

ISSUES OF THE SCOTT'S NORTHWEST... BUSINESS OFFICE MAIN 12...

Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

PHONES Business Office Main 12... OFFICE-776-778 COMMERCIAL ST.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.--George Eliot.

Why the Prejudice Against Shooting?

THE WARDEN OF THE state penitentiary of Nevada sat with his head in his hands. He was puzzled. The law called upon him to execute a murderer, Andriji Mirkovich, in a few days, and allowed the condemned to choose between shooting and hanging.

Mirkovich chose shooting--and no man could be found willing to stand up before a defenseless man and kill him. So the warden could not carry out the sentence. He would not do the killing himself. He was trying to find a man with a soul so seared that he was ready to do this thing for money. And then he would, of course, let the soul-seared one go free among the people!

The evening papers came to the warden and gave the news that seven men had been killed by the warden of Sing Sing, New York, that day. The law provided for these killings too. The seven were murderers. But the warden at Sing Sing sent through their bodies a current of electricity which burned up the nerves, stopped the hearts, and liberated the souls of the murderers. The warden of Sing Sing is not reported as being at all embarrassed by this seven-fold slaughter. Yet, in all probability, he, too, would refuse to be one of five men to stand before a prisoner and shoot a bullet into him.

Seemingly, it is not the killing which revolts men, but the sight of it. Perhaps that is why employers kill employes so cheerfully by bad labor conditions. They do not see their victims' blood.

There is hope in the Reno incident. The time is coming when capital punishment will be abandoned for lack of a supply of men degraded enough to take an office which carries with it the duty of becoming an executioner. There will be no supply of legalized murderers. People will see that it is as bad to shoot people with electricity out of sight, as with bullets in plain view. And the horrid rites of "justice" will slip into the past with cannibalism.

The Three Million Dollar Baby

WE NOISILY CHATTER over the fact that the Astor baby is born to three millions. But what can money mean to this or any other babe?

Are its eyes any brighter, is its smile any sweeter, or the touch of its lips upon its mother's breast any more tender because of the fortune that waits it?

To Baby John the clink of coins is but a sound, the tints of bills and bonds are but a flare of color, and all the money in the world means less to him than the kiss and clasp of love.

The pure soul fresh from the heart of God is far too wise as yet to be dazzled by the glitter of wealth which later we sink to worship.

The infant mind is virgin soil for whatever seed modern civilization may sow in it; and according to the planting the fruit will be bitter or sweet, yielding sustenance to the common impulse or being poisonous to it.

The now tender, tractable heart will some day beat strong with love or hate.

These are the things that determine useful and happy life, not money.

There are some things dearer even than money, and a baby, rich or poor, high or low, is one of them.

This Is America, Not Russia

THE NEW YORK WORLD, printing Senator LaFollette's accusation that the Postoffice Department had opened and perused his private mail, makes the charge without qualification, that its private mail was regularly opened by some person or persons in the postoffice service when it was having its Panama canal row with President Roosevelt.

It charges, without qualification, that when the Periodical Publishers' Association sent a committee to Washington, several years ago, to argue the question of postal rates on second class matter, the mail of the committee was systematically tampered with. "Opening private letters that contain matter interesting or prejudicial to its heads is no new habit of the Postoffice Department of the United States," says the World.

Complete indifference seems to be the attitude of officials toward these charges of LaFollette and the World.

If La Follette and the World are wrong, this attitude is all very well.

If there is one grain of truth in the charges made by La Follette and the World, there ought to be such a clamor in this country as would penetrate the thickest wall or the thickest head in Washington.

Russian governmental tactics are quite as much out of place in the national capital as they were in Lawrence, Mass. A Postoffice Department official is no more a sacred being than is a cotton mill owner.

With Times Fun Makers



UNCLE SAM IS LAUNDERING PAPER MONEY.

HERE ARE SOME POSSIBILITIES WHEN IT BECOMES A FAMILY HABIT.



TROPICAL TRAGEDY



A BAD ONE Binks--Which is the most dangerous, the automobile or the aeroplane? Jinks--Well, the aeroplane runs over more people than the automobile.--Cincinnati Enquirer.

CONSISTENT "Nature is consistent in her works." "Sure. For example, she always puts the brow of a hill above the mouth of a stream."--Baltimore American.

TWO KINDS "Kindly return my lock of hair." "All right. Do you want the dark lock or the one you gave me when you were a blonde?"--Washington Herald.

REAL ART "Is that picture a genuine work of art?" asked the uninstructed observer. "No," replied Mr. Cumrox, frankly, "but the story the dealer gave me along with it is."--Washington Star.

COSTLY PROPOSAL Mollie--Did you ever propose to a girl in a taxicab? Chollie--I did. Mollie--What was the answer? "Chollie--Sixteen dollars and forty cents."--Yonkers Statesman.

