

# Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

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## WILSON'S LETTER

The Times today presents to its readers an exclusive statement of the opinion of Woodrow Wilson, the president-elect of the United States, on "The Outlook for Democracy."

This article, prepared especially for the readers of the Times gives, in the president-elect's own words, a definite answer to the question that has been in the minds of all people since election—"What are the democrats going to do and how do they propose to do it?" It also presents for the first time since Nov. 5, the deep conviction of the man who is soon to be president that the democratic party is on trial, that it will stand or fall as it does or does not do what it has promised to do, that it will fulfill its promises, and that any democrat who is now unfaithful should be "gibbeted for the rest of history."

This is the most vital, gripping document that has been published since the people of the United States placed the administration of their affairs in Woodrow Wilson's hands. It commands the attention of every American.

Epitomized, the president-elect says:

"If the men you have put into office go back on you now, I, for one, hope that they will be gibbeted for the rest of history."

"God helping us, this is the time when the democratic party will see to it that the people of the United States are served as parties have all along professed to serve them."

"The very life of the democratic party depends on its fulfilling its promises."

"The people of this country wish, first, to clear their government for action by making it free and then they wish to use it, not to serve any class or party, but to serve civilization and the human race."

"If the economic control of the United States is now in the hands of a small body of men it is not due to any policy that the democratic party has advocated, or promoted or consented to."

"The democratic party did not wait until the year 1912 to discover that the plain people had nothing to say about their own government."

"It counts for something to stay out in the cold on a conviction."

"Through all its years of self-chosen exile the democratic party has been purged and purified."

"The service of humanity is the business of mankind."

## TWENTY MILLIONS AND STUMPS

Money is not wealth.

You can't eat money, wear money, burn money, and as building material it is no good.

Money is merely the representative of wealth.

All wealth comes from the ground. Coal is wealth, beef is wealth, grain is wealth, the cabbage is wealth—and all come from the ground. The earth is the God-given principle which will yield a glorious interest if properly exploited.

Exploit dirt; Exploit water! Exploit air! Exploit sunshine! For dirt, plus water, plus air, plus sunshine, equal wealth.

This is no Utopian dream.

But first, before the plow can turn the soil, the stumps must be pulled. The state of Washington is rich—rich beyond the dreams of avarice. But its wealth yields but little interest. You are held back from that wealth by a barrier of—stumps.

A commonwealth is going to waste because of—stumps.

Greedy, short-sighted, we sheared the land of the timber we did not plant, and abandoned generous, bountiful Mother Earth to—stumps!

But there is wealth under those stumps, like gold lying in a safety deposit box. Fetch the key!

The wealth may take what form you please—grain, fruit, garden truck, poultry, eggs, hay, what-not. But first, pull the stumps and let us get at this wealth.

In an exclusive article on Saturday the Times outlined a method by which twenty millions will do it—that is, unlock this state's wealth. A huge sum? No, not huge, though, when you stop to think that Washington is worth for purposes of taxation a billion dollars.

Twenty millions is two per cent of a billion.

And with two per cent of our present wealth we can exploit dirt, unlock Nature's strongbox, and create thousands of prosperous farms where now are—stumps.

## A SLANT FROM THE BENCH

In the men's night court in New York, Magistrate Campbell recently sentenced Alexander Lupo to 30 days in prison. Guess why.

Alexander was one of a committee from the Hotel Workers' union sent to a Broadway lobster palace to call a strike. They entered the dining room during the dinner hour, gave an order, sat quiet for a time, then Alexander blew a whistle. At once the waiters struck. So did the house detective. He mopped the floor with Alexander and the magistrate did the rest.

The court ruled that blowing a whistle where the custom instead is to blow money constitutes "disorderly conduct." And the culprit was given the limit.

Do you wonder that many toilers think the law is stacked against them? Suppose Morgan or Rockefeller had gone into that tavern and whistled. Would he have been slugged and juggled?

Speakers at Saturday Institute in Tacoma decided that the "time is not ripe" to take up the question of sex hygiene in our public schools. Why not? The need can never be greater.

Let us add to the local pest column the householder who neglects to keep a path open at least while the Beautiful is with us.

If you are a horse owner, be kind and be wise in this sort of weather. Keep the horseshoe spikes sharp—the horse is a dividend-bearing beast and he will repay.

Here's a candidate for the Sulphuric Region: The janitor who doesn't turn on the steam till noon and shuts it off at sundown.

