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MURDERING THOUSANDS

The number of persons killed in collisions and derailments on the railways of this country in July, August and September of last year reached an increase of 307 per cent over that for the corresponding quarter of the year before.

This astounding report has been made by the interstate commerce commission, and the figures must be accepted as authentic, however impossible they seem.

During the months named there were 734 persons killed and 16,545 injured. Of these 191—one-fourth—were killed in collisions and derailments.

It would be far from fair to say that the people of this country are responsible for this terrible death roll; and yet it is absolutely true that the people tolerate in silence the wrong conditions that render such a series of disasters possible.

These collisions and derailments are not all "accidents."

Most of them are the natural and inevitable results of railway manipulation in the interest of corporate greed.

Secure roadbeds, high-class equipment and up-to-date safety devices cost money, which Greed-on-Wheels will not pay.

The most money must be got on the least possible investment, though men and women and children be killed and mangled by the tens of thousands a year.

A comparison of our list of railway disasters with those of England or any country in Europe is a sad commentary upon our boasted mechanical superiority and even upon our civilization.

It is, of course, impossible to eliminate all element of chance. But the spirit and the system of conducting the railways of this country make disasters not a matter of chance but a certainty.

It is not hard to fix the responsibility. It is not with the trainmen or switchmen or dispatcher, who, overworked, sleeps at his post, or, because of defective signals, blunders.

The real responsibility lies back of all these. The railways of the United States are practically under the domination of half a dozen men.

These men practically set every signal, throw every switch and work every engine throttle in the country.

These men, through their monstrous greed for money and power, are paving their roadbeds with human bones.

A PRISONER IN A CROCK

An earthenware crock, which a Brooklyn lad had put on his head as a helmet, slipped down and stuck fast.

The boy's muffled howls attracted prompt attention. His mother tugged at the crock until his face was sorely bruised. Then neighbors took turns at it until his neck was painfully twisted.

Meanwhile the howling boy suffered terrifying visions of lifelong imprisonment, as secure as in a dungeon—of his head, from year to year, growing larger and tighter in the crock.

The mother, the father, who had been sent for, and a half-hundred neighbors, held solemn council and decided that since the crock had slipped on it must be possible for it to be slipped off, but that only a skillful surgeon could perform the operation.

A delegation was on its way with the boy to a surgeon's office when a resourceful street car motorman, seeing the situation, broke the crock with his controller handle.

Thus, by the simplest of processes, the boy's trouble was ended.

And it is by equally simple and equally direct processes that all of the troubles of all of us may be ended.

In the presence of worries we rack our brains for a thousand roundabout ways of ending them, but overlook the simple expedient of smashing the crock.

Like the lad, we see terrifying visions of the future; we suffer our feelings to be cruelly lacerated and our bodies to be twisted and torn by mental anguish and despair; we run here and there for sympathy and advice and help; and it seldom occurs to us how easy it is to just break the crock.

Most of the crocks that seem to slip down over our heads are merely imaginary. They require no street car controller handles to break them. All they call for is a mental controller handle.

LETTERS FROM TIMES READERS

Short Communications From Times Readers on Subjects of Genuine Interest Will Be Printed in These Columns From Day to Day.

PUBLIC SCHOOL QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Times:

I believe something is wrong with our public school system. I have a boy aged nine whose arithmetic lesson calls for knowledge of the multiplication tables, yet when I ask him how much is 4 times 6 he says he hasn't studied that, yet his examples call for such knowledge.

My little girl, aged seven, can't make an "A" today. She says they only cut paper dolls and sing at school and sometimes the teacher tells a story.

I am certainly not the only mother who is dissatisfied with our public schools and I would like to read what some other mothers or fathers think about the question.

MRS. E. H. B.

SOME POETRY, TOO.

The World's Charity.

Above the awful earthquake scenes
In fair Italy's sunny land,
There shines in bright, celestial light
The world's kind, ready, helping hand.

Behold the nations sending aid
To those in want and deepest woe!
And private aid is also sent
As quickly as relief can go.

Who says the world's great heart is closed
To calls for help in time of woe?
That Christianity today
Is not more strong than years ago?

The golden rule of Christ will be,
Some time the rule for all the world.
Then wars will cease, and greed, which kills
More than in war, to death is hurled.

O, may Jehovah's mighty power
Speed on that blessed happy time,
When love, not greed, shall be the law
In every nation, realm and clime!

