

# Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

## Japan's Smart, But O, You Kansas!

It isn't safe to bet that anything will be done tomorrow as it was done yesterday.

Take camphor, for instance.

The Japanese government has just lost one of the biggest bets in the history of commerce. Camphor trees grow wild in Formosa—whole forests of them. For thousands of years the accepted way to produce camphor gum was to cut down the tree, boil the wood and let the gum crystallize in the still, from the steam. No tree under 50 years old was eligible.

An American invented celluloid. Scratch your comb or knife-handle and sniff at the scratch. Smell the camphor? Just guncotton dissolved in alcohol and camphor. The Japanese began to cut deeper into the Formosa forests.

Then came the movies—celluloid films—thousands of tons of more camphor needed. The native Formosan savages got peevish and killed tree-choppers who invaded their forest fastness. Japan sent troops to drive the natives back, strung charged electric wires to keep them back, declared camphor a government monopoly—and boosted the price to 40 cents a pound.

For a hundred years scientists had been trying to make camphor. In 1903 a German produced it, from oil of turpentine, and artificial camphor was put on the market. But with camphor at 40 cents a pound owners of scattered camphor groves—set out



mainly for share and ornament—in Ceylon, Italy, Jamaica, Florida, Texas and California, began to wonder if there wasn't some other and quicker way to get camphor.

There was. A chemist of the University of Kansas found it, simultaneously with other chemists in Ceylon. Both made the startling discovery that you didn't have to cut down your camphor tree at all! The dead leaves that fell from a five-year-old tree yielded in seven years as much camphor as the whole tree would if chopped down. A crop every year—and you could keep your tree.

At one stroke the Japanese monopoly and the German factory went into the discard. Camphor plantations are springing up in every warm climate, yielding quick returns.

Readers of The Times will be struck by the unconscious humor carried in an advertisement of one of Tacoma's Sunday papers.

It is announcing with apparent pride that tomorrow it will print an article about the Pinte uprising in the Navajo mountains, an article on gardening and another about Constantinople.

The Times this week has printed a series of articles about the redskins' war by a correspondent who was actually on the ground, illustrated by a splendid set of photographs; for 10 days it has been running an expert's suggestions for making backyard gardens pay; and its pictures and articles of the Constantinople situation have been one of the marked features this week.

The Sunday paper in question perhaps would have been an interesting number if printed a week or 10 days ago, but tomorrow it will have a decidedly stale taste.

## The People Are On the Job

If there had been any reason to doubt that people generally were eager to have a voice in deciding whether several of the bills passed by the last legislature should become law, there could be no doubt on that score no longer.

Ample proof is furnished by the registration figures. Since it became certain that a referendum campaign would be waged against the atrocious Stone & Webster bill No. 301, the bill to "facilitate" (kill) the initiative and referendum and the bill to put the jitneys out of business, folks have flocked to the registration office.

They have no other reason to go, for the only election of any kind in the offing is a park district affair in June, and that usually brings out a mere handful of the voters.

The answer is that the people are alive to the situation. They wish to veto the rascally performance of the legislature. They know that the only way to do it is to sign the referendum petitions which soon will be circulated. And they know their signatures will be worthless, and even illegal, unless they are registered.

Our gracious thanks to Bill Watson, the poet, for the expression "unwillingly reproachable but scrupulously inoffensive." We want to use it in explaining Brother Wilson's attitude toward Mexico.

The European war is a complete failure; it has failed utterly to keep Harry Thurston off the front page.

Twenty years ago Roentgen discovered the X-rays. Since which time we have been striving to get an X-ray.

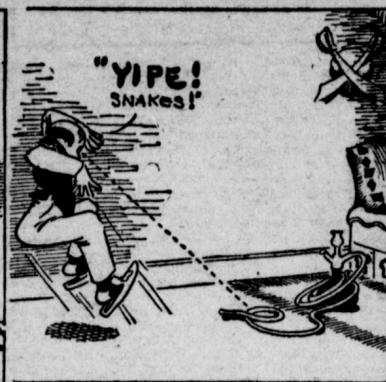
## DIANA DILLPICKLES



## FATHER IS NOT USED TO CHIBOUKS



## IN A 4-REEL "SCREECHER"



## TALK O'THE TIMES



A WORD FROM JOSH WISE

"Soy Bean, our village cut-up, is out with th' bright suggestion that in spite o' high flour, bakers could git double results by makin' pretzels."

A little more than a week ago we read that the Russian fleet had been sighted, steaming slowly toward the Bosphorus, from which it was 120 miles away, and now we learn it has been sighted again, this time 100 miles away. 'This is at least a record for slow steaming.

"Where," postcards "Charity," "can food be sent for the needy state house employes?"

"Things look so bad," says Mr. Tebau, "that the American association may not open its gates this season." We leave it to you whether George is making a threat or a promise.

It's a long, long way to Aguas Calientes.

This department has waited for four days now for word from some correspondent that the short-lived street car strike and the enforced walking probably scared the "liver" out of East Liverpool.

HAPPENS OCCASIONALLY. "How are things in Mexico?" "I understand peace has broken out again."

