

THE SEATTLE STAR

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TRUSTS, THE CHILDREN OF PRIVILEGE

George W. Perkins, one of the partners of the J. P. Morgan & Co. promoting banking house, lecturing at Columbia university, on "Corporations in Modern Business," repeats the familiar declaration that the trusts are here to stay.

But just because parties in interest, like Mr. Perkins, say this, are we to accept this as so?

Perkins says, for instance, that "the great corporations" are the result of progress; the fruit of steam and electricity.

But are they? As a matter of fact they are the result of privilege; the fruit of monopoly.

Perkins appears to have had the Steel Trust chiefly in mind. Let us take that as an example.

Besides many other coal deposits, it has a practical monopoly of the Connellsville, Pa., fields, yielding the best coking coal (that is, steel-making coal) in the world.

It also owns extensive natural gas lands. It has vast areas of ore lands, among them the major portion of the great Masaba and other Northwestern deposits.

It has more of these materials of nature than it can use in a hundred, more of some than it can use in a thousand years. It purposely has got and continues to get possession of all it can in order to keep other possible users out.

On top of these privileges this trust owns several shipping lines—vessels and railroads—and has favorable understandings with many others.

All these privileges give it killing advantages over small competitors; and with the few large ones that exist in particular lines, it can and does enter into "gentlemen's agreements."

One of these "agreements" we witnessed the other evening at a dinner in New York, J. P. Morgan, at the conclusion announcing that the price of steel would remain the same for the ensuing year.

The trusts will "stay" only so long as these privileges stay. But let the government build and operate a few trunk line railroads, and what would become of the present railroad privileges that so materially help to make and preserve such trusts?

Or tax all land heavily, according to its market value, and observe how long the steel, coal, oil, copper, timber, paper and similar trusts would play dogs-in-the-manger with land containing nature's materials. The tax would make them drop what they could not use. Users for these released natural opportunities would spring into the field.

With competition among employers, wages would rise, while the price of products would fall.

The trusts would no longer be with us. In their stead natural, healthy enterprise would receive a stimulus, and the country at large would prosper.

BAD CIGARS—"WISE" JUDGE—SICK BABY

The judge has decided for bad cigars and against babies. The way courts can twist a valued protection of human liberty into a device to bring about human destruction, is one of the marvels of modern times.

"A man's house is his castle" is a fine old principle of the English common law, and has done splendid service for liberty. Lately, however, the tobacco trust and other concerns have turned it into a device to kill children.

The tobacco trust, for instance, in large cities leases an entire block of tenements. The tenements are rented to people with large families of children. They are given employment at stripping tobacco, and at the end of a week or month the child's wages are deducted from the rent due from the parents.

The factory inspectors, when they come around, find the mother and father, and children of all ages down to four years, at work from early in the morning until 10 and 11 o'clock at night, stripping tobacco.

Every child labor law ever passed is violated in spirit, and while the compulsory education laws are sufficient to make some of the children go to school, they do not apply to those children too young to go to school. Nearly all the children have sore eyes and other diseases, due to handling the tobacco.

Efforts to protect these children have uniformly failed, "because," say the wise judges, "if a man's house is his castle, he and his children may do what they like in it."

In England, which is an old foggy country, they have stopped such labor both in factories and in homes. With us, however, property still counts a little more than life, and a bad cigar has more standing in court than the happiness of a child.



"I understand you are a heavy eater, Mr. Giraffe. Isn't so much food hard on your stomach?" "Don't know. By the time it reaches my stomach, I've forgotten I've eaten it."

MR. SKYGACK FROM MARS

He Visits the Earth as a Special Correspondent and Makes Wireless Observations in His Notebook.



INQUISITIVE EDWIN

By F. W. Schaefer

"Saw, maw!" "Well, what?" "How do they get the holes in lace?" "Why, they make the lace round the holes, my son."

"MY LEAP YEAR COURTSHIP," BY MABEL BROWN

(EDITED BY JESSIE M. PARTLON.)



"EDWIN SAID HE WANTED SOME LOBSTER NEWBURG AND A COL D BOTTLE." Really, Edwin's appetite is something awful! I borrowed a five spot from Dad before starting to the theatre last night and I have exactly 13 cents this morning.

Not in a Milk Trust Horlick's Malted Milk. The original and genuine. Avoid cheap substitutes at your Soda Fountains.

\$10 Down. Beautifully illustrated Catalogue of the finest standard makes of Pianos and Player Pianos will be mailed free for the asking.

STAR DUST

BY JOSH

A Word From Josh Wies. "Complainin' is a habit. Get the habit—out o' your system."

Put on three-inch binding around brim of jaunty-colored taffeta silk from your great-grandmother's party dress. Rip 19 yards of box ruffling off your shirt waist box and wind about crown. A soup ladle and a joint fork will give a jaunty effect if used as hat pins.

THE STORY. WRITE IT NOW! BY FRANK H. WILLIAMS. "Write a story about me!" exclaimed the Pretty Neighbor suddenly appearing in the doorway.

Why is it—That if you let the coal run out, the weather turns colder at once? Prematurely Vernal. Only March—and a sea serpent's already been seen—

THE DEAF CAN HEAR. Don't Fail to Investigate. For further particulars address THE STOLZ ELECTROPHONE COMPANY.

The Good Old Quaker. TEA. The most significant word between you and your grocer is moneyback. Signifies fairness.

HELPLESSLY HOPELESSLY SICK. If every doctor in the city of Seattle has failed to cure you or has pronounced you hopelessly ill, come to us and we will cure you if your organs are still intact.

Union Savings & Trust Co. SECOND AND CHERRY.

TOMORROW. Will be the last day of the opening—the prettiest designs and styles for women and the most up-to-date cuts for men are on display—if for no other reason than to see what will be worn this year, it will pay you to come and see Mistress Fashion's favorite apparel.

"Write a story about you?" I pondered, secretly pleased. "Yes," she cried imperiously. "Write it now while I wait."

A BIT OF VAUDEVILLE. BY F. W. SCHAEFER. Oscar and Adolf Are Overpowered by the Gorgeousness of the Spring Styles in Feminine Headgear.

MILLINERY. "My, vot a riot of color der spring hat disbay was making Oscar!" "Riot? Id iss more disturbance as a Sout American revolver lotion, Adolf!"

THE QUAKER DRUG CO. WHOLESALE DRUG RETAIL. DOWN-TOWN STORE 1013-1015 FIRST AVENUE. UP-TOWN STORE PIKE ST. AND WESTLAKE AVE.

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