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Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

WHICH MOTHER IS THE PROUDEST?

In New York today a mother is nestling her baby to her heart—a wonderful baby—one that all the world is watching.

It is a boy. The mother wanted it to be a boy and she is proud. His name, when he is christened, will be John, for that was his father's name.

The baby, just a tiny mite of eight pounds, is heir to more money than any other baby in the world. He will come into possession of Astor millions when he becomes a man.

New York is rejoicing with the mother. For a month it has waited for the coming of the stork into the Astor home.

The mother is beautiful, one of the beauties of America, and she is young.

In the Astor home today a score of liveried servants and a squad of nurses and doctors are watching over the babe and its mother. When it becomes a child the babe will have an attendant to answer to his every wish for he is rich, the son of a millionaire.

At Point Defiance today a mother is nestling her baby to her heart—a wonderful baby—one that no one knows but its loving parents.

It is a boy. The mother wanted it to be a boy and she is proud. His name, when he is christened, will be Charles, for that is his father's name.

The baby, just a tiny mite of 10 pounds, is a strong, healthy youngster with a tremendous strength in his legs and feet. His father is a carpenter, a man of honesty and worth.

For months the father and mother have watched for the baby's coming. He is to be a great man, a good man, for they have planned it all out for him.

The mother is beautiful, all mothers are. She is young and strong and kind.

In the home today a nurse is watching over the babe and its mother. And as the mother kisses its tiny cheek she is the happiest woman in the world, for when it becomes older her babe is to be a wonderful man, strong and fearless—a man, an American.

Sunset Phone Franchise

The city commission is again about to be harassed by the Sunset Telephone company on the question of granting a new franchise.

It looks like a waste of time to consider the question.

It is not likely the commissioners will vote for any franchise renewal now. If they did it is a safe guess that the people would demand a referendum on the thing and kill it in an election.

But the company says it wants to put in three quarters of a million in improvements and does not feel like doing it unless it gets another 25-year grip on the people here. All of which is bosh.

The people have had that kind of stuff fed to them for so many years by public service corporations they are getting surfeited with the diet. It does not taste good any more.

If the Sunset company needs to make great improvements to give good service—and that will be accepted without argument—let it make them.

Its property will be here after they are made. Nobody is going to take it from them without due remuneration. The present franchise runs until 1915. If at that time the city wants to take over the telephone business it would have to pay for any improvements put in. If the city does not take it over the company may get a new franchise then. Or it may be allowed simply to go on operating without a franchise until the city does get ready to assume ownership.

Or what is perhaps even more likely Uncle Sam may decide that the whole telephone business of the country should be an adjunct of the postal system and he may take the whole thing over in the entire country.

At all events there seems to be no real reason why a new 25-year grant should be given the Bell telephone monopoly just now. Their franchise has not expired and there is no need for any action—unless it be to compel the company to give better service for less money.

A Great Work

During the past year the children's gardens on the University of California campus have given 200 or more Berkeley (Cal.) children an insight into nature. The departure was in charge of Professor Stebbins.

The little tots, barred from the privileges of a playground, have found in these gardens a wonderful new land, where nature manifested itself; where they learned the mystery of growth; where they found recreation that tended to bodily vigor; where they were taught the joy of work; where they learned the rudiments of business administration and civics with their little market and banking system, and their staff of officers, the mayor, commissioners, street superintendent and other dignitaries.

Meanwhile, there have been almost as many Berkeley mothers who had the assurance that their little ones were engaged in their play-work in wholesome surroundings, off the streets, away from danger, and under the kindly, character-building influence of Professor Stebbins.

The work started in Berkeley should be carried on by school authorities of every city in this country, because it is one of the best influences, exclusive of the home influence, which has entered into the lives of children.

Observations

TO withdraw or not to withdraw—that is the question.

THAT 'Frisco weather prophet has the government beaten a mile.

