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Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show that you have one.—Chesterfield.

HOW TO BREAK UP A HOME

There lived in a very humble home in New York city Mrs. Sarah Nary, 80 years old, and her grandson, Joseph McPartland, aged 12. The boy sold newspapers, and his earnings were the main support of himself and his grandmother.

A church relief society gave the couple a small amount of groceries each week, and they were also aided by an organization called the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. This association, after considerable effort, and by overcoming some opposition, had Joseph McPartland taken into court and committed to an institution, alleging that his grandmother was too old to be a proper guardian for him.

Having thus deprived the old woman of her principal means of support, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor withdrew also the aid it had been giving, and for two weeks Mrs. Nary had no money or food except what neighbors and church workers brought her.

A newspaper discovered this singular state of affairs, and sent a reporter to the general agent of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. After much questioning, the general agent finally divulged that the association thought Mrs. Nary would be better off in the poorhouse on Blackwell's island than she was in her home with her grandson. Mrs. Nary did not agree with the association.

In order to bring her to a proper frame of mind the association had, after taking away her grandson, withdrawn also its contributions toward her support. To put the matter quite bluntly, the association proposed to starve the old woman into going to the poorhouse.

The reporter asked the general agent of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor: "Is this starvation method of persuasion for those who shun the almshouse a new one or an old one?"

To which the general agent replied: "I believe it is employed by every organized charity in the country."

His statement would seem to bar out the view entertained by many persons for many years past—that organized charity is generally 99 per cent organization and 1 per cent sympathy.

SAN FRANCISCO EXTENDING

Municipal ownership of street railways in the United States is a go. The completion of the Geary street line and its operation by the city at a profit at San Francisco has broken the back of the long dominant traction combine of the country and from now on there is every indication that there will be rapid progress along this line.

Frisco right now is getting ready to branch out.

In December the Union street line franchise in that city expires and the city will undoubtedly take this line over. The advent of the expiration there also is forcing municipal ownership. There is no provision on the part of the old street railway company to take care of the exposition crowds during the big show. To get street railway facilities to the exposition grounds the city will probably have to build them and they are preparing to do it. A great belt system is now being advocated with a total expenditure of about \$2,500,000.

When this is in and running San Francisco will be launched into the municipal ownership proposition completely and she can never go back.

Tacoma is not the only city where there is likelihood of further advancement in municipal ownership either.

Tom Johnson waged a great battle a few years ago in Cleveland and practically won municipal ownership there. He was cheated out of the fruits of victory by the chicanery of the rich traction interests but only for a time.

With three cent fare firmly established there, Mayor Newton D. Baker is right now leading a campaign for the taking over of the whole street railway system by the city for a municipal enterprise at an expense of nearly \$25,000,000.

The street railway interests have held up the municipal enterprise at Seattle through their grip on the bond buyers, but the people are getting onto the game.

The day of municipal ownership of street railways is dawning in America, and this notion is going to go fast when it starts in the footsteps of the progressive cities of Europe, New Zealand, Australia, where the railways are paying a large portion of the taxes today out of their profits.

THIS CASE

Ordinarily there's mighty little satisfaction in seeing a man in jail. Jails are futile places. They nourish the bad and starve the good in those who get into them—and heaven knows there's already too much bad in the best of us, and a lot of good in the worst of us, if it only had a chance.

Yes, indeed, we could do vastly better for our criminals than to put them in jail.

Yet there's a man in a jail in an eastern city serving six months' sentence who, it seems to us, deserves what he is getting and serves as a useful example. We'll leave it to you when we've told his story.

His name is Horsfall. He is rich, prominent and able—the type of man who knows better. And this is what he did:

He filled up on liquor at his club, jumped into his automobile, threw open its throttle, tore furiously down the street, struck and fatally injured an aged woman; and, without stopping, drove madly on.

If that had been all, bad though it was, charity for his drunken condition might have covered it as it covers so many sins. But when the man became sober, instead of throwing himself upon the mercy of the court, he used his money and pull to stave off the penalty and succeeded in delaying justice for more than a year.