THE DIFFERENCE. Judge: You admit, then, that you stole the loaf of bread? Woman Prisoner: Yes, your honor. Judge: What have you to say for yourself? Woman: Nothing, your honor. If it was lace or jewelry I might plead kleptomania, but we can't work that when it's bread.

NOAH'S HIDING. "Who was Mr. Noah Webster, nuvver?" queried the tot. "Why," Mr. Webster was a great man, Bobbie, who wrote the dictionary. "Why did he have to hide, nuvver?" "He didn't hide, Bobbie; what do you mean?" "Cause, teacher, she said he wrote his dickshernary under a bridge."

A Ml. Vernon, N. Y., woman's wit containing only 11 words. Lawyers must be badly disappointed. It's so short it can't be broken.

Our offer to print three times the name of any man who returns from Europe and does not lecture on the war is still open.

Th' man th't th' world owes a livin' is always a poor collector.

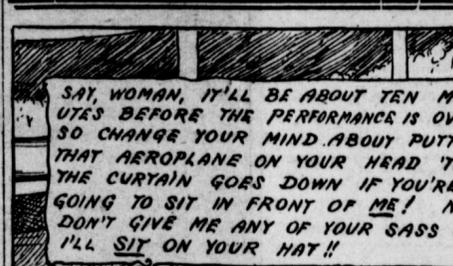
SELAH!

SHE SURVIVED. "Sis won't be able to see you tonight, Mr. Jones," said her little brother. "She had a turble accident." "Is that so? What happened?" "All her hair got burned up." "Good heavens! Was she burned?" "Naw, she wasn't there." — Pittsburg Chronicle.

BREAKERS AHEAD. "We want posterity to feel that it owes a great deal to us," said the statesman. "No. Why Mexican?" "Because it's capable of any number of revolutions."

ALL ABOARD! He—Some tunes quite carry me away. She—Only tell me one, and I will play it with great pleasure.

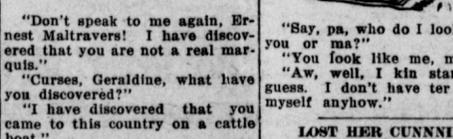
## OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



## SAVING HIS FACE



## RESIGNED TO IT.



## LOST HER CUNNING.



## PERPETUAL MOTION



"Have you heard about that Mexican Ferris wheel at the fair?" "No. Why Mexican?" "Because it's capable of any number of revolutions."

## Adventures of Johnny Mouse

THINK OF HOW SHEEPISH SOME MEN ACT WHEN LADIES ARE AROUND!



AND THAT ISN'T THE WORST OF IT EITHER!



AND YET THEY BOAST OF THEIR ADVANCED CIVILIZATION!



WOMAN'S LOGIC.



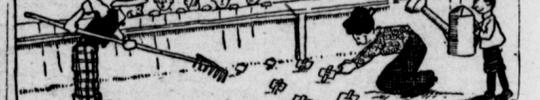
TROUBLED WATERS



And the big rude man in the pink necktie gazed out of the window. "I don't blame the sea," he muttered.

NOT A BOOST. Caller—Pardon me, sir, but is there another artist in this building? Artist—There is not. There is, however, a man on the fourth floor who paints.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## THE BACKYARD GARDEN



## FLOWERS

In taking up farming in the back yard the householder without much more work greatly improves the appearance of his plot by the planting of flowers that suit his fancy. Flowers, arranged strikingly, make out of a house a home. Many backyard gardeners enclose their vegetable plot in a rectangle of flowers.

CHAPTER X. Radishes, Beets and Other Root Crops

BY PROF. SPADE

Root crops are especially popular with the small gardener because no especial skill is required to grow them. They are hardy and require a cool season and a deep soil and are sown in drills.

The principal root crops are the radish, beet, carrot, turnip, rutabaga, parsnip, salsify and horse-radish.

The value of the root depends on its straightness and symmetry. Thus, it is desirable that the gardener spade deep and loosen the soil more than on the mere surface.

Turnips are hardy and seeds germinate quickly. The product is large enough for table use within six to ten weeks after planting. Rutabagas differ but slightly.

Parsnips take the full growing season. Salsify, which is used for cooking purposes only, does also. However, if the young plants of the latter are thinned to 4 or 5 inches apart a hardy crop that may be left in the ground during the winter will result.

## "Just Between Ourselves"

BY ADMAN.

Abe Martin says—

"Th' ranks o' th' down an' out are filled with fellers who nalled—

A hoss shoe over th' door instead o' puttin' an' ad in a newspaper."

Of course when I say "a newspaper" I mean the Tacoma Times.

Why is it that a fellow driving a five-passenger car coming down town "all alone"—

Passes up another fellow who's kicking his heels on the curbstone?

More particularly if he has a nodding acquaintance with a fellow?

I witnessed a little vaudeville between Vic Malstrom and Jim Murphy yesterday afternoon—

It all happened in Vic's store, Jim walking out with a check for \$60.25.

No, Jim didn't make any suggestions, not even a cigar.

Some of you folk who own talking machines step in to Silvers Piano Store on Broadway—

Ask for John Morgan; he'll demonstrate some of the best records I ever heard.

And do it cheerfully—in fact, he's a cheerful cuss. (Continued Monday.)

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Read the Classified Ads On Page 6.