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Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

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Let Us Cheer a Bit

Gentle reader, we don't know certainly that it's your time to cheer over the reciprocity matter as "a great victory for the people," as heralded by most of the newspapers. But we're cheering over that part which affects us. "The blues," or hilarity, over any tariff arrangement are pretty much a matter as to whether your own personal dog is underneath or on top.

There's no doubt but for years the publishers of this country have been ground by a combination of print paper manufacturers. Reciprocity will take \$475,000 out of Uncle Sam's pocket, according to the census of importations of 1910, and give us free pulp wood and print paper from Canada. Whoopla! We publishers are probably not one-tenth of one percent of the population, but hear us holler, anyhow! 'Rah for the manumitted consumers of print paper!

But we consumers of print paper are a rather odd sort of consumers. We're rather like middlemen, as it were. We buy print paper of the trust and sell it to you consumers in general.

However, unlike most other instances, we haven't passed the oppression on to you. All the time we have been squeezed by the trust we have been giving you your newspapers at lower prices and serving you with larger and larger papers, until the limit in these respects has been about reached. So that, to be honest with you, we do not see much in the free pulp and paper clause for you to cheer about. If we give you much bigger papers, they'll be too heavy for the little newsboys, and you will likely as not soon be demanding the smaller, more condensed sort, wherein you will not be compelled to thresh out a whole stack of straw to get a half-peck of wheat.

Indeed, the occasion for cheering over this feature of reciprocity seems to be largely ours. But you enjoy seeing a fellow eat pie even if there isn't any pie handy for you, don't you?

A California woman says that the happiest marriages come when the man is 50 and the woman is 35. But they seldom come that way. Foxy grandpa would so much rather take a chance with Sweet Sixteen.

To Settle Everything

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
MOGADORE, Aug. 3.—I see that the millionaire president of the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce has got a rattlin' good idea that ought to be passed around to you other city fellers. He wants his city to be populated wholly by the class that has amassed "sufficient of this world's goods" and the other class barred out.

It strikes yours truly as bully. A city composed of rich people only would sure be a good thing for humanity.

Let's divide the whole durned country into two classes—the rich and the others. Put the rich off by themselves and the others off by themselves. One of our bleedin' troubles today is that the condemned rich has got all mixed up with us. Ye can't positively nowadays tell a millionaire from a honest man except'n when a judge crawls to him when he gets into court and pays a nominal fine for stealin' a railroad or a county.

Ye just put the rich off by themselves and all humanity would come to its milk immediate. A city of just the rich, with a able bodied chamber of commerce telling 'em how to avoid payin' their taxes, would settle once about all the public questions that Bill Taft and a congress of miscellaneous breeding is fiddlin' with.

The trouble with sassety isn't that we've got too many rich millionaires but that we haven't any settlement of them exclusive, wherein they'd starve or git up at 4:15 a. m., milk nine cows, grab a slab of salt pork for breakfast and git out and fork barmyard fertilizer till milk'n time in the gloamin'.

By all means settle the rich by themselves. The second day of settlement they'd be unanimously roarin' to settle every doggone issue we have our way.

KITCHELL PIXLEY.

Class Conscious Courts

Ye who deprecate class consciousness and attacks upon the sacredness of the judiciary, lend us your ears for a minute!

Last week, two men, guilty of cheating you in the matter of fraudulent customs returns, were arraigned before Judge Archbald of the U. S. circuit court of New York.

One of these men, Hugo Rosenberg, of a big Fifth avenue firm, was guilty of frauds estimated at \$1,400,000. Said U. S. District Attorney Wise of Rosenberg's case: "Prison terms are the only way to stop wealthy men violating the customs laws. This man jumped his bail of \$10,000. I would rather be kicked out of office than recommend that he be let off with a fine."

Judge Archbald fined Rosenberg \$25,000—one-fifty-sixth of the money defrauded—and freed him.

The other man arraigned was Dionysius, a Greek, whose frauds amounted to \$2500. Judge Archbald did not fine him one-fifty-sixth of \$2,500, but sent him to jail for three months.

It does not require a populist, a socialist, an anarchist or a nihilist to dig out the point in a matter of this sort. It must be apparent to even the most safe, sane and blind "regular" amongst us. Our judicial system is rotten and its atmosphere a stench. And unless there soon is a change, as sure as men are not dumb, helpless brutes, the reforms now looked upon by the legal profession as viciously radical will seem as mere child's play to what will be done through hatred of class and of law.

An Illinois judge fined a married man \$200 and costs as a "masher." Wonder what will be left of him when his wife gets through?

"The Party"

LaFollette is being roundly roasted by dired-in-the-wool party organs for daring to "attack a republican administration."

