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Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

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She Doesn't, Hey?

University of Wisconsin's staff of economic experts may know a heap about theoretic economics, but when they professionally announce that of the ten billions of dollars spent in the United States every year for food, shelter and clothes, nine billions are spent by women who have no adequate knowledge of money values, they make a splendid chance for a fight. They thereby also take a crack at us men folks, rather than our women.

Who buys the food and clothing? Our women. Who labors at breakfast, at dinner and after supper to show our women the value of money? We men do. Will we admit that we've made no impression on our women? We will not.

Millions of married men will maintain that their wives are better spenders than they are, and naturally such. Ask any storekeeper whether it's man or woman who buys close and finally leaves his store with a yard measuring 37 inches or a pound weighing 17 ounces. Nine times out of ten he'll tell you that it's woman, not man. Add to the shrewd housewives the tens of thousands of women who know the value of money through having to earn by hard labor every cent they get hold of, and you have a pretty strong case of economic assnity on those university experts.

No, if there is a thriftless sex in this country, it is not the feminine. She can surely put it all over us men in knowledge of money values, as a rule. What's more, she not only has that knowledge but she uses it. Many's the time we have about consented to being knowingly and peacefully robbed by a dealer, when woman has stepped forward and showed him money values in a fashion that would have got us licked, had we tried it.

That the battleship Oregon should be first to go through Panama canal, with Roosevelt in command, is suggested by naval men. We don't know about the Oregon, but Roosevelt will go through without crowding, all right.

On Individual Independence

"The most valuable of all arts will be the art of deriving a comfortable subsistence from the smallest area of soil."

Who do you suppose said that? Abraham Lincoln, at the Wisconsin state fair in 1859. Half a century was destined to pass before the world should see the truth that appeared so clear to him. Good land was cheap and easily accessible for nearly two generations after he made this speech. No one thought of putting it to its highest use. The question was not, "How little land do we need?" It was rather, "How much can we get hold of?" But now public sentiment is swinging rapidly to Lincoln's view, and for the reason that he gave:

No community whose every member possesses this art can ever be the victim of oppression in any of its forms. Such community will be alike independent of crowned kings, money kings and land kings."

A little land and independence!
The idea is today taking possession of the world. Science is bending its mind to it. Statesmen are planning for it. Millions are dreaming of it.
Lincoln was a prophet!

Preacher preached about wealth being an awful burden and Rockefeller said it was the best sermon he'd ever heard. But you needn't tighten up your suspenders with the idea of carrying part of John's burden.

Our Way and Theirs

A great piece of legislation is demanded in the United States. No one has power to pass upon it but congress. Special interests send their trained lawyers there to work for it or against it. It falls or prevails, according to the will of less than two hundred individuals in the house, less than half a hundred in the senate—a bare majority of both houses.

But in Canada?
There the whole people reject or pass it. It is discussed in the open, at every cross roads and every fireside. Every citizen has his say and his vote.

We have no national referendum in the United States. We are afraid of it—would rather trust the few than the many.

Gov. Osborn of Michigan, has gone and done something again. Raided the gambling dens at that "health resort", Mt. Clemens. And it took a week to carry off the goods.

Present Loss for Future Gain

The coal miners of Westmoreland county, Pa., on strike for 16 months, have failed. They have endured every hardship—and lost.

They fought for the right to organize and deal with their employers as a unit, for better hours and wages, for a chance to trade where they pleased instead of at the company store, and for the right to vote on election day without coercion.

And they are beaten.
But do you think they have suffered in vain? Not a bit of it! They have merely made an investment of privation on which the future shall collect dividends of comfort. Wait!

Portland's chamber of commerce is agin' Uncle Sam's mining that Alaska coal. Next! Now's the time for all the "claim" scamps to holler!

Praying for Rain

Low water in the Catawba river shuts down 162 cotton mills and throws 70,000 operatives out of work. North and South Carolina people are holding special religious services and praying for rain.

What they ought to do is to ask forgiveness of their sins and do works meet for repentance. In other words, they should renew the devastated forest cover and store the floods that now run to waste. God gives us a world, but if we destroy or waste it, we suffer. The way to pray is to do.

Funny man, that Lee Cruce, governor of Oklahoma! He commutes the death sentence of a fellow because the latter is "absolutely friendless and alone."

The Loneliest Man

Back of him the chaos of competition, now receding into the past; around him the forest of ordered monopoly (ordered from Wall Street); in front of him Judge Gary and Attorney General Wickersham asking the government to fix prices of commodities, and sitting on the fence the socialist with a horrid grin—such is the situation of the loneliest man in the United States.

He can't go back; he can't stand still; he's afraid to go on. My, but he's awfully lonely!

OBSERVATIONS

WE suspect an undertakers' trust behind that move to oust Dr. Wiley.

IN the cases of Glavis and Wiley, Mr. Wickersham has been mighty prompt and liberal with his recommendations for dismissal. We know of nothing that'll stop still never to go again if old Wickersham will take some of his own medicine.

