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Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

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The Women's Exhibition

So the women folks are going to show the world just what they can do in a big exhibit over in Berlin this month? Well, that's a good idea in many ways. There will be women doctors, women lawyers, bankers, politicians, journalists, authors, manufacturers, ministers, managers of big businesses, stenographers, contractors, etc. In fact, there will be mighty few lines of human endeavor in which woman's remarkable progress will not be pictured at this Berlin show.

Please Do Ask It

Jim Hill told the Stanley steel investigating committee that should the federal government "assume control of business," there would soon be no federal government but a monarchy.

A Bit Rattled

What's this peace fight coming to, anyhow? The democratic house moves to cut down the appropriations for army and navy and ammunition for the same.

OBSERVATIONS

SEAWEED is used for all sorts of things by the Japs. Glue, glass, iodine, foodstuffs and sweetmeats are a few of them. More than 600 varieties are utilized, bringing in an annual income of over a million dollars.

AN illuminated, transparent flatiron has been invented which serves to illuminate the work being done.

NEW metal discovered called "candium," and it is expected to rival gold, silver and platinum in value.

RAILROADS are making a test of concrete ties to replace the wooden ones which are increasing so rapidly in value as timber becomes more and more scarce.

IN testing the balconies of a new concrete theater in Colorado Springs, the first audience was composed of several hundred bags of sand weighing 100 pounds each.

ALONG the Panama canal the sun will be the lamplighter. The heat of its rays will close copper cylinders, shutting off the gas during the day; in the coolness of evening, the cylinders will expand and open a tiny pilot flame will ignite the acetylene gas.

FRANCE is to spend \$5,000,000 yearly getting ready for a battle in the air, mostly on aeroplanes.

KING GEORGE has produced a sensation by giving Sir Edward Grey the Garter. Ed is supposed to have socks to go with it.

WILL Cousin Bill Taft please recognize the Ching Hwa republic? Mrs. Empress Dowager and her brood have taken to the woods and President Yuan Shi Kai is yelling for recognition. Bill ought to be able to say "Howdy, Brother Shi Kai!" without spraining his wrist.

THE MARKETS

Table with columns: PRICES PAID, PRODUCER, and various market items like Lettuce, Turnips, Beef, Pork, Onions, Cabbage, Spinach, Chicken, Oysters, Clams, Crabs, Butter, Eggs, etc.

A GOOD FOUNDATION

That's what—Day's Big Five have—the best denim coupled with the best workmanship, produces the best Overall.

The Bank of California

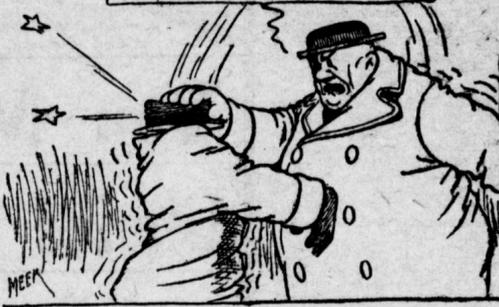
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION Established 1864. Capital and Surplus \$15,000,000.00. San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle. TACOMA BRANCH The Bank of California Building, Tacoma.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

WELL EVERETT, MY OLD WOMAN AND I CELEBRATED OUR TENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY YESTERDAY.



ALLOW ME TO CONGRATULATE YOU I DEARLY LOVE TO HEAR A MAN REFER TO HIS WIFE AS 'THE OLD WOMAN'!!!



Josh Wise Says:



"When a newcomer at th' Beelaysport tavern registers with a flourish at the end of his name, I know he's going to ask for a room without bath."

"Time laughs at th' man who dyes his hair."

"Out in our neck o' th' woods they call Clate Shropshire th' 'hog king,' but that's no sign he rides on th' end seat o' th' street cars."

"This talk of 'tired business men' makes a farmer tired."

"Th' mixed train from Silo Sliding was a recent arrival."—Item in the Beelaysport Argus.

"Just about th' time we are able to live on wind alone, along will come a dead cat'm."

We faint would sing of moonlight, And of the babbling brook, But since we've thought it over, We know we'd get the hook.



No smoking compartment is large enough to hold me at the same time with the traveler who entertains the crowd with stories of women he has met.

A banquet is tiresome enough, but a flashlight photograph of it is the last straw.

When I see a "drunk," I don't know whether to kick him or the idlers who wait nearby to see the wagon take him away.

Don't negligently flick cigar ashes on me. That's only a pain, and I'm liable to push you off your pedestal.

