

## Tacoma Should Pitch Right In and Build That High Class College

There are a half dozen perfectly good reasons why all Tacoma should join in raising the sum needed to complete the \$250,000 endowment of the College of Puget Sound. First and foremost, Tacoma needs a college of

high standards. As that is reason enough, we won't bother to cite the other five.

Though the present College of Puget Sound is under Methodist auspices, that is no reason why, and cannot be twisted into an excuse for, people

of any other denomination withholding their most cordial support.

**TACOMA NEEDS THE COLLEGE. TACOMA SHOULD PITCH RIGHT IN AND BUILD IT JUST AS IT DID THE STADIUM**

**AND ITS SCHOOL SYSTEM AND THE 11TH ST. BRIDGE AND EVERYTHING ELSE IT HAS. OUTSIDERS WON'T DO IT FOR US. SOME MAY HELP, BUT WHY ASK THEM TO?**

### Go to Neither Extreme

Tacoma's commissioners did well yesterday by amending the "Jitney Bus Ordinance" and removing some of the drastic features.

They probably, like the Kansas farmers, had been keeping their weather eye open and had seen the dark cloud of an approaching storm.

For the people of Tacoma, a majority of whom are already devotees of the jitney, had been conscientiously aroused by City Attorney Stiles' bill when it was introduced Wednesday, and had planned a vigorous protest.

Now the council should go over that ordinance again, and see that it has forgotten nothing, and has put no prohibitive restrictions on the jitney men.

Yesterday, when the amendments were being drawn, the council was so anxious to please the bus drivers that it forgot about the public. Commissioner Atkins hit the nail when he interrupted the council to say:

"Gentlemen, we don't want to give everything to the jitney men. We ought to think about the people, a little."

Yes, gentlemen, think about the public a little.

It would rather ride in a comfortable automobile any time than cling to the germ-soaked strap of a crowded street car.

And the public, in its delight at the new toy, might be willing to take chances of over-crowding and risk dangers of accident that it would not in its saner moments.

We want sensible regulation of jitneys, by which the public will be safe-guarded. But we don't need to go to one extreme or the other in handling this new problem.

Think about the public.

And remember that the jitney is not a fly-by-night idea.

It's here to stay, so let's have some sane, reasonable laws by which the jitneys can operate at a profit, and the public at the same time can avail itself safely of the new convenience.

### Condemn Them In Time

The city officials who knew the North Union street bridge was tumbling down and did not act may thank their lucky stars today that they do not have to answer for the deaths of one to a dozen victims of their negligence.

Providently, the old trestle chose a moment for piling up on itself just after a wagon had crossed and when there were no pedestrians on its deck.

It is to be hoped that these same officials will not need to be even reminded of the fact that there still remain a few more of these ancient structures to be watched.

### Huerta's Getting It

Mr. Bryan still cannot "recognize" Carranza. That's risky of Mr. Bryan, for from the present outlook, if he doesn't do it now he never can. Carranza is just at present "looking natural" but quite likely by the time Villa's new army of 35,000 on one side and Zapata's 12,000 fighting bandits on the other get through with him, he won't be able to recognize himself.

Crafty old Huerta seems to be the only boy getting any kind of recognition. Carranza offers a \$25,000 reward for him dead or alive which brings on more talk.

Kitchner speaks of a "slur that has been cast upon the profession of arms." There's one profession that's plastered all over with slurs and it promises to be, later on, so slurred that it will be put out of business.

**HINT TO WIVES**—A Belmar, N. J., man gave his wife \$1 if she would make her own Easter bonnet and then gave her \$5 and bought her a new hat if she wouldn't wear it.

The Liberty Bell is sick, according to old Art Brisbane, and must go to the Glorious Climate to recuperate. What's the trouble, ring worm?

### TALK 'O THE TIMES BY SELAH

"You have to hand it to my wife for tenderheartedness," writes F. J. D., of Kapowsin. "She has been going around the neighborhood collecting old parasols to send to the boys in the trenches this summer."

**ANSWERED BY MR. CYNTHIA GREY**  
Can you tell me why a night watchman is like a man on a ladder painting the second story of a house?—H. B. H.  
Because when he is at work he is on the rounds.

fore I am appealing to you to help me. I do not know the language of the flowers or the postage stamp sign, but it seems to me I recall that there is a way of using one of the two to ask her to marry me. Please do not laugh at me for being so bashful, but help me.—Clarence A.

London music halls are giving complimentary seats to convalescent soldiers. Which is probably as good a way as any to make them want to get back to the front.

I have been paying my attentions for the past 12 years to a very beautiful young lady. I am, of course, very much in love with her, but I regret to say I am too bashful to propose to her, there-

The next time you call on the young lady give her a bag of popcorn and, if she is as clever as most girls are, she will understand. Luck to you.



