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Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

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The Right to Be Well-Born

Of all decrees of Fate that of birth appears to be the most cruel because the most inexorable. Frequently, there is nothing to be done about it. A man is born with a black skin, with an ugly face, with a distorted form, or he is born to poverty, ignorance or crime. He is handicapped from the start. He simply has no chance for preferment, often none for material success, and, in thousands if not millions of cases, no chance to improve himself mentally or morally.

Did you ever think of the danger that lies in the fate of birth? We do not mean the danger to the individual, but the danger to the state, to society? Don't you see that if by progressive ratio we went on indefinitely allowing people to be born under circumstances unfavorable to health, to character, even to physical beauty, that we would be plunged into a degree of racial degeneracy that, in time, would destroy civilization?

And by the same token, don't you see that some day we may be compelled, for the sake of humanity and its future, to guarantee to every human being the right of good birth?

"A big job!" you exclaim. Yes, indeed, a very big job, but if the fate of birth involves the fate of the race, then we must master it, which means that we must have such arrangements that every child shall come into a world of plenty. Plenty of what? Plenty of all that makes for comfort, character, health and enlightenment.

Did you ever see anything more pathetic than a sweet child born to misery and condemned to privation and probable vice through no fault of its own? It is a crime! But whose crime? And who shall set it right, not for this child—for him the die is cast—but for all the billions of sweet children yet unborn?

N. Y. street cars were blockaded in all directions, the other day, and lots of passengers discommoded, because a 2-year-old boy had picked out a nice soft place between the tracks for the mud-pie industry. And that infant industry was promptly discouraged by the police.

A Right Fine Idea

A bright economist has worked up discussion in London over a new plan for speedily settling the next great strike. It is to have every local authority get up a roll of citizens who will, as strikebreakers, step in and perform necessary services, such as work at transporting supplies and on the light and water plants, etc.

We heartily endorse the plan for trial in America. If the right sort of citizens will serve as strikebreakers, our eminent professional strikebreakers need not be unnecessarily disturbed in their occupations as burglars, saloon bums and stool pigeons of the tenderloin.

When there is a railroad strike, let the Morgans, Goulds and Vanderbilts turn out and fire the engines and turn the brakes. When the expressmen get tired of handling the tons of goods for \$2.15 per day, let good citizens of the Toia Platt stripe take up the work. When there's a strike of miners, why not have fellows like "Divine Right" Baer go into the mines? What speedier, more thorough settlement of a strike of drillers, drivers and barrelmakers could be suggested than to have John and William Rockefeller and the Whiteys don overalls and go to drilling, driving and hammering on the hooops?

Put the gentlemen whose greed is struck against in the places of the strikers, by all means. We are not certain that this plan is feasible but, on its face, it appeals to us as the most glorious suggestion we've ever heard of for the speedy and complete adjustment of industrial troubles. We commend it to those distinguished philanthropists, Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie, in particular. Gentlemen, strikes will be unheard of, if you at the directors of your corporations will, in just one instance, take the places of strikers.

LOS ANGELES boys and girls, to the number of 100, waited all night on the steps of the polytechnic high school to make sure of admittance. Such boys and girls are likely to have a future.

They'll Be Taken In

How'd you like to belong to a country that has no national life, no national spirit, no 4th of July, no excuse for quitting work two or three times a year and "whooping'er up to beat the band"?

Forty-five years ago, a squad of Welsh families left Wales, largely because the skeletons in their closets wouldn't stay locked up, and went to Patagonia. You know Patagonia? It's that awfully bleak and empty lumpy-of place of the world at the southern end of the South American continent, where it is so cold in summer that you freeze and so hot in winter that you bake, and where everything else is twisted like. It's where the Creator dumped the tag-ends of material after building the world.

Well, landing at Port Madryn, these Welshmen went far inland to what is now called Chubut Valley. The valley looked like an ash-bin but these pioneers located water. They ate jackrabbits, raw, boiled, en fricasse and in ragout, garnished with cactus, while they dug canals over 40 miles long, with branches 200 miles long in some cases, and turned the waste into a fertile, money-making region.

Having got something, these Patagonian Welshmen are attracting the attention of "the powers," meaning old nations that are looking for soft spots for their surplus population. Argentina has assumed government over Chubut Colony, but Great Britain is evincing affection for those Welshmen, and so a "British Society" got up a celebration of King George's coronation way down there in that corner of Patagonia. There was some cheering for George, some for Argentina, some for just plain Chubut, and some of the Pat-Welsh just cheered into the wide, wide world on general principles.

Little matter? Oh no! Many of the important nations have too many people. They've eaten up their land. Patagonia has 322,550 square miles of land and those Welsh, who are out in the cold nationally, have proved that some of it is worth grabbing.

