

THE TACOMA TIMES

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How Is Your Good Money Spent?

Look here, Mr. Taxpayer, do you know what becomes of the money you pay the city and county for the privilege of owning that little home of yours? Do you know just how the money is split? Do you know how much goes to pay the police employees, the water system, the sewers, the streets, the scores of different departments? Do you know if the money is being well spent or not? When you give your wife ten dollars for groceries, you or your wife, know that there is pretty close to \$10 worth of groceries returned, do you not? Do you know that you are getting your money's worth for the tax you pay? Take a day off sometime and look over the city departments; find out if your money is being spent wisely and in a business-like way. To be sure, what you may find out will possibly make you unhappy and angry, but it will be a good lesson for you and you may take more interest in elections in the future.

The American Ideal Best

Undoubtedly it was a sad breach of etiquette for the former wife of that French minister to publish the love letters of the woman who had stolen him away. She should have reflected upon how it would pain the successor in his affections to have these amorous epistles exhibited just as the minister and the latest wife were climbing high in Paris' giddy whirl. Didn't she know that marriage vows in the gay circle are supposed to mean nothing when a new passion beckons? Clearly the present Mme. Caillaux considers herself the aggrieved party in having had to go to the trouble to shoot an editor in the hope of keeping a veil over her aromatic past. And it would seem that a considerable part of the Paris public enthusiastically sympathizes with her point of view. The Gallic temperament is ever a puzzle to the Anglo-Saxon. Just the same, we like the American ideal of one husband and one wife in mutual faithfulness till death do them part.

Straining It Pretty Fine

The main objection against Jones of Chicago for the federal reserve board seems to have been that he went into a zinc trust and got a fortune. Naughty, naughty! True, there oughtn't to be zinc trusts—the folks should own their own minerals. But if we let a few take control of these treasures of nature and tax the rest of us what they wish, can you think of a single reason why Jones of Chicago shouldn't own zinc stock as well as anybody else? Bet there isn't a senator at Washington who'd run away from doing as Jones did, and some would run mighty fast to get the chance. Let's not get silly, brethren. You can't find many men of practical experience and ability, men fit for big administrative jobs, who haven't at some time or place taken a bite of privilege—they don't grow. It ought to be enough if the \$100,000-a-year man who's willing to work for Uncle Sam for 90 per cent discount is honest, dependable and on to the fact that privilege must go. There's no reason at all why the greediest plute, if intelligent, shouldn't find more fun serving the public than he ever found in serving himself. They're just human, these rich fellows, like the rest of us; and some, even yet, can be saved. Don't forget Tom Johnson.

Pronounce it "President Carbayawl." Mexico never elects president who can be pronounced as written.

We'll never really know what national calamities are until we get a baseball famine.

Gen. Hernandez' revolution against Venezuela has fizzled because of lack of funds from Wall street. Hardly worth while revolting without Wall street aid, nowadays.

Under Bryan's peace treaties, we couldn't make anyone salute the flag until an international commission had had a year to paw over the issue. We'd likely forget what they were saluting about by the time and lose a chance to shoot up persons and things.

TURN TO THE WANT ADS ON PAGE 6



READERS of The Times are invited to make suggestions for the advancement of the community interests of this town in this column which will, hereafter, appear daily on this page. The sole object of THE LANTERN is to help this town of ours to betterment.

As a matter of cold, hard fact, Tacoma is in better shape today than any other of the big towns on this coast. To be sure, there is the croakers' chorus, which pounds and hammers away, sneers at success, and lifts its eyebrows in disdain at enthusiasm, ambition and hope. Unfortunately, there is no way that we can rid our community of this curse. But we can worry along with these folk, for we can ignore them and they will perish from the mere innocuousness of their venom.

More dangerous to the community is the group of Special Privilege leaders who have fooled the plain people so long that they believe they can go right on fooling them. Maybe, later on, The Lantern will cast its beam upon a few of these chaps—men whose frank intention it is to exploit this town and get all they can out of it, and give nothing in return.

YOUNG women who is active in several uplift societies in Tacoma, was discussing The Times last evening. "The trouble with The Times is," she said very earnestly, "is that it is forever antagonizing people. It is too much of an agitator. What a great power such a paper as The Times would be, if it were not so unpleasant."

Yes, we must admit, The Times is very frequently more than unpleasant, it is positively rude. When strikers were shot down by deputies who had orders to "shoot to kill" in Ruston, The Times said several very plain and unpleasant things. The fact that the owners of the smelter are nice people and move in society and no doubt contribute to worthy charities, was a convenient buffer between them and other newspapers.

