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The Bonded Debt of Tacoma

A lot of misinformation and half truth is being disseminated in this community just now about the bonded debt of Tacoma, with a purpose evidently of misleading the people and creating prejudice in the public mind against any more city bonds.

The object it is apparent is to kill off the municipal street railway project and to create such a feeling against more debt that the municipal cold storage proposition will also be dropped.

It is being daily flaunted before the people that Tacoma taxpayers face the tremendous burden of a bonded debt of over \$11,000,000, which with \$990,000 of school debt and \$426,000 county debt makes an aggregate of over \$13,000,000 on bonds on which the taxpayers have to pay interest.

This would be serious if true, but the facts show the figures are warped to mislead the taxpayer.

In the first place, \$1,859,841 of local improvement district bonds are being classed as a city obligation. They are not a debt against the city at all. Not a dollar of tax money can ever be applied to them. There is no more sense in listing this as a municipal debt than of listing the private debts of all the citizens of Tacoma, and these figures are being added to the legitimate debt of the city for the sole purpose of deceiving the taxpayers and causing them to become discouraged at the great burden the city is carrying.

Another deception is in citing the \$3,703,000 of water and light warrants as a municipal debt. It is not true. Not a dollar of tax money will ever go to paying either the principal or interest of this debt. The plants are paying it from their receipts, just as the Tacoma Gas plant is paying its debts from its receipts.

There would be just as much sense in crediting up the debt of the Tacoma Gas company to the municipality as of citing the \$3,703,000 water and light debt as a municipal obligation, and here again an attempt is being made to mislead Tacoma voters.

The situation, in fact, is even better than the real figures show.

While the city has a bonded debt of \$6,174,000 of general city bonds, it is not within \$1,155,845 of its legal debt limit. This is an encouraging margin, and is nearly twice what it was last year. It will be still further augmented in a week or two when the city will pay off \$80,000 more.

But taking it at the present standing of this \$6,174,000, the water and light plants are taking care of \$2,880,000 of it even, in addition to their own water and light warrants.

This is because the city commission has decided to make the water and light plants stand on their own bottoms. They are being run just as any other commercial projects. They are not only paying recent obligations incurred, but are being charged with the interest on the old bonds issued long ago, for a good portion of which in fact no real property was turned over to the light and water plants.

But these plants are such good municipal enterprises that they are carrying the burden and paying off the debt and relieving taxpayers of paying the interest on this \$2,880,000 that might legally be charged up to them.

When the real situation of the Tacoma bond condition is looked into it is shown to be a mighty boost for municipal ownership in fact.

The enemies of municipal ownership are certainly getting in a bad way for argument.

Is This The Way?

What do you think about this, by an editor in the "City of Brotherly Love"?

"A man who does not boss—that is, control his own home—will, sooner or later, have fights with his wife. A sensible, red-blooded man will say to his wife:

"My dear, there will be no happiness for you or for me if we quarrel. I love you and I want you to respect me. I do not expect or want you to be my slave or ever feel that you have no right or freedom. You are an individual and are entitled to your own life. But, in vital matters of the home, or any business, or our common welfare, I must insist that you do my way when you and I differ as to what shall be done. I will make mistakes sometimes, but still that is only human, and I will try not to make the same mistake twice. You will forgive me when I stumble. As a general thing, I will be able to see farther into the future than you will, because I have greater experience with the world than you have. I will always counsel with you and trust you and love you, but, good wife, in disputed matters I really must have the say."

"She'll cry a bit at first boys. But you know how to dry those tears. Take her in your arms and 'forget it.' Then, darn you, be worthy of her respect and confidence! You'll be happy on this basis. We know what we are talking about, but it's none of your business how we learned this to be true."

Die, and Be Honored

At first glance it would appear that Uncle Sam is just about as big a fool as the rest of us, in some respects.

It was proposed to honor Col. Goethals for his success in building the Panama canal by printing his portrait upon the new Panama canal bonds, when, at the last minute, it was discovered that the law forbids placing the picture of any living person upon government bonds or currency.

It is the common custom of making a fellow feel honored, after he's dead—but not till then. If Col. Goethals wants that honor, he'll have to die. Of course, he couldn't eat the honor or sell it, anyway, and it would be just as useful to him dead as living.

