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The first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second something to reverence.—George Eliot.

Gotham's First Baby Show

Good ideas will travel, won't they? You just can't stop them. It was only a year or two ago that Iowa held its first baby show. There'd been lots of exhibits at which prizes were offered for the biggest pumpkins, the finest ears of corn, the fattest sows.

An Iowa mother felt hurt that more attention wasn't being paid to the finest crop there is. So she started a baby show.

Not a beauty show, mind you; not a contest over the prettiest dimples and gurgles. But a contest to see which fond mamma could point with pride to a breast-fed darling, soundest in wind, limb and stomach; fittest to brave the hazards of this good ship Earth.

The idea took. Soon baby shows vied with dog shows and poultry shows and old time country fairs in popular appeal. In fact, beat 'em to a frazzle.

There's no novelty any more in baby shows out in the corn belt or in the short grass country, though, we're happy to say, the interest still keeps up.

But now, of all places, last if not least, comes worldly-wise New York with its first baby show—New York that we thought had stopped having babies; New York, where the landlords won't let 'em in the flats.

And what do you think? Of the countless shows that "lil ol' N' York" ever saw, this baby show is admittedly the cunningest and stunningest of all. The women agree that it beats a bench show thirty ways.

And it's nothing, after all, but an attempt to teach ignorant mothers, by living examples, how the little darlings ought to be cared for.

Young man, you think this is silly, don't you?

Wait till you marry and wife presents you with her first token.

Guess then you'll think there's something in the baby business.

What's more, it's time all our cities began to take closer account of their baby stock.

We're just on the edge, here in money-mad America, of beginning to see what life might be if we gave all our babies a fair chance for their little lives.

The Next Step Will Be Easier

Our yearly consumption of sugar is about 80 pounds apiece, or, say, 400 pounds for an average family. Cutting a penny a pound off the tariff of sugar would, therefore, mean a yearly saving of \$4 in the average home.

Not much, eh? Still, that \$4 added to other savings possible if the new tariff bill goes through, will make quite a dent in the cost of your living. For, on clothing, as near as it can be figured, there would be a saving of about \$20, and perhaps another \$20 to \$30 on the other necessities upon which it is proposed to reduce the duties.

Suppose, for convenience, we lump at \$50 the total savings possible under this bill. It is necessary to guess at the total because no man alive can calculate it exactly.

When we consider that the average income of the wage earning majority of the people is only between \$500 and \$600 a year, a cut of \$50 in the family budget becomes important. It is from 8 to 10 per cent.

It would by no means, of course, be a full establishment of economic justice. The discrepancy between the income of the faithful worker at the bottom and that of the privileged billionaire at the top would still be intolerably great.

But the attempt to go this far toward readjusting unfair inequalities is a BRAVE INITIAL STEP. And remember this: Once it is successful, the NEXT STEP WILL BE EASIER.

The Biggest Feature

Before very long, we are all going to become more or less jubilant, if not hysterical over the completion of the Panama canal, one of the greatest, if not the greatest feats man has ever accomplished. Some of us are going to be hilarious over the rise in value of certain real estate, some over the shipment of two codfish where one was shipped before, some because we have money enough for a luxurious excursion by water from New York to San Francisco without braving the dangers of Cape Horn and others simply because we Americans have done the job.

And pretty nearly all of us are likely to overlook the real tremendous thing about the building of that canal. This mighty prospect lies not in the digging of the ditch, the moving of mountains, or the union of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans with all that that means commercially.

IT HAS BEEN PROVED THAT THE WHITE MAN CAN LABOR AND LIVE IN THE TROPICS!

This demonstration may change the whole world, for in the tropics man can produce ten times what he can elsewhere with the same amount of labor, such are the fertility of the tropical soil and favor of the tropical climate.

It cost Los Angeles \$36,000 to find out that a municipal newspaper isn't worth anything. Los Angeles already had the Record, whose soul isn't owned by the higher-ups and which dares to print all the news worth while.

Governor Lister seems to be adding a new democrat to the state payroll about every day now.

Madam de Thebes, French seers, says September will be full of danger. It will sure be full of danger that we break loose and go fishing, unless we have better success at sneaking out to ball games than we've had so far.

Fashionable New York dressmakers announce that next summer women's clothes will be "more daring than ever," but we don't believe it. It's probably just a canard got up to make us fellows buy blinders.

Don't overlook the fact that the \$1,000,000 Sumner Iron works in selecting a new location has picked Tacoma.

State fish commissioner says Puget Sound fish caught in two years amounts to \$8,000,000, and he did not count the catch of ex-Mayor Fawcett either.

Hugh Wallace's Washington press agent seems to have switched to booming Judge O. G. Ellis now.

The weather man had to obey orders and predict showers yesterday, but he made good by seeing they did not show up.

