

Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

No Credit to Lister

So. Gov. Lister is going to veto the Kleeb first-aid bill recently passed by the legislature!

That's good in a way, for the Kleeb bill was drawn solely with the purpose of pleasing the employers, and with total disregard for the employes, the ones who need the bill.

But there is no reason why the governor should take any credit to himself over the veto.

Last fall, there was a first aid initiative bill before the people. It would have passed easily, but the Employers' association went to the governor and he agreed to fight the measure if they would agree to help him pass another measure when the legislature met.

The governor did fight the measure and it lost by a narrow margin. But the Employers' association did not keep its part of the bargain. When the legislature met, it found it had control of that body, so it promptly forgot the governor and proceeded to have a bill passed that suited itself. Incidentally it turned down flat the bill which the governor had appointed a commission to prepare.

So the governor will veto this bill, and the employes of the state will go another two years with no first-aid measure at all.

Could the Employers' association figure out a better program? Could they wish a better ally than a governor who will help them win their battles, and who then is not strong enough to make them keep their promises?

A year ago, could they have hoped that now there would still be no first aid bill?

We fear, governor, that you are what the sporting editor would call the fall-guy.

After reading all sides of the European controversy we have arrived at the conclusion that the embattled nations are the same as the Irish as Lever's Irish dragoon sang of them.
Fighting for each other for the sake of peace
And hating each other for the love of God.

Now Is the Time!

There is not use trying to pretend it isn't so—NOW is the time to be an AMERICAN.

Now is the time to wear a STARS AND STRIPES button in the lapel of your coat.

If you are a French-American, cut out the French.

If you are an Anglo-American, cut out the Anglo.

If you are a German-American, cut out the German.

In arithmetic the hyphen sign, —, means minus. If you are a Spanish-American, for instance, do you want it understood that you are Spanish, minus American?

Of course you don't! Be

American, minus Spanish!

Johnny Crapaud is a mighty fine, polite, decent, brave fellow, and a good friend—but we are AMERICANS.

Herr Teuton is all right, a hard working, ingenious, clean, hardy fellow, and a good friend—but we are AMERICANS.

John Bull is cousin to the most of us, but again we are AMERICANS.

M. Russ is all right, too. So is the Serb and the Greek and the Bulgar and the Italian and the Austrian and the Hungarian, and the Japanese—but WE belong to the family of UNCLE SAM.

Uncle Sam sends his compliments to M. Belge, and offers to share half and half with him, but—put the little Stars and Stripes button in the lapel of your coat, and stop scowling at your neighbor because he reads a German or French or Slav newspaper.

We are too busy MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS to mix in every street fight we run into as we go to and from work.

The fellows who have been busied declaring their patriotism and explaining what America ought to do in this crisis almost all forgot to register.

Study It First

The following from the mayor of Houston, Texas, where the jitney bus is under fire by the powerful Stone & Webster corporation, owner of the street railways, evidences a proper attitude toward an important matter puzzling Tacoma and many other municipalities:

"The ordinance to regulate jitneys might be changed altogether before we get through with it. The ordinance drawn is just the first draft. It is only a starter. We are just trying to study the jitney question so we will know a little something about it before we start to make any laws on the subject."

Elihu Root says all talk of nominating him for president is absolute foolishness. About 90,000,000 of us agreed with him before he said it.

"Italian warships put to sea." That's one advantage of being neutral.

Vermont won't notice that it has gone dry—at least not while the hard after supply holds out.

DIANA DILLPICKLES

THE PLOT TO LEARN HER AGE

IN A 4-REEL "SCREECHER"



TALK O' THE TIMES



A WORD FROM JOSH WISE

"Soy Bean observed Washington's birthday by no workin'. There's only 364 other birthdays that Soy observes in this fashion."

ET TU

"The following proves that you must hand it to the women in the economy sweepstakes. The good missus is making her last year's \$5 hat do for this spring. It is being made over under the following plans and specifications, viz., to-wit:

Cleaning and blocking crown, \$2.50.

Velvet band, \$1.50.

Three sprigs of flowers and one stick-up, \$1.75.

Figure it out and see how much I saved by her not buying a new one.

W. W. W.

Maybe You Can Figure Out What They Want.

WANTED—A girl for general housework in small family; middle-aged woman preferred. Inquire 70 Washington street; all modern conveniences; gentleman preferred.—Advertisement in Salem (Or.) News.

The Harry Thaw slogan—Give me liberty or give me a writ of habeas corpus.

Meats, we read on the financial page, are dropping in price. Everybody seems to have been reading the papers but the butchers.

SOMETHING OF A HAT

Miss Darling was youth personified, gowned as she was in a spring costume of gray, with a blue hat partially covering her dainty patent leather pumps.—Chicago Examiner.

Spring follies—Spats. Straw bonnets. Seed catalogs.

WHADYEMEAN, CATER?

Mr. J. W. Orr has accepted his old place with S. C. Morrow, undertaker, and can cater to your wants in that line, as of old.—South Charleston Sentinel.

"I am writing all the way from Sacramento, Cal., typewrites I. A. E., to tell you that Johnson Jeffries are lawyers in the People's Bank building in this city."

Th' ladder uv fame has got a lot uv rungs th't has cracks in 'em.

SELAH!

IMPRESSED

"How do you like my two friends? We were in the same class at college."

