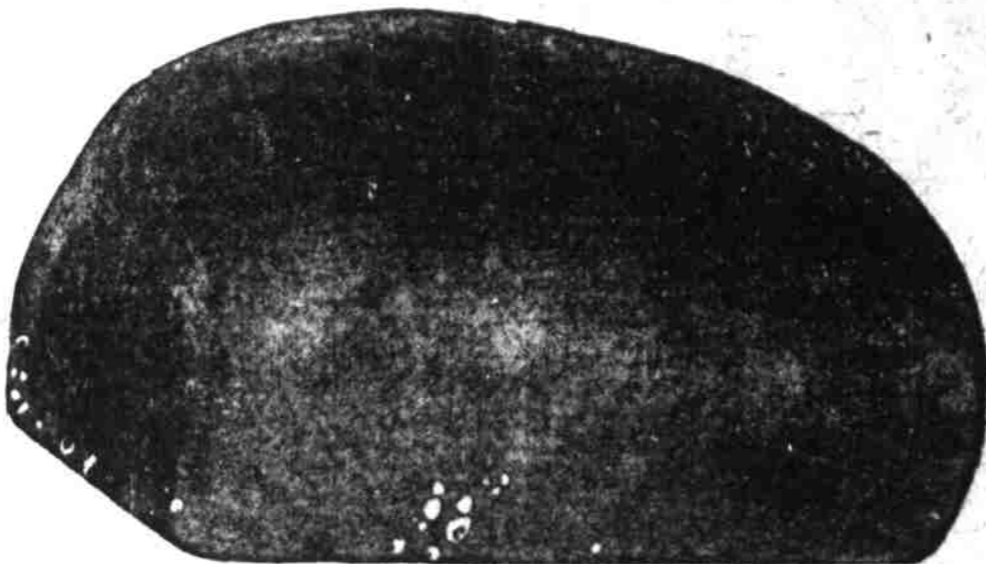


# EAT GOOD BREAD, AND LOTS OF IT!

That's the kind you get when you buy the Washington Steam Bakery bread—made in Greensboro. We use the best of flour for our baking thereby giving you good wholesome food. If your grocer can't supply you phone No. 672 and our wagon will call each day. Look for the RED LABEL and you will be pleased with the bread you eat. Have you tried the Tokoma bread?—It's fine. We ship a radius of 200 miles from Greensboro—giving fresh bread and delivering it fresh. There's none better. Patronize home industry.

## The Bread and Rolls of Honor

- Butter Bread, Tokoma Bread,
- Domestic Bread,
- Homestead Bread,
- Vienna Bread, Crimp Bread,
- Graham Bread, Rye Bread,
- Pocket-Book Rolls,
- French Rolls, S. B. Rolls,
- Concord Rolls,
- Sweet Buns, Coffee Cakes.



## Just a Little Bit Better Than the Other Fellows Make.

Send us your mail orders and they will be filled promptly. Agents wanted everywhere to handle the Greensboro made bread. Why do you buy bread 36 hours old when it reaches here, and shipped 300 miles, when you can get it hot from the ovens of the Washington Steam Bakery, running night and day.

# WASHINGTON STEAM BAKERY

Local and Long Distance Phone No. 672. Greensboro, N. C.

## STRIKERS SNUBBED BY ADMIRAL IJICHI

ORGANIZED PLANTATION LABORERS IN HAWAII DISAPPOINTED BY WHEN HE REFUSES AID.

Honolulu, Hawaii, July 24.—Admiral Ijichi, of the Japanese training squadron, has done much to help settle the strike among the Japanese plantation laborers. His arrival had been looked forward to by the strikers, the belief being that, as a representative of the Japanese government, he would promptly move to their aid with his ships and men, having been led into this belief through the promises of their leaders.

Instead of appearing as their ally, however, the admiral promptly snubbed their leaders, refused to allow his men shore liberty or to accept any Japanese invitations to social functions, paid particular attention to the anti-strike leaders among the Japanese and in all his motions placed himself squarely in opposition to the agitators and on the side of the colonial general, Ueyno, and the conservative Japanese.

This has been a hard blow to Makino and his crowd, and the effects of it can be seen in the way small groups of strikers are leaving the strikers' camps and returning to the plantations, where they are asking submissively for work. The editor of the newspaper of the strikers, the Nippo Jiji, during the last two days in part of the Japanese squad made bitter attacks upon the admiral, picked into this by the fact that the editors of the other Japanese papers were invited to dine on the flagship and he was not.