However, there's some reason in that legal prohibition. At one time, to illustrate, there was no honor which this country thought too high for one Benedict Arnold. Still, he turned out a most miserable traitor, and it was well that the honors already bestowed upon him were speedily revocable and perishable. The theory of the law is that after a fellow is dead he cannot do anything to make national honors previously bestowed upon him ridiculous or inappropriate.

Harvey Crawford certainly is something of a "high-flyer."

Joe McGraw, the telephone man, gets into the class of Alex Shortes and George Ashby as public benefactors. The lead treatment is effective for larceny.

Possibly you may have noticed that the fellows who are making such a howl about the awful "bonded debt" of Tacoma are the fellows who are rampant against municipal ownership of street railways or anything else.

"Mother Eve herself couldn't live virtuously on \$5 a week!" shouted an over-enthusiastic Chicago orator. The poor fellow had forgotten the smallness of Eve's laundry bills.

In acknowledging receipt of a "pass," Vice-President Marshall says baseball "sets an example to the business men of the country that is valuable." Yet, for closeness, arrogance, slave-driving and slave-owning power there isn't another business trust in the country that can hold a candle to what is called "organized baseball."

LET'S SMILE AWHILE



Shopping. "Is any one waiting on you?" finally asked the haughty sales-lady, condescending at last to notice the shopping person.

"I'm afraid not," replied the latter; "my husband was—I left him outside—but I'm afraid he's become disgusted and gone home."—Catholic Standard and Times.

His Nationality. Two old cronies had been sitting in a cafe on Cortlandt street one Saturday afternoon for several hours, and were pretty much the worse for their lengthy tete-a-tete.

"What is your nationality, anyway, Jim?" asked one. "Well, I'll tell you, Bob, my father came from Glasgow, so I'm half Scotch."

"And the other half seltzer, I guess," put in his companion.—Syracuse Journal.

Natural Mistake. "Is that your regular suit of clothes, Josh?" asked Farmer Cornstossel of his son.

"It is, correct thing right from a fashion plate." "Well, I thought maybe you had to wear it because some o' your college chums is hazin' you."—Washington Star.

The Law in Germany. "The German emperor was recently beaten in a lawsuit by a tenant farmer."

"What of it?" "It shows that the poor have a chance when they go to law in Germany."

"Not at all. If they have things arranged in Germany as we have them here the emperor can keep carrying the case up until it gets to himself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Ad" Poetry. "You say that prosperous looking man is a poet?" "Yes."

"Does he make a living at it?" "A good one. He tells me he is away behind with his orders."—Pittsburg Post.

Believed In It. "Do you believe in a minimum wage for girls?" "Sure. I pay it."—Detroit Free Press.

Wuff! "They say that chess is the oldest game," remarked the Old Fogey.

"Poker is older than chess," said the Wise Guy. "How do you know?" asked the Old Fogey.

"Didn't Noah draw to pairs on the ark and get a full house?" replied the Wise Guy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Girls' School. "We have 500 girls at our school and today we vote to decide who is the prettiest girl."

"How many votes does it take to elect?" "The decision usually goes to any girl who can get two votes."—Kansas City Journal.

Reign of Simplicity. "Every president has a cow these days."

"Yes; and some day a president will go out on the White House lawn and milk it."—Kansas City Journal.

LATEST STYLE. "WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?" "RIP-P!"

BY TOM JACKSON. His new spring trousers were so tight That when he stooped to make a bow She didn't linger on the scene— And he—well, he got home somehow.

THE ROMANCE OF A SEA CAPTAIN

BY W. H. ALBURN.



CHAPTER II.

"I farm with my hands in my pockets," said Captain Smith, who "commands a farm" and is rated the best farmer in Iowa. "I won't take them out of my pockets to open or close a gate. I do my farming at home by the fire and here at the club, and lying under a shade tree, watching my men work. I couldn't harness a team of horses to save my life. And I don't intend to learn."

"When I left the sea, in 1896, I knew nothing at all about farming," said Captain Smith. "I'm still learning. But this year my farm will net me about \$15,000. That's \$30 an acre. The farm next to mine rents for \$4 an acre, and has a new tenant every year. The soil is the same, and we had an even start."

When his wife, returned from the grave, had joined him at San Francisco, where his vessel was laid up for lack of a cargo, she said: "Why don't you leave the sea?"

