

PHONES Business Office Main 733, A1723
Circulation Dept. Main 733, A1726
Editorial Dept. Main 734, A1728
OFFICE—708 COMMERCIAL ST.

Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

Entered at the postoffice at Tacoma, Wash., as second-class matter, TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE OF UNITED PRESS ASSOCIATION. PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY BY THE TACOMA TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY.

FOR MONEY OR FOR MEN?

Don't be misled by the plan to lease the Alaska coal lands. Just remember that in order to use that coal the lessee must do these things:

- Build a railroad into the interior of Alaska.
- Develop Controller bay into a true port.
- Install a fleet of ocean-going steamships.
- Establish shipping points and facilities of distribution all along the Pacific coast.

Could YOU do that, Mr. Reader? Could ANY person of your acquaintance? It is a rich man's proposition, isn't it? Yes, and more—it is a proposition only to be handled by one of two interests, viz: The eight men who now control the great industries of the country (Morgan, Hill, Stillman, Guggenheim, Baker, Schiff and the two Rockefeller) or the people of the United States. So the question is:

PRIVATE MONOPOLY OR PUBLIC MONOPOLY—WHICH?

There is no middle ground. To this have we come at last, the plain choice between Organized Dollars and Organized Men.

Every American citizen must decide, once for all, where he stands. He must be for Money or he must be for Men. Alaska coal is the crux of the conflict. Mysterious providence has made that far northern territory the battleground whereon will be settled the question of the ages.

The fight is on. This nation has been irrevocably conquered for Money, or it shall be forever ruled in the interest of mankind.

The Fate of the Family

Really, the divorce habit in America has reached impressive proportions. In 1885 we had 23,000 divorces against 20,000 for all the rest of the world, and in 1905 we had 68,000 against 40,000 for the rest of the world.

At the present rate of increase one-fourth of all marriages will be ended by divorce in 1950, and one-half of all marriages by 1990. Prof. C. A. Ellwood of Missouri university remarks: "The family as a permanent union between man and wife will end in this country within a measurable length of time. Monogamy as an institution is doomed in the United States."

Not so fast, professor. Suppose we should reform our economic conditions so that young people could afford to marry and stay married, rearing their children in comfort, what then?

Don't despair of matrimony yet! Most of our evils are economic at bottom. Childhood and the home are being starved just now, but we may yet decide that the fate of the race is more important than dividends on watered stock. Then see us put up the old sign, "God Bless Our Home".

Hearts Courageous

Admiral Togo left England in a storm of cheers. He has, indeed, toured the world to the music of the applauding multitude. He is now hearing the Yankee yell.

What does it mean? That we are all Japan-mad? No. That we are heart in love with war? No. That we are filled with rapturous admiration of Togo, the man? No.

We cheer for courage. It is a high spiritual quality. A man, a fleet, a nation is exalted to the point where everything is forgotten but the supremacy of an ideal—in this case, the dream of Japanese dominance in the Pacific.

The morient comes. Everything is staked on the one chance. The guns roar, the navies clash, the sea is churned with the combat. Then silence and a message:

"We hold the straits.—Togo." And evermore the sight of the little brown admiral stirs the souls of men. They cheer for more than a man, a fleet or a nation. They cheer for God! The quality of selfless courage is divine.

"Dakota or Bust"

Uncle Sam will distribute over 800,000 acres of land in North and South Dakota within the next three months. The price will range from \$1.50 to \$6.00 an acre and order of choice will be determined by lot. Each settler will get 160 acres. General Land Office, Washington, will give you full details.

This is one of your last opportunities to get cheap land in the United States. We're nearly out of stock. Millions of acres of irrigated land will be gradually offered, but they cost more because you must bear your share of the water works' charge.

If you want to get your slice of public land and try pioneering, be up and doing. There's going to be a rush.

Lincoln and "The Mob"

Platform of Lincoln Protective League (Illinois.) "The doctrines of Abraham Lincoln never contemplated that the right to be secure in person and property should depend on the caprice of a mob."

Lincoln at Gettysburg: "That this government, of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth."

THE CODE OF THE CITY

BY JOHN COPLEY

If you have no college education, scoff at the college man; if you have one, smile indulgently when they mention a Self-Made Man.

Pretend to be a great old friend of the bank presidents and call 'em by their first name; we all do it.

Never give up your seat to a woman in the street car unless she is a Little Peach; in that case, ask her for her address or slip her your card.