City Bacteriologist Wilson, who gets \$90 a month, asks for a raise. Since it is his job to discover the Woggies and the Wiggies in our water, the germs in our milk and the Ptomaines in our food, let us slip him the raise, Mr. Mayor. An ounce of prevention—you know!

There's plenty of room at the top—especially in the case of the Water Wagon.

## "WHEN IS A WOMAN MOST BEAUTIFUL?"

## SHE HAD TO CHOOSE.

Mr. A. C. Plowden, who, after a somewhat severe illness, has resumed his seat on the Maryline home bench, is by way of being one of London's institutions. He tells about the wife of a notorious burglar whom he was once cross-examining. "You are the wife of this man?" asked the counsel. "Yes." "You knew he was a burglar when you married him?" "Yes." "How came you to contract a matrimonial alliance with such a man?" "Well," witness admitted, "I was getting old, and I had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer."—M. A. P.

## Progress

"Young man, do you know how to dance?" "Young Man—Well, parson, I know the holds, but I don't know the steps.—Life." "Always Call Again" "Our sins are sure to find us out," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, but they have an unpleasant habit of calling again," added the Simple Mug.—Philadelphia Record. "The Fruits of Love" "That girl is a peach." "Ah! she is the apple of my eye!" "Then I suppose you are going to make a pair."—Boston American.

## MR. SKYGACK FROM MARS

FOLLOWED UNHAPPY PAIR OF EARTH-BEINGS TO CHEERLESS DOME STRUCTURE STOOD DEJECTEDLY BEFORE ANOTHER SOMBRE EARTH-BEING WHILE GROUP OF ONLOOKERS GLOATED OVER THEIR MISERY PROBABLY A KIND OF DISMAL PUNISHMENT IMPOSED BY THE STATE.

EZRA SAMSON, DO YOU TAKE THIS WOMAN, DAISY DIMPLE, TO BECOME YOUR LAWFUL WEDDED WIFE?

## IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Everybody in Pierce county reads this column. Short letters from Times readers, of general interest and without personal malice, will be printed. Write about anything or anybody you wish, but do not have malice as your motive. Many letters are not printed because they are too long. Keep 'em short.

Editor Times: If the ruling in letting contracts were generally observed as was the rule in Los Angeles several years ago, there would be less trouble with "all concerned in the contract," and everybody would be secure from the danger of having to "make good" because of the failure of the contractor. The rule was to add the sum of all the bids together, then divide the whole amount by the number of bids, and that bid which was nearest the average would get the contract, and every danger of failure to complete the contract was thus avoided. Respectfully, E. S. HOPKINS.

Tacoma, Jan. 18. Editor Times: Mr. Cultum may boost Green river water if he wishes, but he has no right to say that the water at Fern Hill and Parkland is bad. No. The water in the wells 12 feet deep and the water in the wells that are 85 to 200 feet deep are not the same. The Choice of a Husband is too important a matter for a woman to be handicapped by weakness, bad blood or foul breath. Avoid these kill-hopes by taking Dr. King's Life Pills. New strength, fine complexion, pure breath, cheerful spirits—things that win men—follow their use. Easy, safe, sure. 25c. Ryner Malstrom Drug Co., 938 Pacific av.

There never was, nor never will be, better water at the Green river intake than can be had at either Fern Hill or Parkland. People even now are having deep wells dug and putting in pressure systems, and that in the city, close to the pipe line. It costs money, but they feel safe. B. T. BIRCH. Parkland.

JOSH WISE Says:

By FRED W. SCHAEFER

"The carrier on Rural Route 14 says that since the parcels post was put on he has ter drive with one hand, becuz his other hand is kept busy keepin' the parcels from fightin' each other."

Willin' "Would you marry him if you were me?" "I'd marry any one that asked me, if I were you."—Houston Post.

Suro Sign Mrs. Ames—Are they happily married? Mrs. Wood—They're still friends of the people who introduced them to each other.—Chicago News.

Poor Girl. He—I don't think Maude is looking like herself. She—Can you blame her.

Not That Kind. "Is your husband a socialist?" "Indeed not. He just hates to go with me to make calls."—Detroit Free Press.

Wakin' Up. "Well, dear, I guess the honeymoon is over." "Why do you say that?" pouted the bride. "I've been taking stock and find I'm down to \$2.65."

Hospitable "Well, did New York appeal to you?" "Yes. It was 'welcome' when I came and 'well done' when I went."—Cornell Widow.

"Courageous, isn't she?" "Very! Why, she is engaged to marry a man named Triplett!"—New York Sun.

