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Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

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Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life.—Stevenson.

THE VERDICT

The trial of Sam Bridges last week in federal court shows it was about time for a good housecleaning in the federal court here, and the people may congratulate themselves on the events of the last few months in this branch of the public service in this section.

Ayers, Bridges, Hopkins, Hanford—all have been retired. It constitutes a pretty good housecleaning and indicates that the people may yet be brought to have some respect for the federal court here.

Hopkins is doing time at the penitentiary for his peculations, while clerk of the federal court at Seattle; Bridges is convicted of depositing money in his own name and using it on his own bank account, when it belonged to the court; Ayres was fired, and Hanford was allowed to resign to escape impeachment on most serious charges.

The trial of Bridges showed it was none too soon. By Hanford's own admissions in this trial Ayers was kept on the roll for years drawing a fat stipend from Uncle Sam after he was utterly incapacitated for service by reason of dissipation. Bridges appears from the evidence to have paid no attention to the law in carrying on the office, depositing money to his own account whenever he wanted it, in plain violation of law. And the excuse is that it has been customary.

Apparently it has been customary for local federal court officials to run along about as they pleased, when what they pleased violated the law, it made little difference. While Bridges escapes on the charge of embezzlement, yet his conviction on the other charges shows just how loose and irregular the court business was handled.

The wholesale housecleaning given the federal court should and will serve to impress the new officials with the fact that they are not holding office by divine right. The shake-up will have a splendid effect.

NEXT!

After a struggle lasting over 20 years, and after lagging behind most of the European countries by from 30 to 50 years, we have secured the beginning of a parcel post. The express monopoly has been able successfully to block this obviously beneficial and necessary function of government for so long that its inauguration is accompanied by formal ceremonies on the part of the postmaster general and the several postmasters as if in celebration of some momentous victory, which it is.

The postal savings banks and the parcel post being accomplished facts, there remains the next step—postal telegraphs and telephones. Most of the leading nations of Europe have already adopted the government-owned and operated telegraph and telephone services, with the result that their people enjoy cheap rates, efficient service, and all the advantages brought about by co-operation with the postoffice service, of which the telegraph and telephone are the natural supplements.

On Jan. 14, 1912—just a year ago—Postmaster General Hitchcock recommended the acquisition by the government of the telegraph companies. He said:

"The people have a right to a protected service that only the government can give, to the use of wires without the delays that special interests now secure at times and to the lower rates now necessary and possible."

Just the other day John Wanamaker, former postmaster general, made a powerful plea for federal ownership of telegraphs and telephones.

There is no sound argument against the government ownership and operation of these public services. Competition in this field—whatever it may do in other fields—certainly results in inefficiency. Any person who has lived in a town with two telephone companies knows this.

It is to be hoped that public opinion, strengthened by the successful launching of postal savings banks and the parcel post, will speedily force action on the question of government acquisition of the telegraphs and telephones, to be operated at cost for service and not for profit, by the government instead of private monopoly.

SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL

It is universally recognized that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but the trouble with us is that we do not realize how much use can be made of things we despise or undervalue.

Ever notice the wife at home making little knick-knacks for her company room out of odds and ends? Just wonderful what the little woman can do with almost nothing, isn't it?

Well, some day American cities are going to realize that it is possible to do just the same thing with properties they neglect. They are going to achieve beauty where it was never dreamed of before.

Look at Montreal. Rising out of the midst of the rocky island is a peak of volcanic origin some 700 feet above sea level. But the Canadian metropolis converted it into a park—Mount Royal—with winding roads through a primeval forest, and at last you come out on top and have a glorious view of the vast city, the St. Lawrence, and the mountains miles away. It is a piece of wild nature set right in the heart of a smoky city.

Or look at Toronto. A deep ravine runs through part of the town. Did they make a dump out of it? Or fill it up with ashes? Not much! They filled in part so that they could construct a boulevard down there, running through the overhanging bushes and trees. It is now a unique driveway.

Or look at New Orleans, which we usually consider behind American cities in progress, rather than in the van. Its residence streets in the new city are wide. The car tracks, of course, run in the center, but the city has made a grass parkway on both sides of the tracks for about 15 or 18 feet and also planted palms and magnolias, parallel with the tracks. The result is a continuous stretch of green beauty.

And what these cities can do, others can. It is simply a question of making use of opportunities.

Don't forget to feed the birds.

The popular man in Tacoma yesterday was the fellow with the horse shoe shovel.