An unpleasant "rough house" is in store for the establishment that drops me like a hot cake when I have gone to deal in person, and transact business over my head with someone who has called up over the telephone.

HUBBY WAS CARELESS The fire in the furnace went out; We heard a feminine shout; We saw a masculine roar; As "John" moved quickly about.



There was a good deal of romance about the pirates.—From a recent book.

The green sea heaves in a hurling swell, The low, black ship in the offing rides; But the pirates—devils come hot from Hell—Are swarming over the merchant's sides! And it's fight 'em fair and it's fight 'em foul With smoking pistol or dripping blade, For they are kin to the beasts who growl! A tigerish gang for a tiger's trade!

It's outlast stroke and powder flare, Hot breath and cruel eyes that glare! And beat them back with steel and lead Till all the decks run pirate red; A fiendish crew, sans ruth or fears, The Buccaneers! The Buccaneers!

Led in their raid by a savage brute Terror of many a bloody brawl, Pitiless they in their lust for loot, Granting no quarter to those who fall! So it's slash and shoot them and stand and fight As the battle is wavering to and fro, For the coward dies as he seeks his flight And the brave man answers them—blow for blow!

The deck's a-splotch with scarlet slime, The brigands mad with hat and crime, The wounded down—but fighting yet Their faces flecked with blood and sweat, Grim fight—unglorified by cheers— To grapple beasts—and Buccaneers!

The green sea heaves in a hurling swell, The low black ship in the offing lies, The buccaneers with their hearts of hell Have won their battle and made their prize; The merchant ship is a shambles now (For the living talk but the dead are dumb) And the Buccaneers in a drunken row Are quarreling over the loot and rum!

With eyes that gloat and sneering lip Death stalks about the beaten ship For pirate hearts are hard and black Leaving but horror in their track. Armored alike to oaths or tears, The Buccaneers, the Buccaneers!

Most Anything

It takes 46 varieties of garments to make a man in the report from the tailors' association. And they didn't count in a hair-cut and shave, either.

The fellow who needs a push to start him ought to be pushed so hard he'd never come back.

THE REAL TROUBLE Oh the tears we waste and the years we waste Over our heart and our hand Which we'd not have to do, only sheekies are few (But of course you know, that fact isn't new) We're just scared, you understand.

A Des Moines, Iowa, baker claims bread will be cheaper next year. Talk about your optimism!

Give a little, take a little, Laugh a little, too. Don't let any get your "nanny" And you never will be "blue."

A Shelton, Conn., man of 90 spends his time in the winter tobogganing. Living up to his age, isn't he?

The "girl with the appealing eyes" is the newest form of pick-pocket, says a newspaper report. It's a good bet that married men can't see where it's anything "new."

Tommy Tapper was so dapper The girl all "fell" for him. When he married coal bills harried Now his dapperness is dim.

I ain't afraid to trust any man for a small amount who is a good wisler.—Joss Billings.

Shabby respectability isn't just the thing, but it's better than none.

Some folks just can't make their voices behave. They say one thing and do another.

THE IRONY OF NAME



Brown: So you would like to you can't find out what his ball-attach Jones' bank deposit, but ain't! Who refused you that information? Smith (bitterly): They called him the "teller."

Definitions: Winter—Lots of muscle and a snow-shovel.

THE CHIEF OFFENDER The Ice Man now reaps his harvest And stores it away by the ton, Where some time next July or August, It will fatten his pocket with "mum."

At this time he'll say there's a shortage, The price must go up a few "beans;" And you? Why you'll simply "holer" And dig away down in your jeans.

It's a cold day when the rent doesn't come due.

COMPANY FOR YORICK

ALAS POOR YORICK, YOU AREN'T THE ONLY DEAD HEAD IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT



Giddap, Dobbins! make the old wheels spin; We've got to buy a cradle to put new baby in.

A City Where 25,000 Live On The Water



THE PASIG RIVER AT MANILA.



A LOADED CASCO ON THE PASIG RIVER.