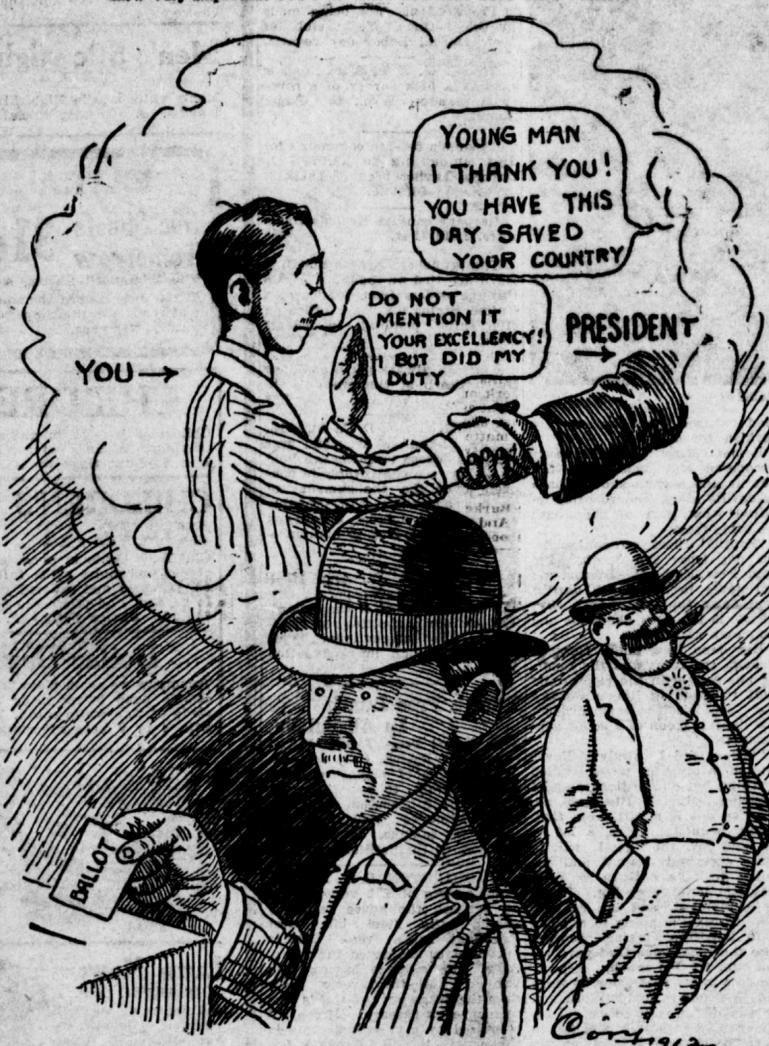
ANYWAY Judge Cushman appointed a Tacoma man for district clerk.

THE statement by state officials that 30,000 more farmers are needed in this state to feed the people already here ought to cause some of the struggling urban citizens to break for the woods.

NOW a California prognosticator says that sun spots are responsible for this sweet weather. Suppose Mother Earth is trying to wash the sun's face.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

How Very Important You Felt When You Cast Your First Vote.



The Times Daily Short Story

A FAMILY READING.

By Stewart B. Stone.

Mr. Tompkins sought his favorite leather chair, kicked off his shoes, slipped on his new fancy effect carpet slippers, and reached for the Evening Cablegram, when his young daughter, Ethel, addressed him:

"Pa, read the continued story, about the Princess Nerissa, aloud to us, please."

"No—no!" groaned Tompkins. "There's nothing solid in sweet milk-and-water romance. Let's see now—'Salvator wins—'"

"Oh, pa," put in young Teddy, "read the funny column—"

Mr. Tompkins put on a frown like a bust of Huxley. "B-r-r!" he growled. "I want to read about the Stockton Futurity."

Mrs. Tompkins cleaned her throat. "Surely you can find something in the paper to interest the entire family—the embroidery instructions—Aunt Lucy Talks With the Children—the Sunday school outline, or something."

"Er—let's see," sighed Tompkins, making the most of a bad situation. "Here it is. This is promising: 'Three Thousand are Slain in Cold Blood!'"

"Heaven save us!" exclaimed Mrs. Tompkins.

"A farmer in Louisiana fell from a precipice 200 feet high," resumed Mr. Tompkins, "and landed in a hay wagon, severely bruising his right leg."

"Wheew!" whistled Teddy. "Wonder it didn't kill him."

"The owner of the vehicle became angry," pursued Tompkins, "and kicked the unfortunate farmer into the Gulf of Mexico nearby, where a shark bit off his left arm at the elbow."

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Tompkins, dropping her sewing.



"This is promising: 'Three thousand slain in cold blood!'"