If you belong to one of the Swagger clubs, sit around the lobby and file your finger nails from 4 to 6 p. m. This exercise saves your stamina.

If your neighbor's wife wears a better gown than you have given your own wife, whisper it around the house that the Other Woman is too fly to be on the level.

If you're a clerk of a struggling lawyer, be sure to exhibit proper contempt for a mechanic who gets his hands dirty and wears a soft shirt. What's the odds if he does get twice as much Dosh every Saturday? You're a gentleman!

It is considered far more clever to cage \$10 a week by Pettit Lacey methods than it is to earn \$35 turning out bath room faucets in a metal factory.

Yes, all of these things are the Right Dope provided you follow the Code of the City, which we hope you do not.

VACATION JOYS OF THE JOY FAMILY



THE JOY FAMILY GRANDPA JOY TAKES TO GOLF

Most Anything

JOSH WISE SAYS:
"Don't be a n a k too heavy on a man that carries two kinds o' cigars ter give away."

The eastern correspondents seem to be devoting their time to trying to get Togo to say something.

Wonder Why Not?
Have you heard yet of any vaudeville agents getting after Joseph Clay, who was rescued from a Joplin mine?

Washington is the only state west of the Rockies that contains coal from which coke can be made.

Packing the Grip.
We'd like to bet That in the rush You will forget A comb and brush. —Youngstown Telegram.

We'd like to place A few choice rocks That in your case You put no socks. —Alliance Review.

We'd like to bet, A dime about, You went and left Your nightie out. —Houston Post.

We'd like to bet At least two dollars, You didn't take Enough clean collars. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

We'd almost dare To bet our life You did not fail To blame your wife. —Chicago Record-Herald.

WORK
We'd wager that, Ere you return, You'll wish you'd never went, gol darn.

In a poker game, when a newcomer wins, it is always proper to say something about "beginner's luck."

The Great Northern railroad is changing 115 engines from coal to oil burners.

By Adam Fay Kerr.

Dear Bill: Home life in Utah is different from that of civilized countries. There is more of it and it is livelier. If you know how it is at home with one wife and a mother-in-law, you can imagine how it is with 16 wives and about as many mothers-in-law. (Or is it mother-in-laws?) In my opinion Utah is a great place for a young girl orphan. Her chances of finding a husband are good because polygamy is bad enough but it's poly-mother-in-law that's getting the Mormon's goat. I was asked to-day how long a man can live without air. I don't know. I've been five days on a Pullman sleeper and I'm still alive.

"You say you are going to serve that sparrow to one of your guests?" "Yep." "What in the world for?" "Oh, just for a lark."

By Tennyson.
I hold it true, whate'er befall, I feel it when I sorrow most,

'Tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all.

Yes, indeed.
Won't Grandpa Joy be happy when Josephus goes back home again?

Poultry raisers, in convention at Denver, maintain that hens are race suicide followers. The average hen now lays 80 eggs a year instead of 160 as she used to.

Beer Ballad.
We don't care to know about what's beer, Or how, when or why's beer; We're after the man who quite often And willingly buys beer.

How to Be Lonesome.
I'd like to be good, my darling, only Being good is so darned lonely.

Antoine Simon, jr., son of Hayti's ex-president, arrived in New York with \$100,000. He left the government safe behind.

OUR DAILY BIRTH-DAY PARTY.
Everybody who likes animals and likes to get acquainted with the fur and feather dwellers of the wild should assist in celebrating Ernest Thompson Seton's fifty-first birthday today.

The people who have listened to his two thousand and more lectures will be there surely. Not to say anything about the many readers of his fine animal stories. The Boy Scouts, of whom the noted naturalist is a national officer, will help some. It will be some party, honest it will, and no one deserves our rousing celebration better than this friend of the outdoor life.

TODAY IN HISTORY
August 14, 1864, the dryness of the James river—at the top where steamboats usually run—beat the union troops out of a victory. For Gen. Grant had it all figured out that the James would carry soldiers enough to capture both Chapin's bluff and Drury's bluff, the chief fortifications guarding the James river approach to Richmond.

But the James, in its then impoverished condition, was bad going. So both Chapin's and Drury's remained Confederate bluffs, and not in the poker sense, either.

OUR DAILY BIRTH-DAY PARTY.
Everybody who likes animals and likes to get acquainted with the fur and feather dwellers of the wild should assist in celebrating Ernest Thompson Seton's fifty-first birthday today.

