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Our Kindhearted Railroads

About once a week for the last month this newspaper has been receiving from the "Committee on Railway Pay" a letter in the form of a news article containing arguments to prove that the railroads aren't making enough money on their mail contracts with the government.

Contrasted with Postmaster General Hitchcock's statement of yesterday that the railroads were getting about \$9,000,000 a year too much, these letters are funny.

Today's is a peach. Before the articles have been serious arguments about how much it cost to carry the mail and how little they were getting.

They point out that the railroads are carrying all the railroad mail clerks for nothing. If they charged them two cents a mile apiece it would total up \$12,000,000 a year. So they are practically giving all that money to the government.

Then, too, the weight of all these mail clerks is no small item, the letter goes on.

Previously the letter heads of these communications have borne the simple label "Committee on Railway Pay". Today's letter gives the names of the committee members. It includes such friends of the people as Kruttschnitt, one of the Harriman heads; Schaff, vice president of the New York Central; Baldwin, vice president of the Burlington, and others.

Maybe the "committee" will get these articles printed somewhere as news so as to stir up sentiment to help them gouge more out of Uncle Sam's treasury.

The Times doesn't want them.

The Heart "For Rent"

When Ansel Cowie and Susanna Connor were married in Kansas City in October, 1910, they were not quite sure it would be a happy arrangement--that is to say permanently.

"If the parties were to find that married life is not endurable and that separation, either legal or otherwise, is desirable, then Susanna Connor shall have \$750 for each year she lives with the defendant and her rightful share of all the estate that may come to this couple."

They seem to have lived happily not "ever after," but for some four or five months. Then Susanna began to fear that Ansel was spending his money so fast that she might not be able to collect her \$750 per in case they bliss should sometime become "not endurable."

The man who would require such an agreement from her husband is entitled to no sympathy if she loses her wages, and the man who would sign it is entitled to none if he has to pay the whole bill. They confound the altar with the pawn shop.

With the Bars Down

How much of a fraud is protection anyhow? How much of a bugaboo is free trade?

Porto Rico and the Philippines, until recently foreign ports, still have a much cheaper labor and lower standard of living than the United States.

We now have absolute free trade with both. In one year our trade with the Philippines has doubled and within a short time our trade with Porto Rico has increased nearly 15 times. Apparently, no one in the United States is injured by the change, while many must have benefited.

And we always heard that the proof of the pudding is the eating.

All at the Mercy of One

Judge Gary, under cross-examination by Congressman Littleton, conceded the vast strength of Organized Dollars and acknowledged Morgan as the head of the money trust. He admitted, too, that Morgan's power for good or evil is enormous, but thinks "he would not take advantage of it."

But does a self-respecting nation care to live at the mercy of one man? And the 4th of July so near?

OPTIMISM A LA CARTE

By JOHN COPLEY

It's funny how it has become the style To toast the modest ten-cent luncheon place, Where most of us must dine and sup the while We struggle on our fifteen-dollar pace.

Just think of how they buy three times enough, That bank cashiers and millionaires must eat; Just think how they buy three times enough, And ponder on how many drinks they "treat."

Just think of all the salads and soup, The pie and cake and fruit--and then ice cream! While here am I--poor, ordinary goop, A-thinking how a feast like this would seem-- The dairy lunch where I inhale my feed

Is clean and white; the dope tastes pretty good; And, honest, I get all I really need, And all my modest wages say I should.

Of course an ordinary slave like me May never take a bite of Canvas-Back; In fact, it's one dead chink I'll never see The gay caffays, nor at a wine feed crack. But you can betcher life I'll never get Dyspepsia, gout, nor that there nervous hunch-- In fact, no feller ever got 'em yet So long's he stuck right to that ten-cent lunch!

Observations

Cleveland, where the great garment makers' strike is on, turns out more women's ready-made garments than any other city on earth save Berlin and New York.

Perhaps there's intelligence in plants. Some of those on the deserts have cisterns in which they store water for dry periods.

Chinese student at University of Maine shot a girl because she wouldn't marry him. The heathen are certainly taking to our ways.

Patterson, N. J., musical critic sends up an awful roar because Mme. Louise Homer, grand opera singer, failed to recognize, at the recent musical festival in that city, the all-important fact that the residents of Patterson are "educated, cultured and have seen the world" and therefore couldn't appreciate "Annie Laurie" as an encore. Quick Watson, get the?

Portland, Or., has elected Rush-Light, union labor man, mayor. It's a thundering auspicious name to start with.

There is a kind of bark lighter than cork. Its company name is Herminifera. Elaphoxylon, but for every day use in Northern Egypt, where the trees grow, they call them ambach trees.

Porfirio Diaz's favorite song is said to be Tosti's famous "Good-bye." How appropriate!

