

Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

Any Man Who Doesn't Observe Mother's Day Doesn't Deserve a Mother

"We're here because we're here," goes the old college chant.

We're here because of a better reason than that, however.

We're here because someone was brave enough to give us birth, because someone was content to spend many a sleepless, weary night and tiresome day of toil guarding us from ills of childhood, protecting us from our little temptations, defining for us the difference between right and wrong, giving us the chance to grow up into strong, intelligent men—and all this WITHOUT hope of REWARD.

That someone—you guessed it—was MOTHER!

Why didn't we die like thousands of others

in some infantile sickness? Why weren't we killed by a street car or wagon?

Because of the watchfulness, the struggle, the constancy of that one woman—the woman who daily denied herself things that we might have our little pleasures and that we might go to school dressed cleanly and fully as well as the children of those who could better afford it—that is why disease or injury never overtook us.

And now, be you laborer, banker, lawyer or pickpocket, you ARE to that one woman, "MY BOY."

Grown to manhood, of course, but to her you are the same little baby at her breast, requiring the same assiduous care, the same watchfulness.

No matter what the world has done to you or said about you, or what you have done to the world, your mother never deserts you. You are still "MY BOY."

The world may call you a crook, a thief, but to HER you are the same little fellow whose face she used to wash, whose fingers she used to bandage, who tracked mud over the newly scrubbed kitchen floor to get cookies and home made lasses candy on Saturday afternoons, and who used to keep his hat on in the house so a recent visit to the "ole swimmin' hole" would not be detected.

Revert back to mother's vision of you—those boyhood days. Then revert back to mother.

Then, if this holy woman is alive and you are

far away from her, sit down and write her, for the second Sunday in May—this Sunday—is MOTHER'S DAY. Write here and recount all those boyhood incidents—the Saturday night tubbing, how funny you looked when you had the mumps, when the fear of "culera morbles" didn't stop you from eating green apples and about how great those ginger cookies used to taste.

And mother will have a delicious day of happy weeping and be proud of her boy.

If your mother lives you must wear a red carnation Sunday. But if she has gone to the reward that the earth denies but the Lord provides all mothers, you must wear a white carnation, the only symbol of purity which quite equals the blessed name of MOTHER.

Can't Kill Referendum by Talk

Prejudiced against the referendum by its own inherent standpoint, a certain Seattle "news agency" sent out to the country papers the following biased and untruthful statement concerning the effects of the supreme court decisions on the Renick and jitney bus laws:

"The persons interested in the referendum movement have not yet definitely decided whether they will continue the circulation of petitions against the three remaining measures they had attacked."

There never was any doubt in the matter. The referendum petitions are in circulation now, and, what is more, there will be enough signatures for each of the entire seven petitions to compel a direct vote of the people.

Just what purpose a misstatement of the true facts is intended to serve, can be easily seen.

But the "news agency" mentioned is wasting effort.

The referendum cannot be killed by mere say-so. There are scores of men and women throughout the state who have willingly volunteered their services to make the referendum campaign a success, and no firing from ambush is going to deter them. If the "news agency" wants the real truth, here it is:

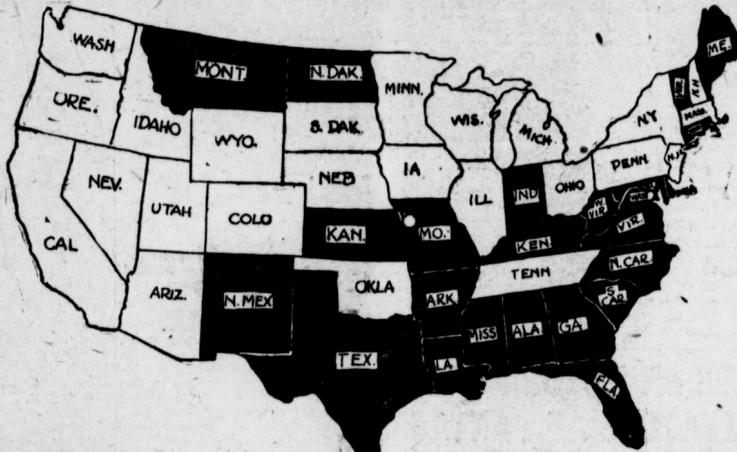
The persons interested in the referendum movement have very definitely decided to continue the circulation of petitions in protest of a rotten legislature, AND THEY ARE GETTING THE SIGNATURES, TOO.

After 278 years a descendant relative of the Rev. John Harvard is the first of his name to be graduated from Harvard. The Rev. John must have been away ahead of his class.

If those armies must use shells filled with fumes why not use laughing gas, or shoot a copy of Punch with each shell?

Dear milk is the latest Connecticut fad. Dear milk has been a fad with us so long it has become a custom.

25 States Pay Mothers' Pensions



States in white have mother's pension laws. The white circle in western Missouri is Kansas City. The mothers' pension law of Missouri applies to Kansas City only.

Since Jan 1 the MOTHERS' PENSION system has been adopted by New York, Wyoming and Tennessee.