"Escaping from the embrace of the chilly waters," Mr. Tompkins continued dramatically, "the poor farmer ran along the Texas state line until he encountered an insane negro, who cut off his right ear with a razor."

"Jerusalem!" gasped little Ethel.

"Pursued by the gigantic negro, he ran until he reached the Red river, when he fell into the crimson water, severely spraining his left ankle," continued Mr. Tompkins. "The farmer was then carried by the scarlet flood to the Mississippi, where he landed safely. Inquiring at a house for bread, the lady scalded him with hot water."

"Ain't he dead yet?" asked Teddy.

"At that he showed fight," resumed Tompkins, "but the lady threw a red-hot iron at him,

fearfully blistering his right hand."

"Unfeeling woman!" commented Mrs. Tompkins.

"Whereupon he rushed into a nearby swamp, where he was bitten by three thousand of the terrible Yazoobugs. Our hero would no doubt have given up and died then and there had not an aged Indian chief appeared with a bottle containing a mysterious substance, which soothed the bruised leg, restored the bitten left arm, healed the dreadful razor cut, reset the sprained ankle, cured the scalds, relieved the blisters and killed the three thousand Yazoobugs. The secret of this wonderful balm was obtained from the old Indian by our hero and this great preparation can now be had at all drug stores, where it is known as 'Dr. Hock's Great Yazo Tonic and Pain Eradicator,' price one dollar, fifty cents and twenty-five cents."

A great sigh of resentment went up from the listening family.

"It's only a medicine ad," pouted Ethel.

And Mr. Tompkins turned to the pink sheet of Salvator.

When responding to Times Ads, say "I saw it in The Times."

Merchant's Delivery Moving and Storage Main 108.

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DE CASE OF BROTHER SASSOON

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

"Yo' sho'ly has to watch night and day to sustain yo' 'ligious correctness," remarked good old Brother Bimmelick. "Kase old Satan never lay off fum business—he dess grinds on and on like a buzz-saw; and dess de very minute yo' thinks yo'self plumb safe fum him—kerzow!—he's got yo'!"

"Dar was de calamity dat done fell up on Brudder Sassoon—him w'd de wooden leg, yo' ricklec'. Well, sa, he devil done tacked right in de church, and took dat po' brudder's 'fiction and slapped him plumb out'n good standin' wid it. Brudder Sassoon had been outside de fellowship for goodness how long—I fuhgits now dess what 'twuz dat got him crossways, but, 'tennyrate, dar he was, up-vallerin' in de sasspole o' sin, and all de rest of us tryin' to saturate him back into de church. But he hung off twell de Bishop—yo' knows de Bishop, big, po'ttily yellow gentleman—look to laborin' wid him. Well, he come th'oo dat disreluctant brudder did, and he come clean, and de Bishop fetched him back to de fold, tudder Sunday mawnin'."

De Bishop was plumb tickled wid de success of de operation, and dey comes up de aisle, de Bishop ahead, wavin' aside de rusher and uh-rushin' de stray lamb up to de front hisse's, proud as a Tommy-turkey, wid Brudder Sassoon stobbin' along behind on his wooden leg, and a whole puccussion o' brudders dat had he'ped in the 'mission uh-troopin' along after 'em, and de house rockin' wid de glad hallerloovers of welcome for de lamb dat was lost.

"An' den, dess as de Bishop was bowin' low and uh-wavin' de lost sheep into de pew, po' Brudder Sassoon stabbed hi wooden leg th'oo a knot-hole in de flo', and tumbles for'ard wid a howl, and cracks de Bishop's bowed hed ker-ber-him wid his own hed. De Bishop is yallah, like I says, and Brudder Sassoon belin' black, he knocks de Bishop flat. And de brudders dat was troopin' along behind tumbled all over Brudder Sassoon an' de Bishop and troyed 'em good, and a brudder fum over at Timbinsiville, dat's a hawse doctah, hollered dat Brudder Sassoon was enjoyin' a fit, and jumps up an' sets on his hed to hold him. Po' Brudder Sassoon managed to waller loose after a speel, and unbuckled his wooden leg and knocked dat hawse doctah brudder end-over-ways, and lit in to hommerin' de Bishop like a houn', and Brudder Dinger, de gambelin' man, hollered dat he'd bet two to one on de black, and all de sistabs swahmed in to he'p de dear Bishop, and such a swine round and round yo' never did see!