If you do not register and vote at the coming bond election never again kick about the way things are going in public office.

Note the fact that the business district is gradually being forced south on C street as the city grows.

With salmon going up again and selling at 20 cents a pound, that municipal cold storage plant, with plenty of salmon to be sold at 5 cents a pound to Tacomans, looks pretty good.

NOTHING SERIOUS



Registering a Kick. One day an inspector of a New York tenement house found four families living in one room, chalk lines being drawn across in such a manner as to mark out a quarter for each family.

"How do you get along here?" inquired the inspector.

"Very well," was the reply. "Only the man in the farthest corner keeps boarders."

"More tough luck," whispered his wife.

"Well, what now?" he muttered.

"You know Miss Green never sings without her music?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's brought her music."

THE LATEST

BY TOM JACKSON.

"Help me, kind lady," begged the tramp.

"It was not rum that brought me down—

'Twas water, lady, ruined me—

Yer see, I hail from Dayton town."

By the Junior Office Boy

n. y., Friday - running a bluff is a grate game when you don't get caught at it that's the present opinion of a young fellow named bob peters, who is in the real estate business

bob has an office in the city where he has been telling people that pay rent what a triming they are getting.

if he can make them believe it, he gets a chance to trim them his way.

well, be that as it may, bob decided it would be a good idea this spring to open a office out in the suburbs where his kind of goods is located

so he rented one, and moved out there a couple of days ago

bob has a very nice cluster of building lots, at low tide, and he looked for a brisk business pritty soon he glanced out of the window and he seen a guy coming across the street

aha, he says to himself, maby this is my 1st victim, here's where i use my nut

so he grabs up the telephone, which a fellow had put in a little while before, and begins talking into it just as the guy walks in

yes, yes, he says, that's right, 10,000 dollars cash and the other 40,000 in notes, with a 20-year morgidge

fetch the dead in tomorrow morning, and ile have all the parties here

and some more bull like that, till you would think he was selling about 1/2 the county while he was talking, 2 or 3 other people dropped in

when he had got done, he hangs up the receiver, and says to the first guy that come in, and now what can i do for you, sir

nothing, says the guy, kind of grinning, i just come in to connect up your telephone with the wires

Johny

Carried Away. "Did you get home sably, lasth evenin'?"

"No, sah; I was delivahed."

Almost. "Well, what do you think of London?" inquired the fond father of his daughter, who had just returned from England.

"It is a magnificent city," replied the young lady. "In fact, I think it might well be called the New York of Europe."

How She Could Do It. "My wife," said Mr. Clarke, "sent two dollars in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat."

"And what did she get for the money? Was the information what she wanted?" asked Simmons.

"Well, she got a reply telling her to sell it to the soap man."

A Matter of Relationship. Two chance acquaintances from Ireland were talking together.

"An' so yer name is Riley?" said one.

"Are yez anny relation to Tim Riley?"

"Very dishtantly," said the other. "O' was me mother's first child, an' Tim was the twelfth."

We Have All Been There. She—John, why on earth are you wearing those goggles?

John—Only a moment, dear, until I finish this grape fruit.

At It Again. Two Irishmen were discussing a celebrated murder case, about which they had been reading in the papers.

"What's all this we hear about th' scientific detection av crime?" asked Muldoon.

"Shure," replied O'Houllhan, "if th' criminal has any peculiar earmarks they diskiver him by his thumb prints."

WHEELS WILL STAND NOW BELGIUM STRIKE STARTED



Never since the world began has there been a strike exactly like the one that threatens to paralyze every business institution in Belgium. Only when the children of Israel deserted their masters in Egypt was there a strike that even remotely resembled it.

When the Belgian business concerns closed on Sunday, April 13, every kind of business, every factory, every ship, every store, every bit of public work—everything that called for human, manual labor stopped. The plumbers, the carpenters, the brick layers, the stevedores, the shop clerks, the waiters, the railway employes, the cabmen, the street cleaners—every man who called himself a laboring man quit work.

Every woman and child who would serve as a drain on a striker's resources has been sent out of the country as fast as places to send them could be found. The laboring people of Holland, France and Germany threw open their homes to this peculiar type of refugees.

It's really an industrial and political revolution combined. It's against the "plural" vote. The Belgium election laws are peculiar. There are three classes of voters. Every male Belgian of legal age is entitled to at least one vote. Every male Belgian who is 33 years old, has a legitimate family of children and pays as little as 5 francs (\$1.20) house tax, and every man who owns \$400 worth of real estate is entitled to two votes. All professional men and men who hold diplomas from institutions of learning are entitled to three votes.

The laboring men of Belgium want this law changed so that every man shall have equal voice in the government. They desire that every man shall have exactly the same voting privilege, rich and poor, educated and ignorant. The socialist party is behind the strike.



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