In January, 1911, there was no such thing as a mothers' pension law in any state. Today 25 of the 48 states have adopted this system by law, thereby establishing a new principle. This principle is that all the people are responsible for children who for any reason whatever are without

the support of their natural breadwinner.

In February of 1911 Judge Henry Nell secured the adoption by the Illinois legislature of the first mothers' pension law. In the fall of 1912 mothers' pensions became an issue in a large number of states and by the following summer laws had been passed by 18 or 19 states.

The states which now give mothers' pensions will find it a great economy to taxpayers, the greatest humanitarian plan so far proposed, and the most effective means of building up the rising generation and preventing the production of sickly or criminal citizens," said Judge Nell. The greatest danger to a nation is child-poverty and its results. The greatest asset to a nation is healthy, normal children, raised in their own homes by their own

Man Proposes, But---

The floods in Austin, Texas, once again demonstrate how uncertain are all things in this life of ours, and again, that man and his creations are but puny when pitted against the elements.

Austin is a city in the hills, far removed, so it was thought, from the fury of swirling waters. Through the city runs two little creeks, dry most of the year, a mere trickle of water even during the ordinary rainy season. Recently 10 inches of rain fell within a period of two hours.

The trickling rivulets were suddenly converted into raging torrents. More than a score of lives were lost, house after house was washed away, hundreds of thousands of dollars of property, damage was done in a night.

Austin, the fair capital of the largest state, queen of the mountains of Texas, is in mourning.

Destruction by fire and by storm had been guarded against; the idea of loss by flood never had occurred to the people.

Every story writ by Nature has its moral. May the stricken people of Austin find the one contained in this so that in the final their calamity may be converted into a blessing.

The French are making a heroine of a girl who captured 18 Uhlans. We have seen a score of girls who could capture that many Uhlans by merely elevating her eyebrows at the right moment.

A Marshalltown, Iowa, doctor flew at the rate of 110 miles an hour to help a patient. That is almost fast enough to please a mother whose first baby has colic.

We are anxiously waiting and fearing that some prominent dancer will affect the goose step and spread it through the ranks of fashion.

When you hear a suburbanite calling Maud to come into the garden these days you may know his early lettuce is coming up.

It is all right to swat the fly, but you can save yourself a whole lot of swatting by putting a new cover on the garbage can.

Hetty Green having mislaid a note for \$2,000 we now expect to read that Carnegie forgot about \$2 he gave away in 1801.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

TALK 'O THE TIMES BY SELAH

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE: Th' school uv experience has night sessions but th' tuition's pretty blam-ed high.

WE START WITH AN ODE TODAY
Count that day lost,
Whose low descending sun,
Has not seen old A. V.
Picking on some one.

RAWTHER EXPENSIVE
We hope they do not put meters on the water. If they do, it will cost J. M. Neal a quarter every time he takes a drink.

A REASON, MAYHAP
After all, maybe we can't blame some Easterners for thinking Tacoma is full of icicles. They may have tried to flirt with some Tacoma girls.

THEIR BOYHOOD AMBITIONS
William Grattan, otherwise "Gloomy Bill," wanted to be a detective like Sherlock Holmes or D. O. Smith.
Clay Criswell wanted to be either a famous baseball player or a bandit.
Sam Lavroff wanted to be a drummer so he could tell a new funny story every day.
Steve Dalton wanted to be a soda-fountain engineer, so he could kid the girls.
Harry H. Johnston wanted to own a newspaper, so he could fire reporters whenever he wanted to.
Homer Edwards wanted to be a regular snake dancer with a Hindu turban and a little reed.

HOW ABOUT T?
A Los Angeles moralist doesn't want any "love stuff" in the newspapers. Anywhere else it is all right, we presume.

THE OLD ORIGINAL PUZZLE:
How old is Ann?
THE MISHAPS OF MOGGIE
Or
THE TEN DOLLAR MISERY CAST.
Jack Noble, a virtuous hero. James Jesse, the villain. Hemlock Bones, defective. Maggie, the Mishaper. Sheza Bare, the Vamp.
SYNOPSIS EPISODE NINTH.
After a stern and long chase, the government cutter gets close to fish pirate, Hemlock Bones is aboard government craft disguised as torpedo. Revenue men shoot torpedo at Jack and Maggie's craft. They shoot Hemlock. He changes instantaneously into a humming bird and flies on pirate craft, warning Jack and Maggie. They dive overboard. Another torpedo hits craft and blows it to pieces. Maggie and Jack swim to shore with chest. Hemlock disappears. Sheza and Jesse go back to Seattle.
Maggie and Jack land on an island, and run into gang of opium smugglers. They run, with bullets from blank cartridges whizzing all about them. The opium smugglers quit hitting the pipe and hit the trail. Jack and Maggie come to a flume for sending logs to the water. They rip down on a log and hit the water with such force that they bounce clear to Third and Yeeler way Seattle. The chest follows and breaks in pieces. They pick up a bundle. As Jack starts to examine it, a pickpocket grabs it and runs, and Jack gives chase. Maggie turns to confront Jesse and Sheza Bare.
(End Episode Nine.)
OW!
We hope the bold, bad burglar who stole a hive of bees the other day was not stung.