By Dorothy Stanhope. MANILA, P. I., Feb. 20.—Twenty-five thousand people in Manila live in boats on the Pasig River. From above the Bridge of Spain to the mouth of the river, cascos, as the combination freight and house-boats are known, are lined along the shore, three, four and sometimes six deep, leaving only passing room in midstream. The main part of a casco is used for freight, the room at one end being reserved for the patron, who corresponds to the American stevedore. Frequently two, three, or even four patrons and their families occupy the one small room. Here they eat, sleep and live with their pigs and their chickens, including the fighting-cock, which is never missing from a casco. When a bath is desired, the river is conveniently at hand and any time of day or night children can be seen swimming in the river in the heart of the city. Raised on the water, these people are utterly fearless of it. Women and children walk along the edge of the boat regardless of the depth of water. In the shallows, cascos are propelled by long poles and in their efforts to speed the boats along, the patrons frequently throw all their weight on the poles, nearly standing on their heads at times. Streams of cascos, laden with Philippine produce, are towed to the ocean-going steamers and return with foreign produce to the warehouses on the river banks. There was once an idea that with the deepening of the harbor and the building of docks, at which the big steamers could land and discharge their cargoes, the day of the casco would end. The commerce of Manila has doubled since time of day or night children can be seen swimming in the river in still for the river people.

Single Tax---How It Works

ARTICLE NO. 8. By Edmund Norton. And just here—let us talk about "class-consciousness." Under Single Tax, all thought and talk of class-consciousness we know it, will die out. What is class-consciousness? Should we be hit on the head by a brick, be "put to sleep," "come to" and see the earth, people and things about you; that would be retaining "consciousness." You would know that you were alive and surrounded by things. That would be PERSONAL, or individual, consciousness. Every sane person has that. When we become conscious of our relations to family, tribe or clan; to the community, state or nation; then is developed in the natural order of their succession, FAMILY, TRIBAL, COMMUNAL, and STATE or NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS. From national consciousness is born "patriotism," which Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, defined as "The last refuge of a scoundrel." Should we ever become so broad as to realize the Brotherhood of Man, as did Tom Paine, and be able to truly say: "The world is my country; To do good, my religion;" then we would be WORLD CONSCIOUS.

There is but one higher thought than this. When we learn that we are atoms or souls on a STAR, associated with the planets, sun, the other stars and the Universe;—the COSMOS; then we have a COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS; that the very highest, that teaches us that we are not only "Sons of Man," but "Sons of God," children of the Universe. But then there are other states of consciousness. A man may feel that he is a sinner or saint; rich or poor; slave or master, or that he is a mere animal or a living soul. You see that this question takes you right into philosophy, metaphysics and other things that many folks consider "intellectual Jim-jams." But as some of these are becoming stock phrases in large gatherings of people, we should know a little about them—even if "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

When a man feels that he is a sinner or saint he classifies himself before his own conscience. When he feels himself a Slave, Legal or Industrial—he classifies himself POLITICALLY or ECONOMICALLY, and it is this political or economic classification that we deal with,—in the next paper. The Single Tax deals with MAN, Freedom, and its faults; with Man and his Rights to Nature; with MAN and not with CLASS—therefore it has no class-consciousness.

Charles Cole, daughter of the American ambassador at Berlin, was so impressed with the brilliancies of the Kaiser's court that she lost her footing on the palace stairs. At the bottom she found herself with a dislocated shoulder.

UPLIFT THOUGHTS As we journey through life let us live by the way.—Tom Moore. The abler and the higher in station a man is the more he owes help to others.—Tom Reed. Joy is the legal tender of the soul.—Ingersoll. He prayeth best who loveth best. All things both great and small.—Coleridge. I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense Yet lacking sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—Cowper. He who joy would win Must share it—happiness was born a twin.—BYRON.

A BIG DIFFERENCE "I have a remarkable history," began the woman who looked like a possible client. "To tell or sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.—New York Evening Sun.

REGRETS. "They say he's come into a lot of money." "Is that so? Dear me! I could have married him once!"—Detroit Free Press.

BAD BREATH By a Physician. Bad breath is essentially a symptom of deranged digestion. Sometimes it is due to infection in the nasal cavity and sometimes to neglected teeth, but in nine cases out of ten it is due to stomach or bowel trouble, and can't be cured by any amount of tooth washing and mouth rinsing. The only way to cure bad breath from stomach or intestinal trouble is to eliminate the infection that causes it. Keep the bowels open. Eat laxative and easily digested food. Flush the colon with water once in a while. A spoonful of quinine muriate in the water used for the anemia will help matters wonderfully.

Why Don't We Say It? BIRTHDAY PRESENT? GREAT CAESAR!! WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO BE?



TODAY IN HISTORY

Feb. 20, 1862, just 50 years ago today, Sugar creek and the Boston 'n o u n tains in northern Arkansas became more famous and more bloody than they had ever been before, for Gen. Sterling Price of the confederate army, who had been fleeing before the federals under Curtis for a week, was that day reinforced by Gen. McCulloch and decided to make a stand. After the shooting began, however, Price again decided that it was no good place for a stand and retreated to Cove creek.

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