Advertising man proved that he could sell lumber by mail. He doubled his volume of sales, all by mail, in a year, and expects to quadruple them this year.

Victor Emmanuel II, father of Italian unity, gets the biggest monument ever built in honor of a modern man.

There are 350,000 species of the Diptera, or fly, although only 40,000 different kinds have been described. And each fly lays 100 eggs which are flies in 10 days, and those 100 lay 100 more eggs, which--oh, what's the use?--Swat!

Great Britain's new naval airship has a tentative sort of name. They call it: "The Mayfly."

Harvard university has a collection of flowers made of glass, which illustrates the flora of the flora of the United States.

Mayor Davis has pretty nearly sobered up Cordele, Ga., by sending drunks to attend church. Must be awful bad or awful hot preaching in his town.

The emperor of Japan has written a Coronation poem and it is said to be no worse than Alfred Austin's.

Copperplate engraving was invented in 1450.

TODAY IN HISTORY Sunday, June 22, 1862. Stonewall Jackson attended divine service with his troops at Fredericksburg, Va. Of course, every time Jackson went to religious service it did not make his story for Stonewall was a very devout man, but it is not every general who will lay off to go to church when he and his troops are hurrying somewhere else. Just at this time Jackson was anxious to get his men between Richmond and McClellan and reinforce Lee south of the Chickahominy river. He did it, too, in spite of the lay-off for church.

THANKING HIM. "Have you ever noticed how a bum actor can get laughter and applause by using a cuss word?" "Oh, yes. What's the reason?" "I've found out, I believe. The audience has been wanting to swear, but is too polite."--Toledo Blade.

POE HAD FORGOTTEN IT. "Did you get any recollections of Poe from that old citizen?" "Nothing worth printing. His only recollection seemed to be that Poe owed him \$53."--Washington Herald.

This Seattle Woman Rivals T. Roosevelt as Woodman---She Cuts Down Trees

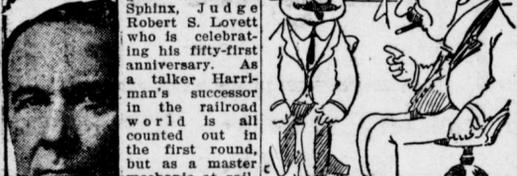


Mrs. Joe Hanover Tackling a Unusually Big One. She Does It, Like Roosevelt, for Health and Fun.

SEATTLE, June 22.--A man with initials T. R. has some reputation for strength and ability in hewing down trees, but although his renown is greater he really has nothing "on" a Seattle woman--not a man, mark you, but just a young woman who swings an ax with a true woodman's skill. She is Mrs. Joe Hanover of Seattle Heights. Like T. Roosevelt, Mrs. Hanover cuts down trees simply for health and recreation. And she gains both. Near her house there are a lot of vigorous young trees, but not so many as there were a short time ago. She has cut down a big bunch of them. She is so clever with the ax, and also with the saw, that she says it is a pleasure for her to cut a cord of wood. She did this the other day just to show her strength--and she did the housework and took care of two lively youngsters besides. Do we hear any longing sighs from huddles who get up early in the morning to cut wood for the breakfast fire? One day Mr. Hanover was away, and the wood pile had dwindled down as woodpiles will. She knew it would be late when he got back and he would be tired from a hard day's work, so she split a few pieces of wood and liked it so well that she tried it again the next day. That's how it started. "I don't need to cut wood," she said, "because my husband always keeps the shed full, but I do it because it's good for my health."

OUR DAILY BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

This is going to be a silent sort of a birthday party, for it's the great American Sphinx, Judge Robert S. Lovett who is celebrating his fifty-first anniversary. As a talker Harriman's successor in the railroad world is all counted out in the first round, but as a master mechanic at railroad law he stands in the front ranks. Years ago Lovett, Texan born, began railroading on the Houston East and West, locally known as the Hell Either Way road. His duties were to grasp a hefty pick ax in both hands, swinging it firmly with a downward stroke, cleverly grubbing up a stump upon the upward swing. Then he decided that lawing for the company would be much easier. He found it so.



RIGHT. "What's the silly season, anyway?" "Elucidate." "Any season that produces enough pretty girls."

HIS WISH. "The fur trade of the world uses up one million cat skins annually." "I wish the fur trade would come around some night and gather its next year's supply from off my house and back garden wall."

ONE WAY OUT. Cumberbites, ice cream and green apples for dinner.

Jefferson was the first president inaugurated in Washington.

An Oklahoma City man left his parrot \$3500 by will because he taught the bird not to swear. The relatives are doing the cussing now.

Most Anything

NOTICE. At his own urgent request, Adam Fay Kerr has been recalled from abroad on the eve of the coronation. He will not be there to report the crowning of King George No. 5. Mr. Kerr is sick of royalty and class distinctions and is eager to return to America where one man is the equal of another providing he's as rich and one woman is the equal of another if her clothes are as stylish.