Union of Divine-Right Rules

Another great royal jubilee is on the tapis and American society abroad is already crawling on hands and knees for invitations.

Archduke Charles F. Joseph, who has about 4 chances in 10 of becoming king of Austria-Hungary, is going to marry Princess Zita of Bourbon-Parma, more or less a blood relation of his. Society is preparing for a great splurge and the common folks are trembling in their boots, for it will be a union of pedigrees pretty straight from lunatics.

The bridegroom's grandfather got so bad that the Vienna courts had the surprising nerve to endorse the popular opinion that he was crazy.

The bride is the twelfth of Duke Robert of Parma's twenty children. Eighteen of Robert's children were born lunatic or showed up thus later in life. Duke Henry calls himself "grand prince of storks". His eldest sister, Louise, calls herself "Empress Theodora". Another sister, Maria Immacolata, imagines she is Marie Antoinette and carries about with her a cabbage which she says is her head, cut off by the French. But Zita herself, and her brother Helie, seem to be sound mentally and are fine people, physically, giving the family a percentage of at least ten per cent non-lunatic, anyhow.

Of course, the scientists and common people oppose the marriage, the first on solid eugenic grounds, the latter because they fear to risk breeding a line of sovereigns of the people from such stock.

INDEPENDENT oil producers in Scotland are fighting each other independently, and little old Standard Oil Co. is buying their oil at 1 1/4 pence net per gal.

RHODESIA is coming into the world's markets with oranges and lemons.

MISSOURI mule market quiet? Well, then, there just isn't going to be any foreign war.

SPEEDIEST creature is the swallow, which can fly 300 feet per second.

ALL England seems to feel that Uncle Sam was playing mean with his reciprocity scheme and got what was coming to him.

ALL trust products having risen in price since that U. S. supreme decision, Wickersham announces that he'll continue the "war on the trusts".

WEDGEWOOD, an Englishman, did the first photographing 109 years ago.

THEY ALL FALL FOR IT.



MOST ANYTHING

Somebody has to work out the road tax on Easy street.

The days approach when it is very soothing to have a young steam radiator that will come up and nestle at your feet and purr with entire friendliness.

O sometimes I shall fall asleep Where grasses wave and roses creep, And still the world will run along Tuned to the joy of love's sweet song;

I only ask that I may be A part of that sweet harmony.

One of the troubles about getting workmen to go to church is the fact that they don't want him to do much of the working—in the church.

The fellow uttered wise advice Who said "Just grin and bear it."

A grinning face helps other folks And the happy boys who wear it.

You never know whether it's a joy ride until it's finished.

In the course of a day the world bares its every spot to a glimpse of the sun.

O talking of music The band and all that, And the opera stars That grow wobbly and fat—I still give my faith To the anthems that swell O'er the hungry noon-hour From the old dinner bell.

There never is a road so bare But somewhere roses are; There never is a night so dark But somewhere shines a star.

When the frost is on the pumpkin And the fodder's in the shock, O then is when you're sorry That your overcoat's in hock.

The mule is the sleepest animal on earth, and the kickiest. In life it is also the sleepy boy who does the most kicking. The wide-awake fellow uses his feet to run with.

THE HILLS OF HOME.

Always they gleam in the distance Down the long path we roam, The beckoning goal of a storm-tossed soul— The beautiful Hills of Home.

There are fair white paths down the valley,

There's a thrill on the breast of the foam, But deep in our dream is the call and the gleam Of the heart-keeping Hills of Home.

The world may crown us with laurels— And scatter its flowers at our feet— But the last quiet rest we would have on the breast Of the hills where our childhood was sweet.

A cinnamon bear probably never has to take clover following a banquet.

THE FRAGRANT END. Let me end sweetly with the hushing day, Some beauty mingling with my final breath, As the willow rose beside the scorching way Distills a dew-drop ere it turns to Death.

GERTRUDE HOFFMAN. She dances like a gay gazelle, Her feet are blithe and nimble, Likewise her clothes which every night She jams into a thimble.

"I have here a dollar dated 1854." "It takes a dollar just about that long to catch up with the average man."

You never get beat in a horse trade if you get the horse you want.

"If the church confines itself to theology and the bible," says Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch of the Rochester (N. Y.) theological seminary, "and refuses its larger mission to humanity, its theology will gradually become mythology and its bible a closed book." For more than 10 years the professor was engaged in religious work among 11 million grants, and it was, undoubtedly, here that he learned of a great work the church might do. Dr. Rauschenbusch is 50 today.

There is a star behind the cloud, There is a rose beneath the snow; There is a little brook around The bend of any road we go. The morning lingers in the dark. Life folds a dream that will come true, And somewhere, sometime, somehow, things Will all come right for me and you.