That political ambition is stronger than gallantry is evidence by the fact that Biggar of Bellingham and Haynes of Benton county are seeking to defeat Mrs. H. G. Scott of Tacoma, who headed the Roosevelt electoral ticket as the person to carry the returns to Washington.

If the Commercial club falls down in its advertising campaign Joe Ettor will at least keep Tacoma before the world.

The vehicles out yesterday show that every Tacoman is a carpenter—that is, every man who has a boy without a sled.

Now that Mayor Seymour and the Rev. E. H. Wheeler both agree that the church is lagging behind on social and political reforms, the question is, will she brace up and get in the game?

Well Let's Smile awhile

MR. SKYGACK FROM MARS

SAW WELL-TO-DO FEMALE EARTH-BEING CARRIED BY BOW-BOW FOSTER CHILD ALTHOUGH IT WAS A QUADRUPED AND AGILE—PROBABLY CONSIDERS HER OWN SPECIES TOO INFERIOR TO WASTE MUCH TIME UPON.



By the Junior Office Boy

n. y., Jan. 10.—wait till I tell you about the poor press agent that had a crool goak played on him

he thought for several hours that he was going to be a millyenair

then he had to wake up, and now he wants to lick a certain newspaper man which was a friend of his, but aint no more

the press agent was setting at his desk when his telafone rung and here was the newspaper guy on the other end

hello, sam, he says, this is bill, down at the office of the morning guff, how would you like to make a millyen dollars

sam said he would like it pretty well, but he didnt have time to be talking to crazy newspaper guys over the telafone

crazy nuthing, says bill, lissen to me now, i was out on a storey yesterday and i run across an old inventor down on the east side

he has perfected a thingamajigg by which you can see the person you are talking to at the other end of the telafone

there's millyens in it, and we can go partners with him if we can scrape up 1,000 dollars apiece

fine, says sam, but i dont beleave a darn word of it

well, ansers bill, i gess i can convinse you, ive got one of the

inventions on my telafone right now, and i can tell you what you are doing

you are holding the reseaver with your left hand and youve got a cigeret in youre right mill by golly, that's right, hollers sam, tell me what i am doing now

you are standing up on your chair, with one foot on your desk, says bill

gee whiz, says sam, if you can see me doing that from the guff office, you've got the goods

so he dashed around and borrowed from evry frend he had on broadway till he had almost 1,000 dollars

and then a feller asked him into a caffay to have a drink, and there was about 50 fellers giving him the laff and asking him to let them in on the ground floor

his frend bill wasent in the morning guff office at all when he telafoned him, he was in an office across the street where he could see all what he was doing, the mean cuss johny

Something Due.

"Who is that man over there with such a surprised look on his face?"

"That is Bill's tailor, and he has just heard Bill say that he owes everything to his wife."—Browning's Magazine.

Famous Dignitaries of the World.

The visitor at the art display: "Excuse me, sir, but I'm a little near-sighted and have forgotten my glasses. Is that group up there Lincoln's cabinet?"

The exhibitor: "Lincoln's cabinet! Nothing like it. That, sir, is a priceless artist's proof of the annual meeting of the baseball magnates?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just a Plug.

She put down the book with a sigh. "What is it, darling?" he asked. "Ah, dearest, I'm so happy," she replied. "But you had such a sad look in your eyes just now." "I know. I've been reading about the unhappiness that the wives of men of genius have always had to bear. Oh, Alfred, I'm so glad you're just an ordinary sort of a fellow."—Syracuse Journal.

Was Real Mineral Spring.

City Chap—That's a wonderful mineral spring. It has iron in it, I guess.

Farmer Wayback—Indeed it has. Why, ole Sol Perkins' mare drank out of that there spring, and, by Jove! she hain't been shod since! Her shoes just grew out nacherel from her hoofs.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Didn't Want Her Any Way.

"How did Biggs take the news of his wife running away?" "Calmly enough. He seemed glad that the man she ran away with was Graftmann."

"Why go?" "Graftmann, he said, was never known to return anything yet."—Boston Transcript.

Cheerful.

Landlady (showing room) — And such a cheerful view, sir. Gentleman (looking out) — Why, it's a cemetery.

Landlady — Yes, sir. How cheerin' and comfortin' it will be when you gae out to think that you're not there.—Boston Advertiser.

The Lawyer.

Litigant—Your fee is outrageous. Why, it's more than three-fourths of what I recovered!

Lawyer—I furnished the skill and the legal learning for your case.