"I wouldn't have suspected it. They appeared extremely educated."

The Broadway Drug Co.'s ad on page 3 is well worth reading.

"Advertisement."

YOURS TRULY

WILLIAM.

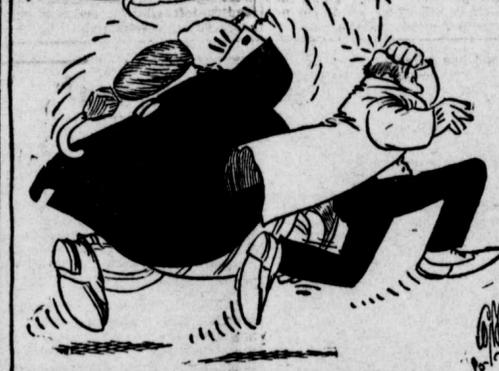
Illustration of a man in a suit.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

"WE ELECTED YOU TO THE CITY COUNCIL ON CERTAIN DEFINITE PRINCIPLES, AND NOW YOU VOTE JUST THE OPPOSITE WAY?"



"GO AHEAD, I'M LISTENING!"



THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS



Teacher—Now we will have Johnnie tell us what a strait is. Johnnie (a saloonkeeper's son)—A "strait"? Why, that's the plain dope 'thout nothin' in it!

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Adventures of Johnny Mouse



"I AM LOOKING FOR WORK, DEAR MOUSE!"

"AH! SO AT LAST YOU WISH TO TOIL, EH?"



"NAY, NAY! FAR BE IT FROM THAT!"

"BUT YOU SAY YOU ARE LOOKING FOR WORK!"



"SURE! I WANT TO BURY THE OLD RASCAL SO I'LL NEVER HAVE TO LOOK HIM IN THE FACE AGAIN!"



"SAY, SINCE WHEN IS HE A FRIEND OF YOURS?"



"THE DIFFERENCE"

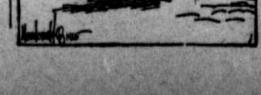


Mother—And you say you saw a lady in a limousine? Are you sure you know the difference between a limousine and another kind of car?"

Willie—Softly I do. It smells twice as bad.

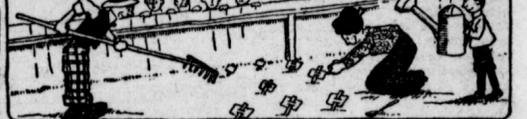
PONTO THE PUP

"KI-YI"—THE "SPEED FIEND" WAITS FOR NO MAN—MUCH LESS A PUP!



PANTAGES

THE BACKYARD GARDEN



CHAPTER XII. POTATOES.

BY PROF. SPADE.

The Irish potato requires a deep, well pulverized soil rich in moisture and potash. This with early planting, frequent and thorough cultivation to preserve moisture and spraying for healthy foliage insures a good crop.

Be sure that your spading is deep and all lumps well crushed. The average yield for an extensive area runs about 75 bushels to an acre, but many market gardeners with forethought and good tillage run this crop up to 200 and 300 bushels an acre.

Thus the backyard farmer if he has sufficient space, sees that the conditions are right and then exercises the proper care, can hope for a crop that would give him the 20 or 25 bushels he desires to store in the cellar for the winter.

As soon as the lettuce, radishes and onions are out late potatoes may be put in the same spot, and 6 or 8 bushels may be grown anyway, if space is restricted. Onions greatly impoverish the soil and potatoes require much plant food, so it is best to take steps to fertilize the area before planting the second crop.

A rotation of onions and potatoes is rarely attempted by mar-

ket gardeners but is permissible for the man with the small plot. Potatoes are propagated from tubers, or their eyes. When the potatoes are cut in several pieces the idea is not the number of eyes in the piece but the size of the piece. For the piece is food. The more food the stronger the initial growth of the plant. Too many eyes in one piece are to be avoided as this divides the strength of it and produces several weak stalks instead of a few strong ones.

The tip or "seed end" of the potato may contain several eyes in a group, while the rest of the tuber has eyes singly or rarely in more than pairs. The best way to cut smaller ones is lengthwise in half to divide the number of eyes.

Seed potatoes should not be cut any considerable length of time before planting.

The ground should be in such shape that the seed can be planted at least four inches below the surface. Later they must be hill-up to keep the young tubers covered. This with about half a dozen light cultivations during the season to preserve the moisture, and the application of Paris green if blight appears—and it is pretty sure to appear—means potatoes in the cellar.

BY ADMAN.

I had just left my home this morning, sauntering nonchalantly to the corner—

To await the coming of a Bean car or a jitney, when—

Dr. Edward Antine Rich hailed me. "Going down town?" says the doctor. "You bet," says I—

"Well, climb in," says he. And now I feel better, to know that in and around North Junett—

There is a good Samaritan who won't let a fellow stand and kick his heels against the curb.

But prefers his companionship rather than ride down town all alone in a five-passenger car.

Speedway Jim O'Neill of Dickson Bros., says Tacoma's going to have the finest automobile track in the world.

Jim ought to know, because he's come pretty near being "it" when it comes to telling us what's what out at the tracks.

Henry Prince is so busy puttin' in his 1916 saloon that—

He can't see a fellow any more—not even Jack McCormick.

Who's 422 Provident Bldg.?

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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Turn to the Want Ads