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STRONG OF INTENT

It is fair to take the half-dozen of anti-monopoly laws which Woodrow Wilson has put through the New Jersey legislature as definitely showing our new president's attitude toward the trusts. That is, they are a formulation of his intentions. As such, they certainly should be studied. Briefly, they are:

Prohibition of formation of holding companies. The operation of this law cannot be retro-active, and so it really means that, hereafter, trust-making shall not be promoted in New Jersey. New Jersey decides to "mother" no more trusts, although she cannot deny her present offspring.

Next, a law to prevent agreements to restrict trade.

Then laws to prevent agreements to increase prices, to form pools to kill off competition in manufacture, transportation or sale of any commodity, and to prevent holding companies already in operation from acquiring more operating companies.

But—and most important—there is a law to make personally liable to fine and imprisonment, or both, the officers and directors of offending concerns and to make void their charters.

It would seem that Wilson has given his state laws which, if enforced, would kill off the trust business in New Jersey, and we have a view of the form which his intentions will take in his higher position as president.

But the situation in respect of the nation is dissimilar to that of New Jersey in that the federal government has made some attempts to break up the holding companies, or monopolies, whereas New Jersey could not get up legislation to work backward upon creatures of her own acts.

If President Wilson can bring about the imprisonment of officers and directors of offending monopolies and the forfeiture of their rights to do business, as is clearly his intent in his New Jersey legislation, he will surely go down in history as Woodrow the Trust-Killer. But—

Even with a congress aiding him with all its legislative powers and a public sentiment backing him to the limit, there is that irresponsible U. S. supreme court, appointed for life and not to be reached by president, congress or people. Still, there is even cheer in the thought that Taft's supreme court may make paving stones in Hades of Woodrow Wilson's good intentions. This country needs a clear-cut conflict between the congress and president on one side and the U. S. supreme court on the other.

RATHER LOCAL

Speaking of the manufacturers and others who have appeared at the tariff hearing, Gilson Gardner says: "All these people are protectionists for their home industries and free traders for other people's industries."

Certainly, and thus we have the bare skeleton of the theory of high protection. There are now no liars claiming that the foreigner pays the tax. Mark Hanna himself wouldn't now claim that under protection there are no trusts. The protection of wages which the workingman was promised went into its hole and pulled the hole in after it, long ago. The boney remains of the theory, we repeat, are just this—that it is mutually beneficial for John Smith to rob Jim Jones when selling him onions because Jim robs John when selling him harvesters. Your Southern Californian goes to Washington weeping over the low schedule against Italian lemons and roaring at the high price of wool socks. On an incoming train from another direction comes another fellow who is groaning about the competition of Argentina sheep and damning 40-cent lemons.

Poor Winfield Scott Hancock! He was almost ridiculed out of the presidency for stating that protection was a local issue, and now we see 49 different interests at Washington each swearing that its particular brand of extortion is the only genuine thing in the way of protection worth fostering. How little time it really takes for experience to puncture some of our tremendous national policies full of holes!

THE PORT OF ENTRY

If the Port of Entry is to be moved from Port Townsend, why go to Seattle?

Just because Seattle wants it is no reason why the port should be located there. Neither is it any reason because Seattle happens to be the largest city in the Northwest.

If the Port of Entry is changed it is presumed it would be to facilitate business and make things more convenient for commerce. If that is the reason then it must come to Tacoma. Tacoma leads all ports in the Northwest in commerce. More goods pass over the wharves every month in this city than go over the wharves at Seattle. More boats in the great carrying trade of the ocean come here, and this being true the port should be here if it is to be changed.

It must seem wonderful to Wm. H. Taft to have to travel at his own expense.

With Bryan as secretary of state, Wilson's ship of state seems to be in the hands of a good chauffeur.

Tacoma is afflicted with boosteritis. Everybody is boosting, and it won't be very long before results will be seen.

Let's see now, how many days before that ball season starts?

A superior court judge at Los Angeles is going to try to make Mrs. Annie Myers show cause why she should not be restrained from talking—talking about her husband, at that.