The trial of the strike leaders is dragging on and the strikers are commencing to realize that their organization is powerless to protect them. This is having a sobering effect and there have been no large meetings during the last week.

Practically the only thing that prevents the return to work today is ninety per cent of the men is the fact that a carefully selected man is put in charge of each twenty, being responsible for their loyalty to the cause and keeping a constant supervision of them. He reports any signs of disaffection and the ones expressing any desire to surrender are immediately locked after by the leaders. These leaders are principally members of the Chinese and Korean elements. The Chinese stand in great favor in spite of this, however, the number of strikers is constantly diminishing.

The prospect of the strike spreading further is practically over.

The use of flour upon a large scale as the food of the Chinese depends upon its price as compared with rice. With rice cheaper than flour for the same food value, the Chinese prefer rice. It is therefore not surprising that they do not prefer flour that leads to its consumption.

## Asks Divorce from Col. Dimmick



MRS. RUTH C. DIMMICK

## Wife Charges Cautely, Insufficient Support, and Names Co-Respondent—Officer is Prominent in Rifle Practice Association.

Washington, D. C., July 24.—Mrs. Ruth C. Dimmick, a prominent figure in the military set of Washington, wife of Col. Edward J. Dimmick, who for several years has been one of the leading officers of the National Rifle Practice Association, today brought suit for absolute divorce, naming a co-respondent.

In a bill filed in the Supreme Court of the District, Mrs. Dimmick, in addition to naming the co-respondent, alleges cruelty and insufficient support. The couple parted in March, 1908, at that time Mrs. Dimmick leaving the apartment they had at the Cecil and going to New York, where she is now engaged in literary work.

In her petition, Mrs. Dimmick alleges that she and Colonel Dimmick were married by the Rev. Henry N. Cowden at the latter's residence, December 17, 1904. They lived at the Logan hotel, the Olympia apartment house and the Cecil apartments on the seventh floor of the Cecil some time in 1906, and resided there until the separation.

That her husband had not properly supported her since their marriage and that on various occasions, he treated her cruelly is also alleged in the petition filed by Mrs. Dimmick. Thanksgiving day, 1907, he specifically stated as a date when the defendant "became very brutal and enraged toward the petitioner without any cause whatsoever, and vio-

## HAWAII'S KANAKAS SWIFT RUNNERS

Wonderful Performers at Long Distances, According to a Naval Officer.

"The big to do that is being made about Longboat and Dorando and Hayes and the rest of these Marathon runners gives me more or less of a tired feeling," observed a chief petty officer in the navy who has done a lot of cruising among the Pacific islands, according to the Washington Star. "Tired," because I know for a sure thing that they are not, in spite of the dope that's written about them, anything like the fastest runners in the world. They've got runners—Kanakas men—down in the Hawaiian Islands for example, that I'll be willing to gamble a cruise pay off could make all of these puff wuffy Marathon runners look like aluminum milk tickets.

"The first time I ever hit the Hawaiian Islands I was an apprentice in the navy, and it was at that time that I saw one of those Kanaka runners beat a lot of good horses on a thirty mile uphill run.

"Happened in 1883, when 'Dave' Kalkaua, as the old timers around Honolulu call him yet, was king of the islands. At that time there were no telephones joining the islands as there are now, and government messages and mandates were carried from island to island by the inter-island steamships and rushed into the interior of the island by these Kanaka runners.

"All of these Kanaka runners could keep up a dead loop all day and all night without ever resting a minute. They were the King's messengers, and they simply did not know what getting winded or tired meant.

"King Dave Kalkaua thought a heap of these runners of his, too. He always stuck to it that they could go faster and further than horses over the rough Hawaiian roads.

"In this he was disputed by a number of the white attaches of his court. Kalkaua wagered \$1,000 with his white courtiers that he could pick out a runner from among his Kanakas who would get from Hilo, on the main island of Hawaii, to the crater of Kilauea—it is called the burning lake of Kilauea—a distance of nearly thirty miles, quicker than horse and rider could make the trip. The courtiers snapped the King up on this proposition at even money.

"It looked to all of the white men down there as if they had a lot of the better of it in that bet. The king and a big party of Honolulu folk went in one of the interior island boats to Hilo to see the race.

"The king picked out a huge, slinky Kanaka, a man about thirty, who had been employed as a State runner at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, for a number of years, to essay the task of beating the horses. Eight Kanakas made the start on horseback on native ponies bred from American cayuses—strong, sure footed, nippy little devils, thoroughly used to climbing on the bad lava roads.