Now what do you think? Doesn't he deserve stripes? When you own an auto, don't be a Horsfall.

No matter whether you think it is a little chilly today—now is the time to plant those sweet peas.

The census cost \$15,171,593 and as far as Tacoma is concerned we would have been satisfied if the government hadn't done it.

If the Tacoma Rose society really wants to see Tacoma "blossom as a rose" let it establish a central depot down town where citizens can now get rose clippings free with instructions how to plan and it will be worth 100,000 new rose bushes next summer.

If the resignations keep up, another year will see Tacoma churches all without pastors.

It strikes the average Tacoman that the state board of health, located at Seattle, is making itself awfully busy about Tacoma's water system.

Dr. Edward O. Sisson of Reed college, falls into line condemning the present scope of athletics in the schools and colleges being conducted for the purpose of developing championship "teams" instead of training the whole student body into vigor of body.

NOTHING SERIOUS

WHAT'S THE REASON?



WHAT IS THE REASON THAT YOU GET SIX MONTHS FOR STEALING A RIDE ON ONE OF ITS TRAINS?



What He Waits For.

Judge (to man arrested for vagrancy)—You have no visible means of support, but I suppose, like many others of your sort, you have some excuse? Prisoner—Sure! Judge—Well, what is it? Why don't you go to work? Prisoner—I'm waiting to pull off a big business enterprise. Judge—Why are you waiting? What are you waiting for? Prisoner—I'm waiting until navigation of the air becomes general. Then I'm going to get the right to paint advertising signs on roofs.—Judge.

House Hunting.

Prospective Tenants—There's one great disadvantage about this house; it is damp. Landlord—That's no disadvantage. If a fire were to break out it wouldn't burn nearly so fast.—Flegende Blaetter.

Do In Well.

"How are things getting along in your card club?" "Splendidly. We've only had three meetings so far, but I've won the game each time."—Detroit Free Press.

Another.

"Does it cost much to feed the giraffes?" "No; you see, a little goes a long way with them."—Harvard Lampoon.

JOHN WISE SAYS:



Fletcher Heights half price. Closing out. See ad., page 6. Advertisement.

The Debt Owed.

"What a debt we owe to medical science!" he said, as he put down the paper. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "Haven't you paid that doctor's bill yet?"—Chicago Post.

Not Too Proud.

"She is very proud of her ancestors. Aren't you proud of yours?" "I don't dare to be; too many of them are alive yet."—Houston Post.

A True Tragedy.

Three men set out to gold brick. A very ancient crime; But they tried to "do" a Scotchman. And now they're "doing" time. —New York Sun.

Exchanging Titles.

It is settled. President Taft and Prof. Wilson will ride to the capitol, and President Wilson and Prof. Taft will ride back together. Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Now-a-Days.

"No use locking the stable door after the horse is stolen." "I should say that was the very time to lock it. They might come back after the automobile." Washington Herald.

Cause of Events.

This curious thing called "Business." As I have heard it stated, is not considered a success 'Till it's investigated.

Enjoys It.

Blobs—Your wife suffers from nervous prostration, doesn't she? Slobbs—Well, sometimes I think she possibly enjoys it.—Philadelphia Record.

Very Much So.

"I dare say that grump old millionaire did not leave one joyful recollection behind him when he died." "Oh yes, he did. He left a merry widow."—Baltimore American.

The Obstacle.

Joy Rider (talking on the telephone)—Is there anything to prevent you from getting a car around here promptly? Garage—Yes, sir; your last bill.—Satire.

Evidence Enough.

"How do you know you have been furthered North?" "I got where I couldn't buy a post card. Sure I've been."—Kansas City Journal.

A Prying Plant.

"Oh, George," exclaimed the young wife, "here's a flowering vine that's climbed right up to the window as if it were trying to look in on us. What kind of plant do you suppose it is?" "Don't know," murmured George, sleepily, "unless it's a rubber plant."

Small Fry.

Teacher—What can you say of the Medes and Persians? Young America—I never kept track of those minor league teams.—Harper's Weekly.