The Times, however, does not respect wealth or social connections or political power or "position."

For myself, I have infinitely more respect for a humble laborer who pays his bills, loves his own wife, and worships God quietly, calmly and in the sanctity of his home, than I have for the lavendered perfumed male being who sneers at plain old-fashioned honesty, who reads the stock quotations page first in his newspaper, who fiddles around with a golf ball and Scotch neat at a country club and thinks his friend's wife is "some chicken."

Yes, The Times is frequently unpleasant, very often rude, sometimes positively boorish!

BUT for the matter of that, Savonarola was considered extremely impolite in his time. The plutocrats done him to death. Martin Luther was a boor, the lofty-brows of his time averred. Christ was a nuisance, so the populace deemed and he was crucified!

This business of striving for a better world, a better country, a better town, for better homes, for cleaner men and women is tough work, no matter how puny the strength of he who strives to achieve! R. V. H.

Newsboy's

Make Money during vacation by selling the Times

Come to the Times office, 9th and Commerce at 11 o'clock tomorrow and we will give you a corner.

Circulation Department

THIS IS WHERE YOU LAUGH

Adventures of Johnny Mouse

DO YOU KNOW THAT HIS BEEN ACCORDING BY THE KING AGAIN!



WELL HE JUST MADE ME A MEMBER OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTHEAL!



ALL MEN FOLKS, EN?



HER SEASON'S STRING



"Who were all those other people in that group picture you sent me from the seashore?"

"Those? Oh, those were the fellows I became engaged to."

A DEMONSTRATION



"Why is your little brother in tears?"

"Oh, he's just always never satisfied. He asked me what I'd do if he called me names, and I showed him."

PRODIGES.

"Yes, sir, that 11-year-old boy of mine is a piano player. Why he can play with his toes!"

"That's nothing. My son is only six months' old and he always plays with his toes."

THE MARRIAGE KNOT

An old Scotch couple once started quarreling. The good wife remarked, with an effort at conciliation: "Look at that dog and cat on the hearth sitting side by side so quiet and peaceful."

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

AND THAT'S THE WAY IT'S BEEN ALL OVER. BUSINESS HAS BEEN SO DULL THAT—



BUSINESS! BUSINESS! I'M OUT HERE FOR A REST!



SLOW WORK.

It was on an East Texas train. The little coffee pot of an engine, having wheeled laboriously over serpentine rails, jolted to a restful stop at no place in particular. Some of the passengers staked nervously up and down the aisles while others drew their felt hats down over their eyes and tried to forget it. When a half hour had elapsed the conductor came through.

AVOIDING ALL RISKS

An old couple came in from the country to see the circus. The luncheon basket was heavy. The old wife was carrying it. As they crossed a crowded street, the husband held out his hand and said: "Gimme that basket, Hannah."

A WAR CRY

Hit the flea and gnaw a ripper. Don't overlook the gallinipper; He's the dreadnought, big man-eater.

ONE GRAND PROMOTER

"You ought to have stock in my proposed rubber plantation."

FAMOUS AFFINITIES.

Knocks Oring, Carbonox, Buckley, Elmociar, Palmer, Twice as big as any skeeter. Swat the fly by tens of dozens; Swat his sisters and his cousins.

UP TO DATE

Smith's typist wore these lacy, waists And skirts like gauze—but tighter. I said to Smith: "I see you have a vis-ible type-writer."

TRAVEL INFORMATION

Table with columns for departure times, destinations (Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Tacoma and Indianapolis, Pacific Coast Steamship Co.), and arrival times.

"Ponto, the Pup"



AND THEN HAD GITTEN! A boy would persist in saying "I have wrote." The teacher set him the supposedly curative task of writing the words "have written" 100 times after school hours. She forgot all about him and went home. On her troubled return some time later she found that he had left on her desk this note: "Dear teacher: I have wrote 'I have written' a hundred times, and I have went home."

Low Fares East Daily 1914 June 30 to Sept 30 via the Milwaukee

TACOMA And All Points in the Pacific Northwest TO ROUND-TRIP Chicago \$72.50 Duluth 60.00 Minneapolis or St. Paul 60.00 Montreal 105.00 New York 108.50 Toronto, Ont. 92.00 Washington 107.50 Kansas City and St. Joseph. 60.00

SPECIAL SELLING DATES MAY 16, 18, 19 and 20, 1914 TO CHICAGO ONLY

Two All-Steel Trains TO THE EAST DAILY "The OLYMPIAN" AND "The COLUMBIAN"