"TOO many socialists in high places" is the matter with America, according to W. A. Clark. Refers to administration of Butte, Mont., perhaps. That's up in the mountains, you know.

BIRTHS are falling off gradually in rural New York. And they used to have such bouncing families!

ALL Kansas is fighting grasshoppers, and we bet the old girl gets 'em, too.

THE JOY FAMILY—MA JOY SETS TONGUES A-WAGGING.



MOST ANYTHING

Colorado Springs is celebrating its 40 birthday. Tourists with money cordially invited.

Kerechew!!



I do not need a calendar
To tell the time of year;
I know when I begin to cough
And nearly sneeze my head right off.

Hay fever time is here.

By John Burroughs.
Serenely I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray
Or change the tide of destiny.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal waves unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

The phrase "talk buncombe" originated in historic Buncombe county, North Carolina, where Col. Edward Buncombe became famous for his political blarney.

Mary MacLane again bursts into life's rapid arena with a new book in which she says love is a fake. "Would take more than another R to make Mary marry."

The prince of Wales gets 42 cents a day as midshipman on the British warship Hindustan.

English doctors say the plane tree causes hay fever in London. A plane reason for a complicated complaint.

Uhlán trotted a mile in 2:01½ at Cleveland the other day. O, You Lan!

Oscar Bogern, janitor of a Chicago apartment house, was fired this week, and the 36 tenants signed a petition asking that he be retained. They said he washed the porches, fixed the plumbing, kept the flats warm in winter, spoke kindly, got up at all hours to unlock the front door, moved heavy furniture, kept snow off the walks and stayed sober.

That must have been a story to fill a vacant apartment house, for no janitor like that could live beyond childhood.

Last year a St. Louis brewery bottled 600,000 barrels of beer.

A Milwaukee brewery was second with 450,000 barrels.

A Fashion Note.



While clever Doctor Wiley Investigates our beer, I wish he'd solve the problem Not altogether clear— Why is it beer, in summer, Don't fret like common folks, But wears a stand-up collar And never even chokes?

Lay of the Temperate Man

BY KENNETT HARRIS

I never smoke; I wouldn't soak my system with the poison Of nicotine, that rank, unclean and deadly exudation. That habit's vile, and all the while its victims it decoys on To swift decay, for all I say in stern disapprobation. To my poor mind a man should find a better occupation Than making clear, sweet atmosphere unwholesome, foul and thick. The sight of it, I must admit, excites my indignation. And then, besides, when I have tried, tobacco's made me sick.

I never drink, because I think that rum's the worst of demons, And ruby wine's not fit for swine and also diabolic; While whisky's use will soon induce a bad attack of tremens, Though some, I know, pretend to show it's splendid for the colic, I frown on beer. One pays too dear for even beery frolic. It's in that way the young and gay will often get a start. I want no vim produced by stimulation alcoholic; And, anyhow, they tell me, now, I've trouble with my heart.

To stay out late or dissipate in any way or manner Is something I will never try. I'm temperate in eating. A pattern man, I lead the can and also bear the banner; And, in a run that's steeply out, I march with no retreating. A peaceful life I lead, for strife is dangerously heating. As well as wrong, and I'm not strong enough to make a fight. Another thing, I've had my fling and that won't bear repeating; But, hully gee! it's tough on me. I wish I were all right. —New York American.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

YOU SAT RIGHT BEHIND ME IN THE PICTURE SHOW AND KICKED MY SEAT ALL THE TIME I WAS THERE—RATHER ANNOYING, ISN'T IT !!!



CRAZYLOG

Such a terrible experience I had in a hotel the other night! I was awakened by the crackling of flames.

At once I arose and stepped out in the hall. There was a chambermaid sweeping out the hall. "What's the matter?" I said. "The hotel is afire," she answered.

At once I rushed back into the room and phoned to the office. "Where is the fire?" I asked. "What floor are you on?" answered the cler.

"The fourth," I replied. "Well, you're all right," he said. "The fire is on the second floor below you."

"In that case," I said, "send me up some ice water."

Pretty soon a bellboy came in with a bundle of laundry. "You'll have to pay for this now," he said. "The hotel is doomed."

In a minute or two the room was full of smoke. Then I remembered that if you crawl close to the floor you can breathe easier. I did so. It was lucky that I did, because I found a collar button I thought I had lost. While I was groping for the door the house detective came in and told me any lights kept burning unnecessarily would be charged on the bill.

I got out into the hall thinking to throw a stream of water on the fire, but I found that somebody had cut up the cotton hose for lamp wicks. So I rushed to a window. There I could hear the clang sent up by the fire engines. I yelled down for them to send up a ladder instead.

After waiting a while a fireman poked his head in the window and asked me if there was anybody else in there. I assured him there wasn't and he seemed satisfied and went away.

To my delight I found a life net Seizing it in my arms I jumped and was caught in it. But fortunately I was able to disentangle myself in time to draw it out from beneath another man who had jumped.

He was real angry and said: "I thought you were holding that net for me?"

"Sure I was," I said. "Here, take it."