When man's sore cruelty to man
Shall cease to make the millions mourn;
When "love of neighbor as one's self,"
On world-wide breezes shall be borne.

SAMUEL L. WHITE.
Tacoma, Wash.

EIGHT-HOUR DAY FOR WOMEN

Editor Tacoma Times:

Dear Sir,—Concerning the 8-hour day for women: The issue is whether women shall have the same right as the men. Women are regarded by many men as being inferior to the negro, who has the right to vote. The plea of the big employers of women and girls, and the threats of the cannery men to employ Chinamen on the grounds of competition, would be the same argument, as we will say a petition from a group of laundry employers to work their help 13 hours per day because a certain Chinese laundry does.

G. M. S.

2502 South J St.

THIS FROM A SOCIALIST.

Editor Times,—Our representatives at Olympia are discussing an eight-hour day law for women. So far, good. But is it an eight-hour day that we need or are these men on the wrong track?

I ask all thoughtful citizens to compare the wages of our girls working in the department stores, the laundries and the factories with the cost of a decent living in any respectable part of Tacoma. Five dollars a week is sufficient for the girl whose expenses are all paid by her father and who has nothing to buy except tickets to the ten-cent shows, but it is a different story with the girl who has no father to pay her bills, no home to go to, and no one to care for her when she is out of work but herself. How can we expect a girl in these circumstances to make a living when her labor at ten hours a day will bring her only about $5 a week? They do it, you say?

Now, gentlemen, how would you like to have a sister in Tacoma dependent for her existence upon the wages she might earn; or how would you like to depart from this earth and leave a wife and two or three daughters with no visible means of support except to work for the wages the girls are at present receiving?

Friends, if you vote at the next election, do not be guilty of assisting in the election of men who, in discussing the labor question with respect to women, stop at an eight-hour day, but vote for men who will strike deeper than that—that is vote the socialist ticket.

Yours for the social revolution,
E. C. W.

324 No. L St.

"SHOOT POOL" new automatic tables. Donnelly Hotel Billiard Room. ***

TORICS TORICS
TORIC LENSES
HAYES OPTICAL CO.,
418-19-20 Fidelity Opposite Rhodes Bros.
TORICS TORICS

SMILE AWHILE

AN OSGAR-UND-ADOLF PLEASANTRY

Osgar: Dense fool! For why do you lock der stable door after der horse iss gone?
Adolf: Ach, they might come back und steal der harness!

A Word from Josh Wise.

"Th' man who's an expert at jugglin' cannon balls doesn't make a hit like th' woman who's an expert at jugglin' codfish balls."

The Pennsylvania railway ferries alone transport about 35,000,000 passengers across the Hudson river every year.

If a cowslip is a flower, why is a horse-fly?

When a Japanese war scare arises and Congressman Hobson doesn't predict the end of the world, it may be time to expect something serious.

If you don't know anything, it's just as well not to express it.

Although she was egged in London, Carrie Nation can feel a thrill of triumph in knowing that someone will have to cut out eggnog on that account.

The Northwestern road runs 300 through and suburban trains into the Wells st. depot, Chicago, daily, handling 50,000 passengers.

Wonder what's become of Wellman's dirigible that was going to the north pole?

At last a muckrake campaign has been successful. In New York Trinity church is reforming its tenement house district.

Some people spend their time on castles in the air, others in airing their castles.

Opportunity knocks once, and knocks you down the next time.

The life plant of the West Indies can not be destroyed save by immersing its root in boiling water or by applying to it a red-hot iron. Cut into the most minute particles it will throw out roots and grow.

With Taft on board, the cruiser North Carolina could properly be described as under weigh.

Frank H. Hitchcock has been hunting and killed a deer, but not with a steam roller, as many may imagine.

The new battleship Maine visited Havana harbor, but did not tarry as long as her namesake.

Up to date Hobson's war predictions almost rank with his kissing record.

Miss Tutton has returned to Tacoma and will resume millinery business here. Location will be announced shortly. ***

All kinds of fresh fish at American Fish Co., City Dock. ***

Notice—The Opening social dance of the New Central Park hall, South 38th and N sts., will be given Saturday evening, Feb. 6. Gents, 50c; ladies, free.

1118

BUTTER IS CHEAPER

If you want good butter at the lowest prices, come to our store and get it.