His father-in-law looked at him with disgust. "In all my life," he said, "I have never seen a man succeed at farming without taking off his coat and working."

SEA CAPTAIN SMITH NOW COMMANDS A FARM OUT IN IOWA.

"You're afraid of a horse." "But I'm not afraid of a man. I'll order men to take care of my horses."

Father-in-law gave up. Son-in-law bought 900 acres five miles north of Sioux City for \$20,000. Father-in-law lent him \$4,000. Son-in-law paid down \$5,000 more of his own money and had left \$25 to equip and farm those 900 acres.

He decided to study the cattle business, and tried to get work at the stockyard. When they wouldn't hire him he worked for nothing. He HAD to know about cattle.

His wife went home—he couldn't support her. At the end of three months the stockyard decided to pay him \$10 a week. Then he brought his wife to Sioux City.

He made \$1,000 in a land speculation, that winter, and next spring paid it out for horses and machinery, and started farming. He raised grain for the market at first, and then gradually "drifted into stock."

Now he sells nothing but live stock, and feeds his cattle, sheep and hogs with his own grain.

"I could never learn anything from a farmer," he says. "I have never been in another man's feed yard."

Capt. Smith has only 500 acres now, and that's too much, he says, for intensive farming. He has two farm houses and many fine farm buildings, the latest

against his farm of \$27,900. He expects to sell his cattle for at least 9 cents a pound, making \$36,000. His hogs will bring him \$4,500, his wheat \$900 and his lambs \$700, making gross receipts of \$42,100. That leaves a net income of \$14,200. "And it's more likely to go over than that under," he says. "Anyway, I can't lose. Even if cattle drop 7 cents a pound."

And how does he do it? By applying efficiency to the farm.

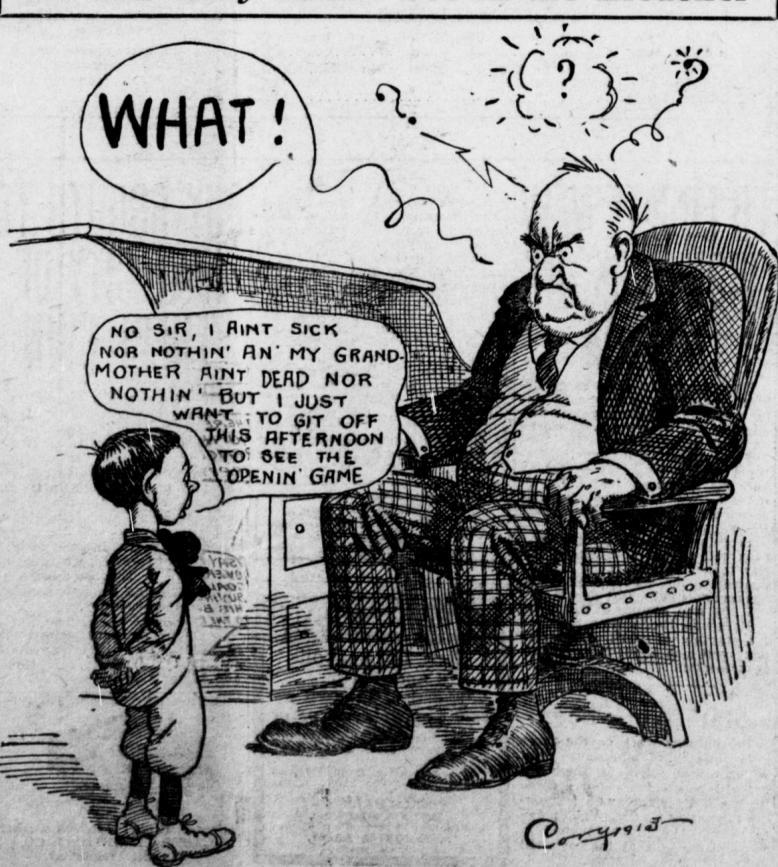
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One Kid Cory Didn't See in the Bleachers



WHAT!

NO SIR, I AINT SICK NOR NOTHIN' AN' MY GRAND MOTHER AINT DEAD NOR NOTHIN' BUT I JUST WANT TO GIT OFF THIS AFTERNOON TO SEE THE OPENIN' GAME

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