"The king and his party had gone up to the volcanic house, at the top of Kilauea, in coaches on the day before to see the finish of the race and to be on hand to greet the winners. I was among a party of man-o-war's men from one of our old wooden packets in the harbor of Hilo to make the ride up to Kilauea soon after the king's ascent to see the finish.

"The road from Hilo up to the crater of Kilauea has been greatly improved since that time, but it sure was one bad trail then. It was only wide enough for one wagon, and it was a climb of about 30 degrees all the way. The trees that lined the road used to get blown across the trail in big windstorms, and the coach drivers counted it as part of their job to jump from their seats every time they came to these obstructions and shoulder them out of the way. This work had all been carefully attended to in advance of the race by order of King Dave, and it looked like a pipe for the ponies, for all of those ponies had made the run upon the Kilauea crater many a time.

"The king didn't ask for any handi-cap allowance for his runner. The Kanaka runner toed the scratch with the horses, and they got off together at the crack of the gun.

"The horses distanced the runner from the jump and he allowed them to distance him. He just took up his steady loop and let the cayuses get away out of sight up the steep trail. For ten miles the horses were so far above him on the trail that he couldn't see hide nor hair of them, but this Kanaka knew how to wait.

"Long before the hotel called the Half Way House was reached the horses began to come back to him, and the Kanaka was just breezing along then with the same long stride he had started with. He wasn't even taking short breaths for himself. He stooped once at a spring beside the road and took a couple of mouthfuls of water. The cayuses were up ahead a bit, blowing their heads off, for they'd been going at a clip that they'd never been pushed to before.

"Five miles from the finish the Kanaka forged ahead of the horses and it was only a rousp for him the remainder of the distance. He took a position for the rest of the journey about a half mile ahead of the panting and exhausted horses, and he stuck to his long, easy uphill loop like a man wound up for a week or so of that sort of thing.

"He never let them get any nearer to him to the finish. When only a mile remained, the Kanaka riders of the horses spurred and whipped the beasts with all their might, but it was no use. The Kanaka runner promptly let out a hoot, himself and disappeared beyond their sight along the tortuous trail, and when six of the ponies pulled up at the veranda of the Volcanic house the runner was sitting on the steps as cool as a cucumber and enjoying a mess of poi, that starbush root stuff that Kanakas eat. Two of the ponies had dropped dead in their final effort to overtake the two footed runner.

"I'd like to see some of the Kanaka runners get into the contest the next time there's a Marathon. I'd win a bet for myself."

GUED FOR \$50,000 BY WAITRESS-WIFE Norwalk, Conn., July 24.—The romance of William Henry Jennings, society man, sportsman and bon vivant, who eloped with Bridget A. Collins, a pretty waitress in the Shetucket House, has ended after a trifle more than three years. Last Friday, through her attorneys, Shields & Shields, the young wife brought two suits. In one she demands \$30,000 of her husband, charging that Jennings deserted her on April 24; that he has since failed to contribute to her support and that one month later he published a notice to the effect that he would pay no bills contracted by her.

In the second suit she demands \$20,000 of Mrs. William F. Hill, mother of Jennings and a matron in the smart set of New London country, charging her with having alienated the affections of her son from the plaintiff.

ON SUNDAY WORK. My last trip to the states settled my determination never again to bind myself to work on Sunday.

Apart altogether from any religious scruples—and I am quite well aware that the mere mention of the phrase may lay me open to the gibes of certain classes of people—think that the comedian, equally with the clerk or the factory worker, is all the better, physically and morally, for a rest from work on the Sabbath.

I would rather cease my stage work completely than contemplate the horrible prospect from a purely physical point of view of toiling for a whole twelvemonth, Saturday and Sunday, with never a break in the deadly monotony.—Harry Lauder, in London (England) Tit-Bits.

A recent flower show at Regent's Park, London, included 2,000 varieties of roses, and it was stated that 450 new varieties have been added to the great rose family in three years. A nearly black rose was shown with the assurance that the long-sought blue rose would be brought out soon.

**CHICHESTER'S PILLS**  
THE GREAT URINARY PILLS  
FOR BRONCHITIS, COLIC, GOUT, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Read the Old Reliable  
**Union Republican**  
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Has stood at the front in the battles for Republican Policies and Principles for  
**38 Years**

Gives all the News at One Time; Political, National, State and Local.

Printed Weekly at \$1.00 a Year in Advance.

Keep up in the procession, and send your subscription at once to

**The Union Republican**  
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.