DIANA DILLPICKLES IN MOVIELAND

FORTUNATE TAX THE BRUTE

THE TACOMA TIMES

MEMBER OF THE SCRIPTS NORTHWEST LEAGUE OF NEWSPAPERS. Telegraphic News Service of the United Press Association.

Entered at the postoffice, Tacoma, Wash., as second-class matter. Published by the Tacoma Times Pub. Co. Every Evening Except Sunday.

PHONES: Business Office, Main 12. Circulation Dept., Main 15. Editorial Dept., Main 794.

OFFICE—778-778 COMMERCIAL ST.

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Office Municipal Dock, N. 545

NORTH PACIFIC			
Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
12:10 a. m.	Spokane Limited—No. Yakima, Pasco, Spokane	8:45 a. m.	Portland Night Exp.—Via Stellacom
1:40 a. m.	Portland Night Exp.—Via Stellacom	9:00 a. m.	Seattle from Portland via Stellacom
5:10 a. m.	Atlantic Exp.—Spokane, Helena, Butte, St. Paul	1:30 a. m.	Chicago
8:00 a. m.	Wilkeson, Carbonado, Elfrax	11:35 a. m.	Chicago
9:00 a. m.	Grays Harbor Line—Via Point Line & Olympia	7:05 p. m.	Chicago
9:35 a. m.	Portland Local—Via Yelm and So. Tacoma	12:35 p. m.	Chicago
10:45 a. m.	Seattle Local—Seattle and Intermediate	8:30 p. m.	Chicago
12:30 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Harbor via Stellacom	12:30 p. m.	Chicago
12:45 p. m.	Seattle—From Portland via Yelm and So. Tacoma	9:35 a. m.	Chicago
1:00 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Harbor via Stellacom	12:20 p. m.	Chicago
4:35 p. m.	Miss. Val. Lm.—Billings, Kan. City, St. Louis	8:00 a. m.	Chicago
5:30 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Har. via Pt. Defiance	6:00 p. m.	Chicago
6:40 p. m.	Ortle, Carbonado, Buckley, Kanasko	5:15 p. m.	Chicago
5:45 p. m.	Portland Special via Stellacom, Centralia	5:35 p. m.	Chicago
6:10 p. m.	Grays Harbor Exp.—Via Stellacom, Olympia	12:30 p. m.	Chicago
7:00 p. m.	No. Coast Lin.—Spokane, Butte, St. Paul, Chic.	9:05 p. m.	Chicago
7:30 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Har. via So. Tacoma	6:40 p. m.	Chicago
8:30 p. m.	Seattle—From Portland via Stellacom	9:30 p. m.	Chicago
GRAND CENTRAL STATION			
12:45 p. m.	Portland Local—Portland and Intermediate	10:00 p. m.	Chicago
8:00 p. m.	International Lim.—Seattle, Everett, Vancouver	5:05 p. m.	Chicago
12:10 a. m.	Portland Owl—Shore Line Express	8:00 a. m.	Chicago
8:45 a. m.	Portland Limited—Centralia, Chehalis, Portland	7:30 p. m.	Chicago
5:45 p. m.	Oriental Lim.—Spokane, Havre, St. Paul, Chic.	10:00 p. m.	Chicago
5:45 p. m.	Southeast Express—Great Falls, Billings, Kansas City	8:05 p. m.	Chicago
10:05 p. m.	Vancouver Owl—Vancouver and Intermediate	12:00 p. m.	Chicago
G. W. R. & N. CO.			
9:45 a. m.	Owl—Centralia, Aberdeen, Chehalis, Portland	4:05 a. m.	Chicago
9:45 a. m.	Seattle Local—Auburn, Kent, Seattle	12:40 a. m.	Chicago
9:45 a. m.	Seattle Lim.—Portland, San Fran., Los Angeles	7:30 p. m.	Chicago
12:00 p. m.	O. W. Exp.—Local Portland and East	1:35 p. m.	Chicago
7:30 p. m.	Shasta Limited—Seattle	10:45 a. m.	Chicago
1:40 p. m.	Seattle Local	12:45 p. m.	Chicago
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL			
8:30 a. m.	Grays Har. Special—Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Roy.	6:05 p. m.	Chicago
1:40 p. m.	Olympian—Spokane, Missoula, Butte, St. Paul	9:30 p. m.	Chicago
6:00 p. m.	Columbian—Spokane, Missoula, Butte, St. Paul	9:30 p. m.	Chicago
8:30 p. m.	Bismarck, Hatoeville, Ashford, Mineral	10:30 a. m.	Chicago
9:30 p. m.	Chicago	12:35 p. m.	Chicago
9:30 p. m.	Seattle Local—Seattle and Intermediate	5:30 p. m.	Chicago