## UNDER ARREST

James Morley, a waiter, aged 27, is under arrest today charged with forging an order for four complete bathroom sets from the T. H. Bellingham Plumbing company, and making an effort to dispose of them for \$75.

## ANSWERS TO "THE WIFE"

Tacoma, Jan. 18.

The wife: In answer to your letter of the 16th, I must say you are a victim of your own circumstances. This life is what we make it, and if you would curb your selfish disposition and seek out your own fault, you would find little time to find fault with your husband.

Suppose he does spend more money on clothes? Just as well be a husband as the wife, which is the case of half of the wives of today.

And as for his friends, I think you could bring yourself to like them if you wanted to. I think the trouble with you is that you want to be petted as you did on your honeymoon. The average man of today is too busy getting the almighty dollar to keep the wolf from the door, to think of the caresses he once gave when courting. I think the presence of a little one in your home would give you something to love, and would kill the selfish thought that others should conform to your ideas.

You say you have gotten used to him. (Which is a good sign.) The divorce courts are full of people who could not get used to each other. People have grown old together and have refused to be parted because they have gotten used to each other. MRS. L. J. K.

## WHAT SOME OTHERS SAY

"One's lifetime is but a short term, at best. Yourself belongs to YOU, to do with as you please. You are supposed to make your own standard and live up to it; if you expect others to paprove entirely of that standard you will be disappointed. Live your own life according to your own ideas." OLD MAID.

"Married life is rarely the attainment of the perfect happiness. If your husband is honest, clean-minded and faithful to the vow he took when he made you his wife, it is your duty to remain with him, even though your hunger for demonstrative affection is not satisfied, even if you must generously yield to the petty inconveniences of married life. R. G. G."

"Sentiment doesn't amount to much after the echo of the gay wedding bells have died away. The Wife. Better run out in the kitchen now and see if you can't work up a little interest in blacking the stove. Maybe it has become rusty while you're keeping the piano working. PETE."

"You case is the ordinary. Don't ask newspapers for advice until you are a remote case—a really happy wife, for instance." MAX M."

"Men and women who marry and later on discover that they are totally unsuited to each other, and who continue to live together, are social criminals. Marriage is a civil contract only; when both violate, in thought, every term of the contract, the spirit and the letter of it is broken. LAWYER BILL."

"The Wife is headed for the rocks. When women begin to get her sort of thoughts at her age, there's usually an affinity hanging around somewhere. READER."

"Maybe your husband isn't as well satisfied as you think he is. You had better have a little talk, and if he feels anything like the way you say you do, the quicker you two quit, the better." PARCEL POST."

"Perhaps this is a good time for me to repeat the old adage: 'To marry in haste is to repent at leisure'—any courtships terminating short of a century is hasty, I say. COMIC OLD BATCH."

## NEW SENATOR'S DAD WAS NO FARMER—HE WAS A LAND CULTIVATOR!

In introducing to your kind attention, John Wingate Weeks, the brand new millionaire senator from Massachusetts, we hasten to tell you right off the bat that the aristocracy of John W. is absolutely assured. There's nothing plebeian about John. Nix! No horny hand or muddy pants or cowhides muss up his ancestry.



John W. Weeks

As proof of this we point out to you John's own statement in a copyrighted interview with Jim Morrow, the journalist, in which John informed Jim that his father was a land cultivator. D'ye get it? Not a farmer, but a land cultivator.

They say in Washington that Weeks is a good fellow and right smart, too, but we leave it to you what kind of a feller a feller is who's afraid to come right out and say his dad's a farmer.

Weeks is a banker and broker down in Boston and that's just about the same as saying that he thinks the American Telephone and Telegraph trust is a little tin god. He succeeds Murray Crane, who himself worships at the shrine of the said tin god. The new senator made millions at broking, showing that broking is a much better job than banking.

the telegraphs and telephones got out of Chairman Weeks' pigeonholes. Neither did the committee bother the railroads about the excessive rates they charged to haul mail.

Senator-elect Weeks has seen as many years as there are weeks in 1913. He's a round, fat, smiling, jovial, cultured, attractive fellow, and a rattling good stock exchange broker, banker and financier. He'll be a strong live wire linking the A. T. & T. with the senate all right, all right.

When it took more than seven figures to write his fortune John was sent to congress. That's a way they have in Massachusetts. Right off the bat Speaker Cannon placed him on the important banking and currency committee, and that let him in on Aldrich's monetary commission. After two terms he was made chairman of the postoffice committee.