I then walked into the hotel and found the chief of the fire department waiting for the elevator with a bottle of distilled water under his arm. "What are you doing walking around in eglises?" he asked.

"I didn't know I was walking around in negliges," I said. "I thought I was walking round in the lobby."

He told me the cause of the fire was a register being too near the woodwork, but that it had been put out by a man with a fountain pen and presence of mind.

"Was the place insured?" I asked.

"No," he said. "That's all that saved it from being gutted."



BOHEMIA

It's a place where there's music that rushes Along like a wild mountain brook;

It's a place where there's shoals of four-flushes Who can't even sidestep the look

They wear their hair long, their chatter is queer, Their'll borrow your very last dime;

Betcher life, feller, there ain't any fear Of that little fake stuff in mine!

TODAY IN HISTORY

Aug. 7, 1864, Maj. Gen. A. J. Smith tried to force a crossing of the Tallahatchie river near Abbeville, Miss. Now the Tallahatchie wasn't much of a stream, nor at that stage of the good-old summer time would it appear to have made much difference to an ordinary man which side of it he was on, but Gen. Smith was quite anxious to cross, so anxious, indeed, that he spent three days fighting with the confederates before he finally got his men over.



The country's candy bill last year was \$78,000,000.

Tortured for 15 Years

by a cure-defying stomach trouble that baffled doctors, and resisted all remedies he tried, John W. Modders, of Moddersville, Mich., seemed doomed. He had to sell his farm and give up work. His neighbors said, "he can't live much longer." "Whatever I ate distressed me," he wrote, "till I tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for me that I can now eat things I could not take for years. It's surely a grand remedy for stomach trouble." Just as good for the liver and kidneys. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c at Ryner Malstrom Drug Co., 538 Pacific ave.

LaFollette, Pioneer Progressive, Needed at White House--Bristow

BY JOSEPH L. BRISTOW.

United States Senator from Kansas.

I am in favor of the nomination of Robert M. LaFollette for president. He is the pioneer progressive republican. Wisconsin was the first republican state to enact a general statewide primary election law. It was the first state to master transportation problem so far as could be done by state legislation. It was the first state to enact a public utilities law, and the first to conserve its natural resources by legislation. This was all accomplished under LaFollette's leadership.

In Washington, LaFollette has stood for sound and sane legislation to correct the evils that have grown up in our national life. He has clear judgment, great courage, inflexible purpose, and a cautious conservatism that is rarely found in a man of his aggressive temperament. He is a thoroughly consistent and ardent republican, believing in the fundamental principles of the party, and his fight in the republican ranks has been to prevent the party from being controlled by interests that seek to use its organization for their selfish gain, and not for public good.

I believe the time has come when the republican party should nominate such a man for president. Roosevelt, great leader that he is, and closely as he has been connected with the details of American politics, was surprised during a recent visit in Wisconsin at the remarkable progress that has been made in that state, and it was exceedingly gratifying to the admirers of the ex-president to read his words of unreserved praise and commendation of the great Wisconsin senator.

Believing that it is for the best interests of the republican party and the best interests of the country that someone recognized to be in thorough sympathy with the progressive policies should be nominated, it appears to me that the consistent and logical thing to do is to nominate Mr. LaFollette.



Joseph L. Bristow

SOME OF THE QUEER BREAKS OF LIGHTNING

Lightning from a clear sky killed Tristram B. Johnson as he played golf at Washington on July 16, 1911.

Arthur H. Ramage was electrocuted at Hartford, July 18, 1911, by lightning coming over a telephone wire at which he was talking.

David Emory and Thomas Brown, while working 2,533 feet under ground in a tunnel of the Catskill Aqueduct at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, were torn by dynamite exploded by a bolt of lightning on July 22, 1911. At first thought to be dead, the men were revived by doctors and are now recovering.

A Pennsylvania coal miner working 1,500 feet below the surface of the earth was killed by a bolt that followed the intake of the air current, July 5, 1911.

George F. Fletcher, a farmer at Taunton, Mass., was embracing his wife on Sept. 23, 1908, when lightning struck him dead, leaving his wife uninjured.

Carrying a baby and leading her four-year-old son by the hand, Mrs. Charles Steele was killed by lightning in Indianapolis, June 21, 1907. The children were not injured.

face in captivity. But just figure out for yourself how many happy hours the rest of us would have had if "Fluffy" Billie had remained prim Ethelberta.

OUR DAILY BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

A quarter of a century ago today a proud and fond papa cast his admiring gaze upon a wee little girlie who had just made her debut in this happy world of ours, and immediately named the helpless infant Ethelberta. Later on when papa wasn't looking the rebellious daughter cast "Ethelberta" into the discard and preferred "Billie" before B. U. R. K. E. That insured her everlasting fame on the stage—t h a t, together with the only A No. 1 angel child



An All-Round Concertist. Rev. Skellet will give a concert, consisting of solos, duets, quartets, instrumental and vocal music at the town hall Wednesday evening.—Ferryville Correspondence, Ashland (O.) Press.

FUTUREGRAPHS

Dr. Cook in 1935

