

Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

Down With the Strap

The long-suffering strap-hanger's day has dawned at last. After months of vain pleading with railroad officials for a 5-cent fare from Los Angeles, Watts, a thriving little town on the Long Beach line, has called an election for April 5 to allow the people to vote on a bond issue of \$12,000 for a municipal jitney bus line.

The people of Watts are now paying a 15-cent one-way fare to Los Angeles and have been vainly praying for relief.

The city trustees, after careful investigation, declare they can purchase for \$12,000 and operate 14 9-passenger cars which will earn \$18,000 a year on a five cent fare, saving the people of Watts \$12,000, or the cost of the cars, in one year.

What ho! the jitney!

Well, speak up, folks, shall we adopt the, thru, catalogue, thoro, and the other eight Carnegie-approved simplifications that the Chicago educator asks us to adopt, or not?

"Lawin'" Your Neighbor

Some years ago a man got mad at his neighbor over a speck of land worth about one dollar. So he went to a lawyer—and naturally plunged head first into a lawsuit.

The other fellow hustled to another lawyer. They went at it "hammer and tongs." Three years later, after having spent all their money on lawyers, court costs and witness fees, they compromised.

But it was not money alone they lost; their once warm friendship was wrecked; their friends had



been drawn into the wrangle and lined up on either side; and the community was well near disrupted.

That's lawin'!

It seldom pays to go to law—not even in satisfaction. If these two neighbors had gotten together and talked their trouble over; if both had kept their tempers in leash; if there had been no lawyers to "sic" them on; if—

Well, figure out for yourself how much better off they would be right now.

"Lawin'" is a remunerative pastime—for lawyers.

To most everybody else it is as delightful as grabbing the business end of a redhot poker.

They're After "Katy"

The M. K. & T. Ry. and the M. K. & T. of Texas have been indicted in Houston by a federal grand jury for violation of the Elkins act.

They are charged, on information secretly gathered by the interstate commerce commission, with having accepted overweighted freight for shipment with certain knowledge of the underweight.

The maximum penalty which may be imposed, if conviction is had, amounts to \$2,940,000 and Texas juries have acquired a habit of socking the harpoon into the corporations which violate the anti-rebate law, past the barb. Indeed, Katy has a perfect right to be nervous for she is quite likely to be parted from her money.

Patting Uncle's Back

Uncle Sam is now diplomating for the world. He represents the British and French in Germany, Germans and Austrians in Britain and France, and the French and British in Turkey, and now Mr. Morgenthau is asked to take on Germany also. Some job.

So little gratitude has been evidenced thus far that this expression from Viscount Bryce is quite acceptable:

"I doubt whether we in England have yet fully realized either the magnitude of the service which the United States government and its representatives abroad have rendered in protection of British subjects in the belligerent countries or the noble spirit that has animated them in that service."

DIANA DILLPICKLES



PA ASSIMILATES AN IDEA

IN A 4-REEL "SCREECHER"

Here's Real Scheme to End War

Farmer Watkins of Four Corners writes us:

"I don't lay claim to being no expert at this game o' war and nobody has asked my advice on the subject; jest the same I would like to suggest to Czar Nick that he round up a few million of them peasants o' his'n and spread 'em around, kinder careless like, where the Germans would like to capture 'em.

"'Tis a mighty lot easier fer mice to eat the insides out'er a cheese than to gnaw through the cheese cloth cover.

"Vittles in Germany is a gettin' terribul short anyway, without much more in sight, and two or three million hungry priz'ners, what Russia wouldn't miss, on top o' the 1,200,000 now on hand in Germany, would start a scandalous hunger strike powerful soon."

TALK O'THE TIMES



A WORD FROM JOSH WISE

"Soy Bean, who is allus intermeddlin' some new stunt, has started a Story Hour at Kratt's cigar store. The stunt is new, not th' stories."

POOR FELLER!

He was threatened with death if he made an outcry and remained quiet.—(Not the Seattle) Ledger.

War evidently has its compensations. For instance a European can be taken as a prisoner of war about this time of the year and be away from home when the spring housecleaning opens.

No matter how sharp the protest, it seems to cut no ice.

THE WORM TURNS

On Friday evening the friends and neighbors of Homer Silver and family planned to surprise them, but Homer found it out, and as the intruders were ready to drive in the gate Homer drove out in his automobile and stopped them.—Madison County Democrat.

SURE SHE GOT MAD

A Point Defiance conductor contris this one:

"My car was pretty well crowded—as it usually is—and I was doing a football rush to get the company some dividends. I came to a lady and a little boy. She gave me one fare.

"A ticket for the boy, please," I said.

"I gave you a ticket, didn't I?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I want one for the boy. He's way over the age limit, and I'll lose my job if I let him get by without paying. Somebody will report me, and I need he work."

"What do I care about your work? Go on and collect your fares and don't bother me."

"But I've got to have a ticket for the boy," I insisted, noticing that she was getting madder all the time.

"A ticket for the boy, please," I repeated. Then she jumped up and shouted:

"Well, why don't you ask him for a ticket? He doesn't belong to me!"

With flour going up, the man who persistently wants to bet "dollars to doughnuts" will soon be offering even money.

Mexicans are said to use parrots for food. It's beginning to show on some of their leading men.