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**Just Bring a Few Dollars With You For the First Payment**

The rest is easy—\$1.00 or \$1.50, \$2.00 or \$2.50 a week—just whatever sum you feel you want to pay, will put one of these "like new" instruments in your home, and you can take 40, or 30, or 20, or 10 months in which to pay the balance.

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Another one for \$372.  
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A 65-note mahogany piano, piano and 40 rolls of music, for \$245.  
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**\$650 Bowen and Henderson Parlor Grand for \$335**

**Was \$650, Now \$335**

**THE ETHIOP**  
Louie's got it in his head That the city power machine should be helped a time of stress By Stone-Webster's readiness To hand us a bit of juice; But A. V. thinks it's a ruse. Take his word, you may believe They've got something up their sleeve. There's an Ethio in the pile, We'll just watch them for a while, Then he mayhap will come out And we'll see what they're about.

So with A. V. on his guard, We'll not worry very hard; For he's onto every trick, And they'll slip us no gold brick. —ELBERT HUBBELL.

**CONVENIENT**  
Tommy—I want another box of those pills, like what I got for mother yesterday.  
Druggist—Did your mother say they were good?  
Tommy—No, but they just fit my air gun.—London Opinion.

**HOW I MADE MY HAIR GROW LONG AND BEAUTIFUL**  
I was greatly troubled with dandruff and falling hair. I tried many advertised hair preparations and various prescriptions, but they all signally failed; many of them made my hair greasy so it was impossible to comb it or do it up properly. I think that many of the things I tried were positively injurious and from my own experience I cannot too strongly caution you against using preparations containing wood alcohol and other poisonous substances. I believe they injure the roots of the hair. After my long list of failures, I finally found a simple prescription which I can unhesitatingly state is beyond doubt the most wonderful thing for the hair I have ever seen. Many of my friends have also used it, and obtained wonderful effects therefrom. It not only is a powerful stimulant to the growth of the hair and for restoring gray hair to its natural color, but it is equally good for removing dandruff, giving the hair life and brilliancy, etc., and for the purpose of keeping the scalp in first-class condition. It also makes the hair easier to comb and arrange in nice form. I have a friend who used it two months and during that time it has not only stopped the falling of his hair and wonderfully increased its growth, but it practically restored all of his hair to its natural color. You can obtain the ingredients for making this wonderful preparation from almost any druggist. The prescription is as follows: Bay Rum, 5 oz.; Menthol Crystals 1/2 drachm; Lavona de Composee, 2 oz. If you like it perfumed, add 1 drachm of your favorite perfume. This, however, is not necessary. Apply night and morning; rub thoroughly into the scalp.

### DIANA DILLPICKLES IN MOVIELAND



"THIS IS TO BE A THRILLER. IT'S DANGEROUS, BUT ANYTHING FOR FAME!"

"ARE YOU HURT? ARE YOU HURT?"

"OH, SOME WAG I—WAS I—IN—IN THE PICTURE!"

"WHY NO. THE FILM BROKE JUST AS YOU STARTED TO DROP!"

**TARRED WITH SAME STICK**  
A certain college professor had written a marginal comment on one of the student's theses, and shortly afterward the student came to him and said:  
"Prof. C—, I was unable to read what you wrote on my paper, and my parents also could not decipher it. I then called on my uncle, a lawyer, and he finally managed to read it for me."  
This is what the professor had written: "Your penmanship is scarcely legible."

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**REPRISAL**  
Judge—Where have I seen your face before?  
Prisoner—I am the dentist who pulled your tooth last week.  
Judge—Fifteen years!

**BASE OF SUPPLIES**  
"Ever since you've been in town," said the city relation, "you've been going to a soda fountain two or three times a day and ordering lemonade."  
"Yep," replied Farmer Corn-tassel, "a habit's a habit."  
"But you don't drink the lemonade."  
"I don't want it. I'm willin' to pay the nickel so as to get a straw to chew."—Washington Star.

**THE BETTER WAY**  
"Can you send kisses in letters by parcel post?"  
"I think the recipient would rather have them by special delivery."—New York Press.

**RECIPE FOR POETRY**  
"You need the Attic salt."  
The Poet said,  
"And then a Pegasus."  
Parnassus bled,  
So much the better when you pick Your lyric coil if he should kick You on the head."  
—San Francisco Chronicle.

pany that they took me into the firm."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**OUCH!**

"Did you make any money out of that land development stock you bought?"  
"Not yet, but it looks good. I found out so much about the com-"  
"How much were the shoes?"  
"Ten and a half."  
"I don't mean the size—I mean the price!"

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