The people who have listened to his two thousand and more lectures will be there surely. Not to say anything about the many readers of his fine animal stories. The Boy Scouts, of whom the noted naturalist is a national officer, will help some. It will be some party, honest it will, and no one deserves our rousing celebration better than this friend of the outdoor life.

TODAY IN HISTORY
August 14, 1864, the dryness of the James river—at the top where steamboats usually run—beat the union troops out of a victory. For Gen. Grant had it all figured out that the James would carry soldiers enough to capture both Chapin's bluff and Drury's bluff, the chief fortifications guarding the James river approach to Richmond.

But the James, in its then impoverished condition, was bad going. So both Chapin's and Drury's remained Confederate bluffs, and not in the poker sense, either.

By Tennyson.
I hold it true, whate'er befall, I feel it when I sorrow most,

In Little Old New York

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—The number of rubber balls sold in New York in a single year must be stupendous.

The rubber ball is the toy of the child of the tenements—the one means of amusement not barred by reason of expense, danger or non-utility.

In this town of nearly 5,000,000 people hundreds of thousands of children have no playground but the streets. No garden, no yard, not even a square foot of grass or dirt. Just the stone steps of the house, the stone pavement, the stone curbing, the asphalt roadway.

What is there with which all sorts of games may be played, in these somewhat hard surroundings? The rubber ball. Practically every child has one. In every street you see the poor little creatures playing hour after hour with this one toy.

They stand in front of the steps, throw the ball up against the steps, and strike it again as it comes bounding down. They bounce it up and down on the walk, they bounce it back and forth to each other. They have invented no end of games, more or less similar to handball, in which the ball must be kept in motion by the players alternately.

And there are games of solitaire galore. In front of many a house a serious-looking little boy or girl may be seen, contentedly bouncing a ball by the half-hour at a time playing some self-invented game in which trees grass and earth form no part of the setting—just a rubber ball and the stones of the street.

Down on Staten island there is a retired minister running a little truck farm. He quit the ministry on account of his health, and the truck farm pays better, anyway. Among his products is a choice brand of sauerkraut which he makes, and which is in great demand throughout his neighborhood. Many of his customers, of course, have no idea of his clerical past.

Recently the ex-preacher was called upon by a brother minister to assist at a communion service and gladly assented. As soon as he rose to take part in the proceedings a woman near the front exclaimed in a loud whisper: "Who's that?"

"Why, it's the Rev Mr. —," replied her companion, who knew the farmer's antecedents. "Well, I declare!" gasped the other, still louder, to the edification of all sitting near, "he's our sauerkraut man!"

FUTUREGRAPHS

Judge Ben Lindsey in 1930



Harrison Grey Fiske says the English stage is 25 years behind ours. Still playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" over there, eh?

Texas is not so "wet" but the saloon majority may evaporate. The dry folks will come at 'em again pretty quick.

Uncle Sam made \$82,000,000 worth of women's clothing in 1880. In 1905, \$247,660,000 worth.

Prince of Wales is thinking a good deal of Princess Louise of Germany these days. A British king with a German queen might be a great combination for peace.

O'Gorman of New York, finds his senatorship a bore and looks back to the bench regretfully.

OBSERVATIONS

Mrs. Angelina Buckley, a niece of Col. Roosevelt's first wife, gossip says, is cutting "SOME FIG-URE" among the ultra-ultras in Reno's divorce colony. The colonel is probably finding a little consolation under cover of the fact that God gives us our relatives—especially the ones wished on us by marriage.

Now comes a rising author who claims that Captain Kidd has been grossly misrepresented, that he was no bold, daring pirate from choice, but an honest, plodding sea captain, forced into an impossible enterprise. Confound these fellows. Next thing we know president Emeritus Elliot or somebody will prove there was no Deadwood Dick.

An explosion in a powder mill at Pleasant Prairie, Wis., "addled" the eggs in the incubator so as to destroy the chicken crop. In consequence there is a "spring chicken famine" in Chicago.

Easy, Dr. Wiley, easy! When you go for to undermine our precious brewery interests, be sure to lay a long fuse to your explosive.

Don't fall to call her attention to the fact that several actresses are living out in the tobacco fields at Windsor Locks, Conn., for the benefit of their complexions.

"Beef supremacy lost to United States—gone to South America," says Armour. All right, Ogden! Beef got so high some time ago that we cut it out except as a juicy memory.