A DRAWBACK Neighbor--They tell me your son is in the college eleven. Proud Mother--Yes, indeed. Neighbor--Do you know what position he plays? Proud Mother--I ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks.--Satire.

RECOGNITION OF GENIUS "The great discoverer of our continent was not honored as he should have been during his lifetime." "No. America is the country that discovered Columbus."--Washington Star.

Mrs. Mason's colored washerwoman, Martha, was complaining of her husband's health. "Why, is he sick, Martha?" asked Mrs. Mason. "He's ve'y po'ly, ma'am, ve'y po'ly," answered the woman. "He's got the exclamationary rheumatism." "You mean inflammatory, Martha," said the patron. "Exclamationary means to cry out." "Yes, ma'am," replied Martha, with conviction; "dat's what it is. He hollers all the time."

RIGHT IN HIS LINE "Was your son one of the popular boys at college?" "Yes, indeed. He was elected cheer leader three times." "And what is he going to do now?" "He is considering a fine offer to call carriages for a leading catering firm."--Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TALLER BEER "I see that beer is higher." "That's all right, if you mean that schooners are taller."--New York Press.

Don't waste life on doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.--Emerson.

The Markets

Table listing market prices for various goods such as Oranges, California Grape Fruit, Potatoes, etc.

Have you anything you would like to sell? If you have a "For Sale" ad in the Times it will find you a buyer for it.

Be Careful Use PAPER SANITARY DRINKING CUPS

Ten in a package for 5 Cents at THE BONNEY PHARMACY Main 553. 902 Pac. av.

The Times Daily Short Story

A LA PARK BENCH

By R. S. Phillips. Wallis looked at her furtively but pitying. She appeared very forlorn and alone, spite of an apparent daintiness.

Wallis was in search of "local color." Could he? Dared he? Yes, he would interview her, delicately but understandingly, as Wallis, star reporter of the Star, well knew how. His tramping clothes were none too prosperous looking. He slouched along and sank down upon the further end of the bench. Luckily a squirrel ran up just then, chattering saucily for food.

"Persistent little beggars, aren't they?" ventured Wallis, cheerfully. She stooped to pick up a varletted leaf that an errant breeze had whirled to her feet. "When the winter comes the squirrels have their stores--but the others--" She glanced at several other shabby figures on nearby benches.

"Never mind! It may be much better by the time snow flies." "That is the poor comfort of the poor--the much better that never comes. But we can always sympathize with each other, and that is something, isn't it?"

The smile in the violet eyes fairly dazzled Wallis. He forgot his intended interview. He forgot everything but the girl, and that hour spent on a park bench became the old, old story of man's infatuation at first sight.



That Home on the Park Bench Became the Same Old Story of Infatuation at First Sight.

When they parted at the park entrance, he cursed his blind stupidity. Name, address, everything, save a most vivid personality, were unknown quantities. He started racing swiftly along the street, but she had vanished--a dream, gone into the haze where dreams abide. Wallis' eyes filled with unaccustomed, bitter tears. She was alone, forlorn, poor, and he had let her go. He was alone, forlorn, poor--for he loved her and lost her. Ted Hastings hung his coat across a chair and smiled wickedly at Wallis. "There's a new woman on the staff--but so softly,

deuced clever. Wrote that stunning special 'From a Park Bench!'"

Wallis grumbled and hurried from the room. A "special" about park benches! And his girl, the girl of his life, found them her only recreation! Again those bitter tears stung his eyes, and he lost all sense of location.

Smart contact with another moving body was the result. A gruff "Beg pardon" followed. Then he looked into the eyes of "his girl," here, on the landing sacred to the habitues of the Star. She was a vision in gray, with costly furs sweeping almost to the toes of correct and dainty patent leathers.

"You!" "And you!" "I'm a reporter on the Star! Always was! Was then!" This was more than vague, but when chaos righted itself she said that she had understood. "And I'm the--new reporter!" "Then it was all a pretty lie--the loneliness, the sympathy with--them!"

"I thought you one of them." Her voice was full of tender pity. "And I am alone in the world, really!" "You shall not be any more," Wallis declared, with prehistoric fierceness. "Just one month to a day," she finished, mischievously. "Then you've remembered!"--with imbecile rapture. "I couldn't forget!"--very softly.

Advertisement for Green Trading Stamps, featuring the S. & H. logo and text: 'You Will Miss Something If You Don't Read This'.

Grid of advertisements for various businesses including Woodbury's, Ryner Malstrom, Griffin Transfer Co., Millinery, Grocery, and others.

Large advertisement for Merchant and Customer, featuring '10 GREEN STAMPS FREE--10' and 'The Sperry & Hutchinson Co.' logo.