Litigant—But I furnished the case.

Lawyer—Oh, anybody can fall down a coal hole!—Boston Transcript.

A Bad Investment.

"What is your opinion of war?"

"War," replied the old fellow, "is a bad investment. The poor man goes out to fight and then, if he doesn't get killed, he has to come home and help pay the debts."—Detroit Free Press.

EASY.

He—Ah, dear, I do not know how I can live without you. She—Marry me, and you will soon learn how.—Satire.

THIS BOY PROPHET, ONLY 12, HAS ASTOUNDED GOTHAM



PETER BERK.

NEW YORK, JAN. 13.—Nine-hundred years ago a 12-year-old boy went into the temple at Jerusalem and taught the scribes and elders of that day a new spiritual dispensation—and his gospel, since that time, has rung around the world.

The other day a 12-year-old lad stood up on a chair in a square of great Manhattan to try to teach the cold world a new economic dispensation and he says that his message, too, will girdle the globe.

Peter Berk is not much over four feet high. He weighs about 90 pounds. He goes to grammar school and lives with his father and mother in a small, cluttered flat in a Brooklyn tenement house.

"I have been born into this world to give a message to it," declared this 12-year-old lad. "It is NOT a message that I have formulated myself. It is far bigger than I am. It was born in me. I am sure God gave it to me in order that I might give it, in turn, to all the world."

"The message that was sent here along with me is, in brief, this:

"Nobody on this earth has a bit of right over anyone else on this earth—either over his body, his mind or his soul. No one is intended by God to be his brother's keeper. We must not in future, have bosses nor landlords nor police. We must all be as free of man-made authority as we were on that day that Adam first stood in the garden or Paradise."

"That is my dream, you see," he explained. "But it must not be ALL dream. I am going to get out in the work-a-day world and help to make it a fact."

"We must use this government first for the protection of EVERY man, woman and child under it," he told a great throng of workers in Union Square. "We must make this protection so perfect, so EQUAL-FOR-ALL that eventually the government shall be evenly distributed among all the citizens. And then—presto—there will be no government! FOR THE GOVERNMENT WILL BE VESTED IN EVERYONE!"

"In bringing about justice there are three things to be done by the government at once.

"One is to legislate for the good of all the toilers—to reduce their hours of work and to let them rest so that they may be paid for ALL they earn and the capitalist class thus stopped from riding through the world on their backs."

Peter is about to preach this new gospel throughout the United States.

He believes himself the tool of a mysterious power. His mother says she cannot account for him.

Peter's first public appearance in Union Square made all New York gasp. Suddenly, during an intermission, he had jumped up on a chair and in a shrill, piping treble, began his arguments. He took the crowd by storm and his eloquence made his hearers almost hysterical.

Since that time Peter has been in demand all over the east to address public meetings. No one attempts to understand where he got his grasp on economics. But everyone agrees that it is marvelous.



You sit and talk a little while Of servants and the weather, You wear a fixed and formal smile

That's bogus altogether; Your worthy self is bored to death.

Your victim's not in clover, And when you go you'll both draw breath

And say, Praise be, THAT'S over!

Of all the silly social shams, The formal call's the greatest; It bores the Misses and the Ma'ams,

The gayest and sedatest, It isn't any use or fun, With dread we always view it, And yet it always HAS been done

And so, of course, we do it!

LIGHTS & SHADOWS Of a CITY'S LIFE

Rev. A. F. Sargeant stepped into the office of Commissioner Mills the other day just as Mills was getting ready to go out.

"I'd like to speak to you about a pool room going in on Yakima avenue," said the minister.

Mills sized up his visitor as a wide awake business man.

"Well, what in the devil do you want with me," said Mills.

The minister looked embarrassed.

"I thought I had a right to come and talk to you about it," he said.

"The clerk grants the license. If you want a license why the devil don't you see him about it," said Mills.

"I don't want a license, I'm not in that business," said the minister, getting warmed up.

"Don't you want a license," said Mills, surprised.

"No, I don't; I came here to protest against granting a license."

"That's different, come in here and let's talk about this," said Mills, escorting his clerical visitor into the private office.

"White paper is terrible high," remarked Mr. Jiggler.

"Is that why some of the papers are using pink sheets?" inquired his wife.—Louisville Courier Journal.

DR. GILCHRIST'S Colic Remedy

A never failing colic remedy effective in the treatment of all colics in the horse. Price 50c Per Bottle.