Another mobilization of troops in September or October in the prospect. Gives the boys a chance to stretch their legs, anyhow.

Martinez, "the hermit of Broadway," who wanted to escape a religious atmosphere, has died at 88 years after 30 years in a hotel. He escaped that atmosphere in Broadway, all right.

And now Paris says the reason she discarded the harem skirt was because it was "improper." Oh, you-Faree! If you're going to spring this propriety game, we're going to quit right now.

Pennsylvania railroad manager asks his men to be kind to actors, theatrical managers and theatrical agents. How do they pick them out? By their dogs, long hair or soiled collars?

If Kaiser Wilhelm dies unlicked he'll die unhappy. France on the frontier, Britain on the sea—they could trim him beautifully if he said the word.

They're going to deport Wong Fong on the ground that he's not an American, although Wong has a certificate of birth in San Francisco. Poor deluded Wong! He should have had papers to show that he had grafted something in Frisco.

Los Angeles Railway company is to put up the largest car barn in the country. 'Twill cover 5 1/2 acres.

Texas prohibits claim that heavy rains kept down their vote. Texas went wet twice at once, hey?

Rep. Dalzell, always one of high protection's high priests, says that Taft will rehabilitate himself with his party by vetoing reduction in wool and other tariffs. Which is Mr. Taft's party? He's been smuggling up to the democracy pretty closely of late.

Claims for damage and loss on shipments cost the railroads of this country \$30,000,000 annually.

Women by the score are taking up homesteads in Northern Colorado. One of them, Mrs. Lucinda Lee, from Indiana, is 82 years old. She says she'll have that 160 acres even if she does have to live five years more.

Pennsylvania farmer breeds flies, gathers the eggs and eats 'em. "A great delicacy," he says. We know where he can get a banquet of 'em for nothing, with thanks for taking same.

Lord Halsbury, Tory leader, says that at the rate things are going in England, "nothing will be safe from the majority." Bully!

Southern Pacific railroad bars women stenographers because they have a tendency to get married.

Joe Cannon and Shelby Cullom conspicuous in the \$2,000,000 Lincoln memorial affair? Oh, well, Lincoln can stand it. His reputation as a patriot is established.

Drought has deprived certain South Dakota settlers of crops for two years. Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul now hauls their freight free, which shows there's red blood in that railroad's heart, all right.

If Kaiser Wilhelm dies unlicked he'll die unhappy. France on the frontier, Britain on the sea—they could trim him beautifully if he said the word.

That New U. S. Senator from THE COTTON AND THE CORN

The cotton and the corn have 160 milk-white oxen may be reelected the white man's hope. That is to say, the commonwealth of Mississippi, which is an agricultural state and farms almost nothing but cotton and corn, has just picked for United States senator rex-Gov. James K. Vardaman, who eats, sleeps, dresses, walks, runs and dreams the repeal of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution of the United States.

In three fearful and weeping campaigns for senator, Jim Vardaman has pleaded to be sent to congress in order that he might instantly and forever blot from the constitution the "race, color or previous condition of servitude" clause. His one plank has been

SHORT SHAVINGS



JAMES K. VARDAMAN.

This man eats at one of our beautiful city's family hotels. He doesn't eat there all the time, only sometimes. And that was principally because it was convenient to his work, not because he was enamored of the service afforded in that certain dining room. One day he became peevish enough to speak to the waiter about it.

"Why do the regular boarders," he asked, "get better service here than the transients, although the transients have to pay more for their meals?"

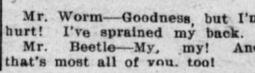
"Because," said the waiter, handing him a finger bowl with grease floating in it, "the regulars are here all the time to kick about it."

And there you are!

white supremacy. He lost by an eyelash twice. The third time he has won by a mile. It seems that they don't care much for colored people in Mississippi.

Hitherto Vardaman's aspirations have been looked upon as a joke over in Washington. When he made his triumphal progress through the streets of Meridian, Miss., dressed in white, seated in a white car drawn by 80 yoked of milk-white oxen and conveyed by a body guard of 100 men (Caucasians) all clad in white, everybody thought, on the Potomac, it was funny, but not in the least significant or serious. But now that he has swept the state in a popular appeal it's different.

A great many thousand people in Mississippi take Vardaman very seriously indeed. Also it is very improbable that the stunt with the



Mr. Worm—Goodness, but I'm hurt! I've sprained my back. Mr. Beetle—My, my! And that's most all of you, too!