We hope that Gen. Genevevo de la O'Amador Salazar does make peace with Huerta. It takes so much type to mention a fellow who uses the whole alphabet for a name.

A society critic says Los Angeles society is "rural pietist," "bucoic," reminiscent of plush albums and weekly baths and full of "quirnunes." Just as soon as they find out from the dictionary what these things mean, they're going to tree that critic.

We have now two ex-presidents in the field.

And now that Wilson is president, we don't hear of any panicky days coming yet.

Socialists insist the senate should be abolished. Why stop with the senate?

Bob La Follette's doing things. Has put his 8-hour day bill for women workers in the District of Columbia through the U. S. senate.

Now that all the civic booster clubs have had their annual banquets, why not get busy and get some new manufacturing establishments started in town.

The Green river microbe is not the only animal up there on the watershed, according to accounts, for it is said there is a fine specimen of the blind pig.

Fine business to send out solicitors to get electrical business for the city of Tacoma. The sooner Tacoma recognizes its earning capacity with that big power plant, the better it will be for every citizen in Tacoma.

NOTHING SERIOUS

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

BY FRED SCHARFFER. Miss Dillpickles Educates a Parrot to Assist Her in Concocting a Proposal from Leslie Lawncastle, an Obtuse Young Man, Who Is Her Heart's Choice.



Leslie Gazed at the Parrot With More Than Ordinary Attention.

The trap I laid for Leslie has been sprung! He has come, and he has heard the parrot go through its repertoire, and what it said seems to have stirred him to the soul. Leslie did not scream as the trap closed upon him. Nothing like that breaks down his composure. He is too stoical. In fact he is so stoical that he never shows any signs, no matter what happens to him. One can only guess at how hard he has been hit. I had Polly all primed when he came. With my heart beating I kept up a light conversation about one thing or another, waiting for Polly to break in. "Rings on her fingers!" suddenly shrieked Polly. Leslie took notice. He glanced at my hands. Then his eyes dropped to my feet. My heart dropped, too. The silly boob is thinking of "bells on my toes," I reflected bitterly. This was not Polly's round. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" was the parrot's next effort. I blushed becomingly. Leslie let it sink in, and then he said blankly, "And who is John?" But to frame an answer to impenetrable ignorance like that was impossible. Gold old Polly tried again. It hurried at him the last trump in its hand: "Ah wants yo', mah Honey, yes Ah do!" Leslie gazed at the parrot with more than ordinary attention. I held my breath. After reflecting a while Leslie nodded his head and bade me an almost tender farewell. I concealed my emotion, but after he was gone I danced about the room with Polly's cage in my hand. I was jubilant. "He's mine, he's mine!" I sang. "He's gone to fortify himself for a proposal." (Continued.)

He Wasn't Guilty. Members of a certain yacht club of a town on Long Island Sound tell of a Chicago man who last summer was once decoyed into acting as crew for an enthusiastic yachtsman there. "Let go that jib-sheet!" was one of the first orders given the Chicago person. "See here!" came in indignant tones from the latter. "You oughtn't to talk to me that way. As a matter of fact I am not touching the thing!" PORTSMOUTH, Va., March 7.—Because he used wire instead of string to fly his kite, Sidney Bright, 16, is dead from electrocution here today. The kite fell over an exposed power wire, sending a shock of 11,000 volts through the boy's body.

Balm for the Heart.

She—I'm going to give you back our engagement ring. I love another. He—Give me his name and address. She—Horrors! Do you mean to go and kill him? He—No, I want to sell him the ring.

No Cause For Fear.

"Is your horse afraid of an automobile?" "No," replied Farmer Corntosel; "why should he be? He don't know anything about how much it costs to run one."

Ouch.

"I am the youngest of seven sisters." "Great Scott! What is the age of the eldest?"

High Flyer.

"Ever been on a flying machine?" "No, but I've been on a lark."

The Main Thing.

"Would you die for me?" she murmured. "Gladly, darling," he answered. "And would there," she continued, softly, "be anything left for me after the undertaker's bill was paid?"

Cause of His Plight.

Mrs. Benham—Did you ever have more money than you knew what to do with? Benham—I don't remember it, but I must have had, or I wouldn't have got married."