THAT SUFFRAGE PARADE AT WASHINGTON IS GOING TO MAKE WILSON'S INAUGURATION LOOK LIKE A SIDESHOW.



By Gilson Gardner.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The suffrage sideshow to the Wilson inauguration, March 3, is apt to be the main circus. It has overstepped all other features in interest. There will be five thousand women in line, and no end of big "features." "It is not a question of getting women to march," said Mrs. Glenna S. Finnin, one of the managers, "but what to do with thousands who want to. The committee is almost overwhelmed with the largeness of this demonstration." The women's parade will be much more worth seeing than the so-called "inaugural parade." The latter is really nothing but a military escort to accompany the president up the avenue. The women's parade, beginning at 3 p. m., will be unique. In addition to the marchers there will be prominent women, wives of senators, congressmen and governors—there will be floats to serialize the professions and occupations in which women are working side by side with men. The work side by side with men. The float will represent the state, but following this there will be no contingent of marching women. The floats will typify litera-

ture, followed by marching women writers; the legal profession, followed by women lawyers; medicine, with women doctors; war, with nurses; manufacture, with factory girls; and so on. A section of mere men, who are to be permitted to show their devotion to the cause of women's enfranchisement, will include statesmen from states where women vote. Men like William Kent, of California; Senator Poindexter, Washington; Richmond P. Hobson, Alabama; Congressman Taylor, Colorado; Commodore William Moore, U. S. N.; Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, pastor of President Taft's church; Justice Wendell P. Stafford, of the district supreme court Justice S. J. Pelee, of the United States court of claims; Judge DeLaney, of the juvenile court, and Oswald Garrison Villard, of New York, will march. "General" Rosalie Jones, who headed the New York to Albany march, will bring her army to Washington, marching all the way. A troop of "bifurcated cavalry" will ride from New York to Washington. Another troop of horsewomen will ride from Baltimore and another marching contingent will "hike" from Baltimore. Green and purple decorations over white dresses will be the

Bill Hughes, Labor Union Card In His Pocket—U. S. Senator



United States Senator-elect Wm. C. Hughes.

BY Mary Boyle O'Reilly. TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 10.—Twenty-one years ago "Bill" Hughes, just turned nineteen, put a brand-new union card into his vest pocket and walked to a work bench in the cotton mills of Paterson.

On next March 4th, Hughes, and still "Bill," will walk into the United States senate, no less, AND HIS UNION CARD WILL STILL BE IN HIS VEST POCKET. For "William C." Hughes, as he hates to be called, is the first man to serve in the upper house of America who is entitled to carry a union card. He is the first man to be, as it were, a direct representative of organized labor in "the American millionaires' club." He is the first actual WORKINGMAN who has fought his way into that place to which only money has been wont to buy a ticket.

"Bill" Hughes was born on Erin's isle in historic Drogheda. His father was an iron-molder, as his forbears had been through two centuries. When Billy was very little his father, pioneer that he was, emigrated to Paterson, keeping up his old-world connection with his union. Hughes, senior, here found that wages and trade conditions in America were even worse than in Ireland, and the upshot of it was that at the age of eleven the new senator from New Jersey went to work in a flax mill. From flax mill he passed to cotton mill, from cotton mill to flax works, learning in each stage the bitter reality of child-labor. At 19 he took a look ahead and tried to figure a way to reach the sunshine. And so— He sought work as a dredge-

man that he might secure some scant leisure in which to study stenography. Two years later he became court stenographer, with a fresh union card in his pocket. Then came the summer of the Spanish-American war with the country-wide call to arms. Because he alone of four brothers was free to enlist, "Bill" Hughes went to the front. Being a stenographer he was detailed to the governor's staff, later to General Fitzhugh Lee's headquarters. Peace found him penniless and with a court stenographer's bent towards the law, Bill Hughes became a lawyer in 1900 and his rise was then fast. In a few years he went to congress.

Fletcher Heights half price. Closing out. See ad., page 6. Advertisement.

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