Miss Wilma Meter traveled from Brooklyn, N. Y., to Oregon to wed a farmer she had never seen. She saw him and refused to marry him.

Perhaps. It would be safe to say: He wasn't Glad to Meter.

At swatting flies I'm as agile as can be. My swatting average is .483.

Jesse Howell, who weighs 300 pounds, was released from the Walnut, Mo., jail recently and the village cut-up said it was like "letting out a big Howell."

Somebody Slept. While Rev. Charles F. Aked formerly Rockefeller's pastor, was preaching in San Francisco a woman stole a worshipper's diamonds.

Mrs. Eugenia Lauvenier, wife of a New York waiter, in her all-mony suit, said her husband's tips were \$50 a week.

The Wedding Gift Month. Don't groan when you see that awful vase, Or that terrible gravy spoon;



Some gifts you got when you were wed You may "pass on" this June

Dr. John D. Quackenbos says idleness makes women fat. And the New York Mail remarks: Oh, woman, in your hours of ease, Be careful lest you grow obese.

Aeronauts will try to fly over Pike's Peak this summer. "Pike's Peak or Bust" will now become "Pike's Peak or Bump!"

A German writer says the Kaiser's trousers don't fit. What's the difference as long as his crown is comfortable?

Frank Link, the heaviest policeman in the world, has resigned from the Brooklyn force. He weighs 400 pounds.

"I like the roller coaster so," The old maid says, "it's fine



Because it is a dandy chance To be a clinging vine."

Rev. John Smith of Mount Blanchard, Ohio, is 100 years old.

One Way Out. Cumberbites, ice cream and green apples for dinner.

Philosopher Is Feeling Sore; He Buys Razor and Says Never More!



BY HOWARD MANN. The South I Philosopher caressed his hairy chin. A red and white pole beckoned him and so he went within. A cheerful foot-pad, clothed in white, yelled "Next!" as he appeared. He tucked a towel round Phil's neck and then his throat he cleared: "Your hair's a little long in back," remarked the barber, mutt. "It will not take ten minutes to give it a fancy cut."

"I only want a shave today," Philosopher replied. "Oh, very well, oh, very well," the razor expert sighed.

He put Phil's head upon the rest and tilted back the chair and ran his taper fingers through our hero's curly hair. "By goah," insinuatingly the barber said again, "you sure do need a hair cut, my estimable fren'."

Philosopher just grunted: "Now barber, cut the grah. I want a soothing, easy shave and that will be enough."

The barber put the lather on; he smeared it good and thick. He searched within his razor case and chose one with a nick. He stroked it up and down the strop and kept his eye meanwhile upon the street where ladies fair paraded by in style.

The barber slapped his soapy brush around his victim's chin and swabbed him well across the mouth and got some soap within. Then with a towel, blazing hot, he burned Phil's countenance, and while the pain was stifling him, the bootblack saw his chance. He did not wait for yes or no, but straightway he began to put some leather-rotting stuff on Phil's two shoes of tan.

And meanwhile, poor Philosopher in semi-conscious state, had dreams of fearful torture done by ruthless hand of fate. And although almost senseless he, quite overcome by pain, had wit enough to ask the man: "Why don't you use cocaine?" But soon, a state of coma reached, the barber smiled a smile, and started in to fix old Phil in most artistic style. He doped his face with scented grease and gave him a massage; he curled his eyebrows, washed his ears--our hero could not dodge. He slapped a whirling rubber thing around his cheeks and nose and sprayed his epidermis with a perfume nearly rose. He piled the powder on so thick that Phil looked like a clown. And then he brought Phil back to life and let the foot rest down. Phil took the check and smiled, because they let him out alive. Quite glad to go, although it cost poor Phil two eighty-five. He wandered from the barber shop up to a hardware store. He bought a safety razor and he murmured: "Nevermore!"

WHAT SHE UNDERSTOOD. "Is your husband at the ball game?" "Yes," young Mrs. Torkins replied. "I think the game exerts a beneficial influence. He is always talking about a lot of men who are making frantic struggles to get home."--Washington Star.

FAR FROM IT. "Where am I?" the invalid exclaimed, waking from the long delirium of fever and feeling the comfort that loving hand had supplied. "Where am I--in heaven?" "No, dear," cooed his wife; "I'm still with you."

THE TACOMA MARKET

Table with columns for 'RETAIL PRICES' and 'Wholesale Prices'. Lists various goods like meat, produce, and their prices.

B. I. P. U. QUOTATIONS

Table with columns for 'FRUIT' and 'VEGETABLES'. Lists prices for items like gooseberries, strawberries, and various vegetables.

Ach! Osgar is Cruelly Snubbed by the King's Dear Friend By Condo