Butter Is Cheaper.

at 1118 Public Market

Stewart & Dahlin, Prop.

McDonald Shoe Co.
Corner 13th and Pacific Ave.
CHANGE IN FIRM
SHOE SALE
Closes this week.
You will find big bargains for Saturday.
Our windows now display first showing of spring shoes and Oxfords.
If you want Sale Shoes, we have them cheap.
If you are looking for New Spring Footwear, come to our Store.

CLEARANCE SALE PRICES
Suits from $20 up.
Trousers from $5 up.
Topcoats from new spring styles $20 up.
11th Street Tailoring Company
411 11th St.

Daily Short Story

AN ANGEL ARRESTED.

By Stuart B. Stone.

"Ye're arristed mum!" bawled Officer O'Rrouke, as the flying green car in front slowed down, so that his humming, throbbing motor cycle pulled up near enough for him to be heard.

"Ye're arristed, mum," for exceedin' the speed limit and scarin' a good half av the men, women, babies and horses in the park out of their sinses!" he called again, as No. 2383 came to a standstill and he could pull alongside.

"Ye're arristed, mum!" he announced for the third time, as he dismounted and faced the smiling lady of the car. "I take ye into custody for makin' av a new record through the"—

Then Officer O'Rourke's great rosy face grew pale and his twinkling gray eyes grew sober.

"Snakes of Saint Patrick!" he cried, crestfallen. "It's the blessed, good lady of Delmont st!"

The good lady of Delmont st. laughed like the ripple of a faraway brooklet. "It was a splendid chase, Mr. O'Rourke!" she cried, her blue eyes agleam. "And the Green Comet could have pulled away from you, if I had willed it so."

"And I don't know about that, either," retorted Officer O'Rourke, perking up at the challenge. Then his ruddy, cheery face became gloomy again. "But, faith, madam, ye're the one that brought pink roses to me Timmie when the lad near died."

The lady colored, though she still smiled. "Tut, tut!" she scolded. "What's the harm in that, Mr. O'Rourke?"

"Harm, harm!" spluttered Officer O'Rourke. "'Twas a blessed, good deed, and may ye live till ye're a million—but 'tis not Michael O'Rourke that will arrist ye."

"I RESIGN," ANNOUNCED OFFICER O'ROURKE, SHOVING OVER HIS GILT BADGE.

"Oh!" protested the lady, "but I am already arrested—three times—for exceeding the speed limit, for scaring men, women, babies and horses, for breaking the record through"—

"But ye scattered a carload of potaties over the Tin Can ward when the laddies were starvin'," continued Officer O'Rourke. "Sure and I'll not arrist ye till the sun turns green as Ireland!"

"Yes, yes, Mr. O'Rourke," said the lady, soberly. "It is your duty, you know, and it was a clear violation. Come on to the station."

"No!" thundered Officer O'Rourke; "not for a thousand harps av gold!"

"Come on," repeated the blessed lady, and she wheeled the green car about.

"No!" declared Officer O'Rourke. "I'd tear me stripes off first."

"Come on," said the lady for the third time, very firmly. "I don't mind."

"No," reiterated Officer O'Rourke; "not for a deed to Tipperary!"

But as the good lady of Delmont st. was station bound on her own account, at a rate that threatened to do things to the speed regulations once more, No. 42 of the park squad had no choice but to follow and to follow fast. As he went, however, he mumbled sullenly, swearing every green-and-gold oath he knew that he would rather lose his right arm, and almost running down a careless push-cart man in his abstraction.

At the station, the drowsy captain roused to receive two clamorous visitors.

"I'm arrested," said the lady, smiling bewilderingly. "How much will it be this time, Capt. Daly?"

"I resign," annonuced Officer O'Rourke, shoving over his gilt badge. "I won't arrist an angel."

The captain stared at his subordinate in surprise, but the lady laughed musically.

"Tell Officer O'Rourke just how many times I've been here for speeding," she directed. "Tell him tell me how much this time."

"The captain grinned broadly. "I think, if you'll deposit $25, ma'am, there'll be no need of you bothering to come back." And to Officer O'Rourke he said: "This is the forty-eighth time for Mrs. Dunlap this season, Michael. She likes it, and she's rich—she can afford it. Don't let it worry you, man." And he returned to Officer O'Rourke gilt badge No. 42, park police.

As the green car sped smoothly away, Officer O'Rourke refastened his beloved emblem of authority. "No wonder she's a speeder," he murmured. "Angels are just that bound to fly."