Of course, it isn't correct modern statesmanship to dare to attack the administration or anything else that's precious to the party, but it is possible that it is Taft rather than LaFollette who has done the daring and the attacking, in this matter of reciprocity. Two things at least are apparent, namely:

Mr. Taft is jollifying with democrats. Mr. Taft is jollifying with democrats over what is generally looked upon, and probably is, a breach of the protective principles and, since the civil war, protection has been the mainstay of the republican party.

Looking at the thing as partisans purely, La Folllette seems to be the one who has been loyal to party, and we don't size Bob up as much of a partisan, either.

Indiana paper says the center of population is in an impenetrable canyon. Gee! we'd been thinking it was at about the third ton on Bill Taft's vest, going south.

VACATION JOYS OF THE JOY FAMILY



THE JOY FAMILY—MA MISSES THE EXCITEMENT.

Observations

That Tammanized assembly at Albany is working according to Hoyle all right. Killed direct primaries and the bill to punish murderously careless druggists, all in one day.

"Shall Murphy re-elect Taft?" asks Editor Pulitzer. We can't tell you what Tammany shall do, Joseph. What's been offered Murphy?

Two hundred plays in 25 years is George W. Tyler's record. That's two plays every three months, and the dramatic critic says most of them are good ones.

Burlington railroad makes the boast that its fast mail, No. 15, leaving Chicago daily at 9:30 p. m., was exactly on time for 109 consecutive days at the transfer point, Council Bluffs, 494 miles away, the total distance traveled in that time being twice around the world.

George Damerel danced four years in "The Merry Widow" with twelve different "widows." Then he decided to try something else. Who wouldn't?

A. A. Wilhits of Spring Lake, N. J., has been a lyceum speaker for nearly 70 years, is 90 years old, and is called the "apostle of sunshine." Not bad for a young fellow.

"Nowhere except in London does one find so many beautifully dressed women at out-of-door gatherings," says the Dry Goods Economist, and then it proceeds to describe some of the silk, satin, fluffy-ruffle, embroidered, feather, furs and foolishness of some of the dresses. Bet you five dollars there weren't any of them women as pretty as Sally Jones in her pink gingham and big straw hat with the ribbon on it at the Centerville picnic last week.

Sacramento girl's black hair has turned yellow in a night. Must have taken a night bath in the Sacramento river.

New York discovers with surprise that the average seaman is no longer a drunkard and roysterer, and that he usually saves his money nowadays. Oh, yes, there are one or two things that New York still has to learn.

Redding, Cal., minister announces that he's going to preaching hell-fire. If there's anything in such doctrine, Californians ought to be right afeared of it.

Gentlemen! Paris fashion dictates that you should wear knee pants and blouses. You will please prepare to transfer the padding in your shoulders to your bow-legs.

Virginia has a law which requires automobilists to get out and hold the heads of horses they pass on the road. The autos are not yet in a majority in that state.

W. H. Vanderbilt, according to official records at Washington, once owned \$48,000,000 of government bonds. They earned him \$220 every hour, day and night, and so kept the wolf from the door.

MOST ANYTHING

Vacation Query: "Do you s'pose they're really married?"

HOW JOKES ARE MADE. Here's an English joke, taken from Tit-Bits and goodness knows where they got it: First Citizen: I see by the papers the boiler-makers are going on strike. Second Citizen: How could they make a boiler if they didn't?

If you don't like to steal it bodily, shift it about a bit thus: Adolph: Lots of trouble at the boiler factory these days. Otto: Why? Adolph: All the men are striking.

Or put it in verse, thus: A job in a boiler plant Is the kind of a job I like;

There is no labor trouble Although the workmen strike.

Oh, it's really easy to get up a column of jokes if you have a lot of loose-jointed English wheezes to work with.

"Well," said Old Doctor Crabbe, after reading the item about thunder restoring a Columbus (Ind.) woman's speech, "I'm going to quit praying for rain."

"Nother County Heard From. Albany, Ind. Aug. 3.—There was a slight flurry of snow here today.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth has been devoted to Japanese perfumes since she visited the far east.

Edward Hunsche of Edwardsville, Ill., saw a snake as big as a stovepipe and 15 feet long. Fred Weise also saw the snake. Both ran away. A Weise Hunsche.

Mrs. George Dewey has decided to give her valuable collection of fans to the national museum.

A Limerick. Says the Kaiser to France: "I've a rock-o To bounce off your meddlesome block-o." France replies: "Don't get skittish, Remember the British; They'll keep your hands off of Morocco."

The Russians make the best immigrants who enter Hawaii.

Don't imagine when you put a hyphen in your name that you're going to cut a dash.

If Luther Burbank is so smart why can't he give us the seedless watermelon? Some Speaker, Yes. Dr. Foster Stone's speech is like the treasure chest of an oriental prince, it scintillates with

TODAY IN HISTORY

Aug. 3, 1862, Gen. George B. McClellan was ordered to embark his army at Fortress Monroe and sail to Aquia creek near Fredericksburg, there to join Gen. Pope on the Rappahannock river.