"Brudder Sassoon was put right out'n de church agin, and swo' dat he never would come into no fold nary sadder time.

"Nuseah! Yo' isn't safe, no time nor 'casion, fum de wiles o' Satan, less'n yo' watch like a hawk."



With Times Fun Makers

THE BOLD FISHERMAN
"Has your father gone fishing?"
"No," replied the curly headed boy, with a frank smile. "He calls it fishing, but what he's really doing is hiding out so that he won't have to be around while ma holds a suffragette reception."

JUST LIKE SEALS
"Johnny, I suppose your sister has other beaux besides me."
"Bout seven more."
"Where do you think I stand in her affections?"
"I'm afraid you're in the second division, pal."—Chicago Tribune.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE
"I can't understand why married couples ever have a disagreement," she said. "I don't see why those matters can't be so adjusted that there will be no friction. Now, my husband and I understand each other thoroughly."
"Indeed?" he replied. "How long have you been married?"
"Nearly three days."—Judge.

VARIED STOCK
A writer of "best sellers," who has a cottage "down in Maine," once asked the man who served him with fresh vegetables how much stock he kept on his farm.
"Six cows and a bull," said the produce vender, "two yokes of oxen, a calf, a horse and three shares of Vermont Central."

ANXIOUS TO KNOW
"Officer," she said, hastening to the policeman, "that person has been following me for an hour."
"Do you want me to arrest him?"
"No; but I wish you would find out whether he thinks I'm beautiful or is just running around after me because I wear a pannier skirt and carry a cane."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HOW HE GOT OFF
"Have you formed any opinion as to this mans guilt or innocence?"
"I have not, but I'm not eligible as a juror."
"Why not?"
"My wife has."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MEXICAN REVOLUTION
"We call that girl Juarez."
"Why?"
"She's been captured six times this season."—Kansas City Journal.

What became of that fair-haired girl you were engaged to last summer?"
"Oh, she dyed."

In Warramunga, Africa, the men folks put their wome under a ban of silence by holding the little finger of the right hand in front of her mouth. Sometimes the man dies without lifting the ban and his widow goes through life talking with her fingers.

And they do say that there isn't a henpecked husband in that part of Africa.

But Our Dog Has the Most.
A great banker of Europe has the finest collection of fleas in captivity.

Without throwing a single brick, American suffragists have come within hailing distance of success; while their British cousins are still divided as to whether the brickbat or hatchet is the proper equal suffrage argument.

Now we know why coal oil and gasoline are higher.
John D. Rockefeller has financed an anti-graft prosecution in New York city.—News Item.

A REAL "KNOCKDOWN."
Mr. Hogan—Where did OI git th' black eye? OI'm just after bein' initiated.
Mr. Kelly—Into what society?
Mr. Hogan—Into th' society av me mother-in-law.

The Markets

Oranges—\$2.75 @ 5.75.
Rhubarb — Home grown, 2c lb.
California Grape Fruit—\$3.50 @ 4.50.
Cherries—25c @ 1.25.
Asparagus — Wash., 1 1/2 @ 1.50.
Potatoes—\$22 a ton.
Lettuce—\$1.10 a crate; 20 @ 25c a doz. heads.
Turnips—\$1 @ 1.35 a sack.
Beef—11 1/2 @ 12 1/2 c.
Pork—12 1/2 @ 16 1/2 c.
Beets—\$2 sack.
Onions—85c @ 92.85.
Lemons—\$6.25.
Watermelons—1 1/2 c.

Loganberries, \$2 a crate.
Cantaloupes—\$1.50.
Carrots—\$2 a sack.
Cabbage—1 1/4 @ 3 1/4 c.
Spinach—90c a box.
Chickens—12 @ 20c a lb.
Oysters—\$7.50 per sack.
Clams—\$1.50 sack.
Crabs—\$1.50 @ 1.75 doz.
Butter:
Washington Creamery—31 @ 32c.
Eggs
Washington Ranch—25 @ 28c.
WHOLESALE PRICES.
Feed.
Hay, \$13 @ 19 ton; oats, \$38 ton; wheat, \$28.50 @ 30; shorts, \$29.50 ton; bran, \$27.50 a ton.