And Officer O'Rourke thought again of a great cluster of pink roses by the bed of the child of his heart.

"SHOOT POOL" new automatic tables. Donnelly Hotel Billiard Room. ***

WASHINGTON ONCE GAVE UP

to three doctors; was kept in bed for five weeks. Blood poison from a spider's bite caused large, deep sores to cover his leg. The doctors failed, then "Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured me," writes John Washington, of Bosqueville, Tex. For eczema, boils, burns and piles its supreme. 25c at all drug stores.

SOCIETY AND PERSONAL

THE COOKING CLASS at the Y. M. C. A. will be in the care of Miss Alice M. Hodge this term. Miss Hodge has until recently been connected with the Danville, Ill., technical school. Domestic art, embroidery, shirt waist and filigree making, pottery and embossed leather classes will be under the direction of Miss Clara L. Wickstrom of Minnesota.

MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER BAILIE will spend the remainder of the winter months making a tour of Southern California. Mrs. Bailie left for Portland Wednesday, and was joined there today by Mr. and Miss Bailie. During her stay in the South Miss Bailie will be the guest of Major and Mrs. Keefer at the army post at Monterey.

VIDA CHAPTER, Order of the Eastern Star, has issued invitations for a colonial ball for Friday evening, February 19, at Masonic temple. The committee in charge of the affair include Mesdames E. J. Rose, Rose Peyran, W. L. Bender, R. W. Jamieson, H. M. Jarmain and L. B. Lorentz.

COLONEL GRIGGS will leave tomorrow for Riverside, California. He will join the Bailie party in Portland and finish the jorney with them.

MR. AND MRS. T. L. STILES have as guests for the grand opera engagement Mrs. Jack Douglass and Mrs. Tom Douglass of Aberdeen. Mrs. Stiles has arranged informal affairs in their honor for the week-end. They arrived Wednesday and will remain over Sunday.

MRS. GEORGE LEWIS GOWER was hostess for a bridge luncheon yesterday at her residence on North E street.

THE YOUNG LADIES' CLUB of St. Leo's church has issued invitations for a social ball to be held the evening of February 12 in Sloan's dancing academy. Elaborate preparations are being made for the event.

A DELIGHTFUL PROGRAM was given last evening by the choir of the Central Christian church. A large audience was present, and the proceeds will aid materially in swelling the music fund of the church. The Y. M. C. A. chorus, one of the features on the program, was exceedingly well received.

JOHN S. BAKER and Miss Baker were hosts at a delightful dinner party last night, followed by a box party at the opera.

Tacoma's Popular Priced Furniture Store.

We carry a particularly strong line of Tables, and have decided to offer for Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, your choice of one, as follows:

Very fine Hardwood Round-Top Extension Table, in weathered or golden finish. The table is exactly as shown in cut. Regular $13.50—

Special Price

$8.95

Out-of-town orders will receive prompt attention

JEWEL STOVES AND RANGES

J. S. Kean Furniture Co.
1501-3-5 Pacific Ave.
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JEWEL STOVES AND RANGES

Tacoma's Leading Bargain House Comes to the Front Once Again For a Rattling Day of Low Prices For Saturday's Big Selling

Bargains! Get Your Share of These

Just Received Ladies' Silk Empire Gowns, the Pick from Eastern Fashion Houses, Cannot Be Duplicated in the City for the Money, $16 to $24, Be Sure to See Them

Ladies' Silk Waists Worth $3.50, For . . . **$1.98**
Ladies' $2.00 Percales, For **$1.13**
Ladies' $2.50 Shawls, For **$1.98**

Men's Department

Is Alive With Usual Bargains, Business Getters In Every Sense of the Word

Men's 25c Sox **9c**
Derby Ribbed Underwear, 75c value, for **43c**
All Wool Underwear, $1.50 value, for **98c**
Wright's Health Underwear, $1.00 value, for **75c**
Railroad Shirts, regular $1.00 value, for **69c**
Men's Black Sateen Shirts for **65c**
75c values for **43c**
All Hats at Cost.

Suits

$25.00 and $30.00 Suits **$14.89**
$15.00 and $20.00 Suits **$1.89**
$12.00 and $14.50 Suits **$7.89**
$18.00 Cravenettes for **$6.50**
$25.00 and $30.00 Overcoats **$14.89**

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