An Interruption.

The late James B. Hammond had a singularly generous nature—as was evidenced, among other things, by his distribution of 50,000 bright new Lincoln pennies from his motor car among the children of New York. Mr. Hammond hated meanness. Once at a club he heard a man meanly asking a doctor for free advice on all sorts of medical topics. "And now, doctor," this individual finally said, "suppose a man got frostbitten—how would you treat him?" "Oh," broke in Hammond impatiently, "rub him with a man who's had a sunstroke."

A Lesson in English.

George Ade, at a dinner in New York, urged a subtler use of words. "Use words with delicate care," he said. "Observe all subtle distinctions. Never write 'visions,' for instance, when 'sights' is what you mean."

There is no difference between 'sight' and 'vision.'

"There is no difference between 'sight' and 'vision,'" interrupted an editor. "No?" said Ade. "And yet, Billy, when you and I passed each other on Broadway yesterday, the girl I was with was a vision, while the one with you was a sight."—Judge.

"AS EXCLUSIVELY GUESSED IN THE BLAST!" SAID WILSON.

President Wilson was much irritated at the long series of newspaper stories purporting to forecast the members of his cabinet. Those stories, in which it was positively stated he had selected this man or that man, were especially annoying. It made no difference how emphatically he declared he had made no selections or how often he said it, almost every day stories would be printed to the contrary.



HIS JOKE FACE.

"Some day," said a newspaper correspondent at Princeton, "some of these stories are going to be upheld by an actual announcement from you, and when that time comes it will look bad for the correspondent on the ground here who has accepted you at your word and refrained from speculating about who is to be in your cabinet. The paper that has got it right will point out the fact that it made such an announcement on such and such a date."

"Yes," replied the president. "I suppose that will happen, but if they're truthful they'll say, 'The appointment of Mr. So and So, as exclusively guessed in the Daily Blast, has been confirmed by President Wilson.'"

twelve committing a technical crime or seeing his family hung.

"I discharged Culebra, of course. And I say that a property right, to be entitled to respect, ought to come into court with clean hands."

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NOW ISN'T HE THE QUEER JUDGE?

MAGISTRATE DISCHARGES A MAN WHO STOLE FOOD FROM HIS EMPLOYER BECAUSE THE EMPLOYER WOULDN'T PAY HIM ENOUGH TO KEEP HIS FAMILY FROM STARVING.



JUDGE JAMES E. GORMAN.

BY LIVY S. RICHARD, PHILADELPHIA, March 5.—Among the tasks of our time is to find men learned in the law, and yet fit to be judges.

The other day James E. Gorman, night court magistrate here, and a leader in wholesome things, discharged a man brought in for theft—discharged him with some comments such as seldom come from the bench.

The case was this: John Culebra, a pale-faced Italian, sickly from under-nourishment, works in the kitchen of Gimbel's department store. He was caught with some bits of food hidden in his blouse.

The store detective haled him to court with a message from the store superintendent, asking that an example be made.

An example was made. But not the kind invited. Judge Gorman saw that the Italian, though starved and stunted, had a Madonna-like face; a face with no marks of crime. His sympathies were excited. He did some quizzing.

"How old are you?" "Twenty-six." "Married?" "Yes."

"Any children?" "Three." "What hours do you work?" "From 8 a. m. to 5:30 p. m."

"What do they pay you?" "Six dollars a week!" I speak to the magistrate afterward about the case.

"Now, there was an example of what judges daily have to face," he said. "The breach of law in the theft of those victuals was undeniable. The property right called for exemplary punishment. But there is one law which is supreme over statute law. It is THE LAW OF HUMANITY. The makers of the statute against theft never for a moment supposed that employers of labor would drive wages so low as to force an industrious, steady worker like this Italian to choose be-

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Deadshot Bill, from Nurseryville, Discovers an auto standing still.

An idea through his brain then flashes. He steals the car, and off he dashes.

The auto bandit's plot ends here When he spills out upon his ear

Bill cries, some wrathy. "Have a care, Whoever put that lamp post there!"