Gen. Halleck, in command at Washington, believed his plan meant the immediate fall of Richmond, but the confederate capital held out for exactly two years and a half after that.

The center of population is in Monroe county, Indiana. But the center of monopolization is in Wall street and Controller bay.

The center of ostentation is in a place called Atlantic City. Now is the time when the June bridegroom is learning how to wipe dishes.

Vacation Idles. I'd hate to go down on the farm where carking cares annoy; Especially if I should meet that bad Josephus Joy.

A French inventor places a turbine in front of his auto to increase his power through the wind resistance.

The average woman would wear a dress shaped like an orange and made of the peel, if the Paris modistes proclaimed it to be the fashion.

SHORT SHAVINGS

Near a certain D street grocery lives a Japanese who has a family. Not long ago the Japanese went to this grocery to make some small purchase, and took with him his child, a toddler with sloe-like eyes and banged hair.

The little one, like all lively children of that age, wandered about the store and, coming to a basket of carrots, made free to take one.

It was a very primitive act and the little brown baby was just then primitively hungry for carrots. But its father, with deference to the restrictions of a conventional life, disengaged the car-

rot from the tot's grasp and replaced it ceremoniously in the basket, as much as to say that the honorable father of the erring child would not stand for any such piracy, not at all. But presently, when the grocer's back seemed turned, the honorable father deftly regained the carrot and slipped it to his wifful young.

Now, you can either call this low oriental cunning or an act of parental love. The grocer let it go as the latter.

JOSH WISE SAYS: "Th' machine shop in a country town at this time o' year has a lot o' can't-wait-a-minute repairs to make on farm machinery that got broke six months ago."

To Mayor Seymour

(Written for the Times.)
The times are dull. Men vainly seek for work. Winter is approaching. Why is it you shirk The building of the dock for which the funds Were voted by the people? Interest runs Upon the money borrowed. Is it because To you might not be given the applause? Do you dislike to see the work complete Because he whom you ousted from his seat, And thought to fill his place, conceived the plan? "Oh jealousy, thou green eyed monster! Can it be that it is this that stays your hand? Men say it of you. Come, get busy! Brand it false. Oh, sir! The world has need of men Too big for envy. Build the dock, and when It rises, imperishable, from the Sound You'll share in all the praise that's passed around."
—Harry H. Johnston.

In the Editor's Mail

Everybody in Pierce county reads this column. Short letters from Times readers, of general interest and without personal malice, will be printed. Write about anything or anybody you wish, but do not have malice as your motive. Many letters are not printed because they are too long. Keep 'em short.

HERE'S SOCIALIST'S VIEWS

Editor Times: In regard to this petition to congress asking the government to operate railroads and coal mines in Alaska, it is ludicrous, if it was not so pathetic, to observe the eagerness with which the old party voters sign it. They first vote for men who do not believe in

any such thing, and then beg them to do it; turning down the only party which is pledged to public ownership and real democracy, with power to immediately dismiss any public official who did not carry out the wishes of the people. What do the present majority of voters think with?

SEARCH ME.

OUR DAILY BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

There isn't much in a name, when the name doesn't suit the people who want to be king over them. They pick out some classy, homemade name and hand it to you, carefully throwing your own well liked label on the junk pile. Would you take the job of kinging Norway if they made you respond to the name of Haskan, when all your life you had been answering as Charles? Maybe so. It's the Danish king's thirty-ninth birthday.



The Crown

Stands for Quality and Quantity Always

Get our prices on prescriptions before having them filled. Our prices are the lowest, have always been, and always will be, on all our prescription work. They are filled only by the most competent pharmacists at our open glass front. Watch the man.

For Friday and Saturday, we offer some real bargains never before equaled in Tacoma.

8 Bars Lenox Soap	25c	FREE—6 bars Palm Olive Soap with each 50c jar Palm Olive Cream.	
15c can Creta Cream Soap	6c	75c pair Shears	24c
\$1.00 bars imported Castle Soap	59c	75c Bath Caps	39c
4 10c cans C. C. C. Hand Soap	25c	\$1.00 Hair Brushes	59c
10c pkg. 20 Mule Team Borax	6c	\$3.50 Marvel Whirling Spray	\$2.16
4 large 10c cakes Toilet Soap	25c	25c Akins' Foot Powder	13c
4 cans Caroline Talc. Powder	24c	1 pint Ammonia	9c
4 large rolls or pkgs. Toilet Paper	25c	3 ounces Glycerine	9c
4 Sulphur Candies	18c	75c Rubber Gloves	39c
4 lbs. Moth Balls	24c	1 lb. Phosphate Soda	14c

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