief. Then laughingly, "Dear, if you ever make an after-dinner speech, don't begin by saying you 'feel honored to address so distinguished a gathering.' And don't—please don't use a lot of fine phrases that mean nothing."

"Huh," snorted Warren, "don't you worry! If ever I make a public speech I'll have something to say, and I'll say it blamed quick and have gumption enough to sit down when I'm through."

For the Afternoon

Tailor-made costume for afternoon wear made of "mastic" woolen composed by a long coat which is worn unbuttoned.

The arm hole is cut square under the arm, according to the new fashion. The long straight sleeves are hung kimono at top and the lower part shows a rather wide cuff.

The original collar is of the Robespierre model and made of striped sponge material with a plain edge.

The waistcoat of the same material as the coat is cut in a "V" in front, showing a small yoke of lace with a frill. It make a blouse, and is trimmed by two bands of sponge materials, buttoned by three rows of steel buttons. This skirt is an ordinary plain round skirt, the fullness of which is caught up at the waist by two large folds at each side.

The waistcoat and the front of the skirt are trimmed with soutache braid.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By William F. Kirk

PA brought a book hoam with him last nite & he was showing it to me. It was called How a Husband & Wife shud act to Avoid Quarls. It was a big book, about a foot thick.

This book, Bobbie, sed Pa, is a book that was wrote by a very wise guy. He was married three times, & his first two wifes left him befoar he reelized that he was hard to git along with, so wen he married the third time he made up his mind to study the fair sex & find out what wud humor them. This book is the result of years of pashunt watching & experiments on his part, Pa sed. I think that it ought to keep yure Ma & me from evver having a other unkind word. Here is sum of the rules, Bobbie, so wen you grow up & git a wife of yure own you will be abel to greet her right at all times & saiv quarls.

Rule 1—The husband shud nevver becum angry at the saim time that the wife is angry. One angry person in a fambly is enuff at a time.

Rule 2—The wife shud nevver stay angry after she has gone to sleep. She mite have a nitemare.

Rule 3—When a husband is contradickted by a wife he shud smile sweetly & say, wen his wife gives him a chanst, "I dare say you are right." That is the gratest sentence that was evver invented for maiking matrimony possibel.

Now, Bobbie, sed Pa, thare is a good point right thare. Let us go in the other room & I will ask you to notis how yure Ma acts wen I answer her that way. "I dare say you are right." Well, I suppose you want yure supper, sed Ma. Yes, deerest, sed Pa. It is a wonder that you & our son dident fool around in the library until it was time for brekfust, sed Ma. The men nowadays, sed Ma, act for al lthe wurld as if wimmen was made to wait on them & nevver give anything else a thought.

I dare say you are rite, sed Pa.

Of course, I am rite, sed Ma. Now thare is Missus Norris. She jest left a few minutes befoar you got hoam. She toald me that her husband reefused to buy her another frock until next month, and then went to his club and lost four dollars bowling ten pins. Think of it, sed Ma, unable to buy his little wife another frock when she only had three, and then going and losing four dollars bowling. That is the man of it for you.

How much was the frock? sed Pa.

Only sixty dollars, Ma sed. Thay was eighty dollars last year, but you know wimmen's clothes has went down a whole lot in price this season.

Maybe he cud afford to spend four dollars bowling & cuddent spend sixty dollars for a other frock, sed Pa.

Thare you go, sed Ma, deefending him. Of course, a man can do no wrong. The men want to be the lords of creashun, do they?

I dare say you are rite, sed Pa. How about dinner?

It is on the table waiting for you, sed Ma. Oh, dear, it is the saim old story. Ma sed. Git the dinner & then put away the dishes. A man's work is from sun to sun, a woman's work is nevver done.

Pa sed "I dare say you are rite" wen he had a peece of stalk in his mouth & he nearly choaked.

Thare you go laffing at me, sed Ma, you are a brute.

Poor Pa. I guess he will have to read sum moar rules in his new book.

Homeric Humorist.

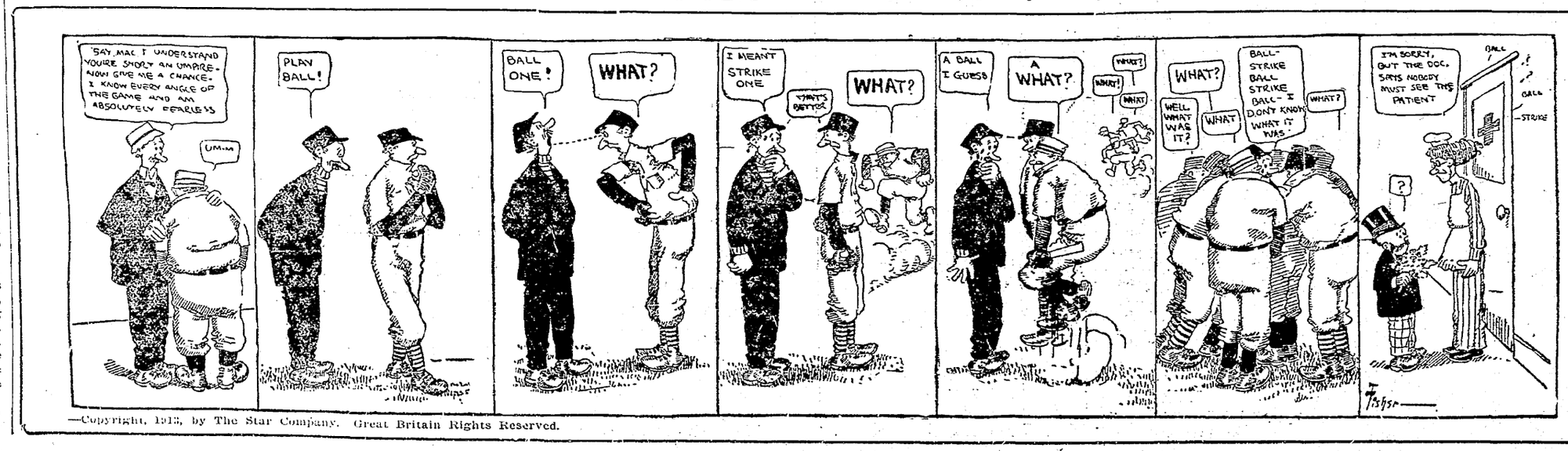
Guide—In front of you is the national capitol.

Miss Gush—Oh, isn't it angelic?

Mr. Grouch—Angelic? Why, young woman, how can you speak of it as being angelic?

Miss Gush—Well, it has wings, hasn't it?—Florida Times-Union.

YES, AN UMPIRE'S JOB IS EASY . . . . . BY "BUD" FISHER



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