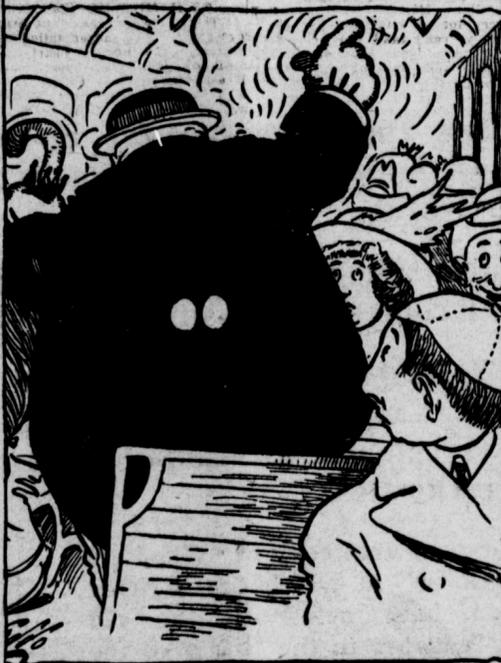
CARELESS

"No, sir," thunders the hotel clerk, "you can't bring your friend in here. This is a temperance hotel."

"Oh, well," replied the man,

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

I'VE OPENED FOUR OR FIVE TRANSOMS TO LET OUT SOME OF THE CANNED AIR FROM THIS CAR, AND IF ANY FRESH AIR FUGITIVE DARES TO CLOSE ONE OF THEM I'LL CLEAVE HIS SKULL!!



"he's too drunk to care."

NO COMPLAINT

"Why did you leave your last place?"

"The master kissed me, mum."

"And you didn't like it, eh?"

"Oh, I liked it all right, mum; but the missus didn't."

Don't let the size up th' majority scare you. There wuz a time when th' vote would have been unanimous th' th' world wuz flat.

SELAH!

The cars are getting cheaper now; they tell me,

But I shall never purchase one, I fear.

Until an agent volunteers to sell me

"A dollar down and 50 cents a year."

—Peoria Journal

SLIM HOPE

"Won't you be very, very happy when your sentence is over?" cheerfully asked a woman of a convict in prison.

"I dunno, ma'am, I dunno," gloomily answered the man.

"You don't know?" asked the woman, amazed. "Why not?"

"I'm in for life." — Ladies' Home Journal.

PANNING HIM

One Sunday morning three prominent members of a church walked home together discussing the sermon.

"I tell you," said the first, enthusiastically, "Dr. Blink can certainly dive deeper into truth than any preacher I ever heard."

"Y-e-s," said the second man, "and he can stay under longer."

"Yes," said the third, "and come up drier."

PONTO THE PUP



NEARLY THE FIERCEST

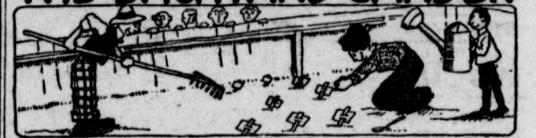


Gen. Advance—Well, I suppose this is about the liveliest picture you ever took?

Camera Operator—Well, er—next to a bargain rush I once filmed, it is.

PANTAGES
UNEQUALED VAUDEVILLE
TASMANIAN VAN DIEMANS
THE GREAT LESTER
CHARLES GILL & CO.
4—OTHER BIG ACTS—4

THE BACKYARD GARDEN



to follow an early one he should bear in mind that different plants will not impoverish the soil nearly so much as two of the same kind sown in succession.

Here are a few good examples of succession crops:

Peas, followed by beans, tomatoes, or cabbage.

Early beets, beans, onions, summer squash, by turnips, kale or winter radish.

Lettuce by beans or tomatoes.

Early carrots by autumn spinach, kale, turnips.

Early sweet corn, by a second crop of the same or beans, tomatoes, celery.

Early cabbage by late beans, for canning.

Radish and green onions by early cabbage or celery.

In companion cropping one crop must not be expected to amount to a great deal. It must be a system of a main crop and a secondary one. The two different kinds of seed are sown together in the same piece of land. Here are some combinations:

Radishes with beets or carrots—the radishes will be harvested before the beets require the room.

Sweet corn with pumpkins, squashes or beans in hills.

Lettuce with early cabbage.

Early onions with cauliflower or cabbage.

"Just Between Ourselves"

BY ADMAN.

Kind friends, have you heard of the Town of No Good— On the banks of the River Slow— Where the "Sometime or Other" scents the air— And the "Soft Go Easies" grow? It lies in the Valley of "What's the Use"— In the Province of "Let Her Slide"— It's the home of the reckless "I Don't Care"— Where the "Give-Ups" abide. The Town is as old as the Human Race, And it grows with the flight of years. It is wrapped in the fog of the Ilder's Dreams; Its streets are paved with Discarded Schemes, And sprinkled with useless Tears.

I am indebted to my good friend Joseph F. Watson of the Walk-Over Shoe Shop—

He introduced me to Jack Nyquist of the Men's Shoe Store, we three lunched together today.

It's mighty fine to meet men who are optimistic (particularly these days). These two boys ooze "better conditions."

Henry Shaw of the Shaw Supply Co. and I had a little talk this a. m.

Henry and I have been good friends for years, so I can say pretty near anything I want to.

He says he hasn't much use for the Times—personally—but later—

Well, later means that he'll take more interest in my paper (emphasis on the "my") and consider using the advertising columns.

I'd like to have your business Henry, Ed Kemmer knows how to prepare copy for Times readers!

The great and only S. A. Perkins warmly shook my hand this morning.

Honestly, I don't believe that man will ever grow old.

I am fully determined never to ask Everett Bare for a cigar—never again.

This morning's experience lingers with me—even yet.

Imagine Jack Siefert paying \$1,000 for a photo play! That was the price of "Kreutzer Sonata," at the Liberty all of next week.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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