Parson's Poem a Gem. From Rev. H. Stubenvoll, Allison, Ia., in praise of Dr. King's New Life Pills. "They're such a health necessity. In every home these pills should be."

If other kinds you've tried in vain, USE DR. KING'S And be well again." Only 25c at Ryner Malstrom Drug Co., 938 Pacific ave.

"The Dear Women Are the Worst Smugglers"

Stowed safely away in the vaults of the customs collector is a motley assortment of merchandise that has been "pinched" during the past few weeks by the white-badged men down on the docks.



The government will hold a bargain sale of these trifles in a short time and there will be a good chance for you to pick up souvenir stick pins of Victoria, cigar cases from Vancouver and hatpins that have gaudy little metal medallions (of that C. P. R. hotel that cost \$2,000,000) on 'em.

"It isn't the regular professional smugglers that try to bring in this kind of junk," said one of Uncle Sam's customs inspectors today.

"It's the dear women who try to get past with 75-cent hatpins and such things that contribute to this collection."

"A tall blonde girl opened her suit case for me to look into, two or three nights back. It looked all right—had a lot o' them lacy and purple ribbon things, you know, and I asked her the usual questions. I was just going to put a chalk circle on that suit case and let the blonde girl go on, when I felt a hard package in one corner of the case."

"What's that?" I asked the girl, looking right into her pretty blue eyes.

"Sure," said the deputy collector.

One frequently hears this said of property. Often the only reason such property does not sell is because the person who would buy does not know it is for sale.

Finding a buyer for vacant lots, houses or buildings is mostly a matter of telling the public about it through The Times "want" ads.

Most every buyer searches The Times "want" ads every day.

HUNTING COATS, \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00

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Good Tacoma Eastern Mill Wood, 2 ricks \$2.50 3 ricks \$3.50

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Remember, there is no business so small and none so large, but that this bank will give it careful attention. 4 0/0 BANKERS TRUST CO. BANK 4 0/0 Capital \$300,000.00 Bankers Trust Building, Tacoma, Wash.

If You Have a Victor be sure to get a copy of the new Victor monthly bulletin which tells about the newest music.

If You Haven't a Victor you'll find the Victor bulletin interesting anyhow. So send for a copy. Better still—stop in and get it, and hear some of the music itself.

STOP IN AND GET A COPY, OR DROP US A POSTAL AND WE'LL GLADLY SEND IT.

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While waiting on the upper crust's marble steps, Bessie Biff gave me the inside dope on the Van Svelte-Scadsborough nuptials.

As camera lady on the "Daily Sneeze" I'm kept pretty busy snapping the upper crust of society. By this I mean the dollar mark brand of society. The other kind is getting scarcer all the time. It's lucky to be called "middle class" now.

The main event under the big canvas just now is the impending coupling-up of Lancelot Scadsborough. I was detailed to go with Bessie Biff, the live wire society special of the "Daily Sneeze," to get pictures of people concerned in the big doings. While waiting on the upper crust's marble steps, Bessie Biff gave me the inside dope on the Van Svelte-Scadsborough nuptials.

"The heart interest in this story is that Lancelot is going to settle down, not so much that he is going to marry anybody," makes when people haven't got as much money as you thought they had.

At this point they let us in to photograph the prospective bride in her trousseau. Probably because she was going to marry a multi-millionaire she pulled a good deal of the stuff called hauteur, but I wasn't much impressed. It's remarkable what a difference it makes when people haven't got as much money as you thought they had.

(Continued.)

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VICTOR Talking Machines, Player Pianos. Steinway and Other Pianos, Estey Organs.

Sherman Clay & Co
Sherman-Clay Building 925-30 C St., Tacoma 19 Stores on the Pacific Coast.

The Story Club

You say that many men have no bed And walk the pavements most wearily With never a place for a tired head And not a spot from the cold to flee? Well, maybe you're right; but come with me Where the lights are bright and the silks frout-frout, Why do you talk about misery? Look at the cars on the Avenue!

I know some people are underfed (Food is rarely, if ever, free). I know some little ones cry for bread And babies wall most piteously, Isn't it sad such things should be? Yet I guess they're nothing to me or you, For the land is full of "prosperity"— Look at the cars on the Avenue!

Ah, yes, I know all you've seen and read Of half-clad paupers who make their plea Of want abysmal and famine dread, But these are the things we need not see; Let us feast our eyes on the luxury, The folly and fashion that's here to view, Life is laughter and wealth and glee— Look at the cars on the Avenue!

Friend, this message I give to thee: To watch the lowly will make you blue, So for peace of mind and of memory Look at the cars on the Avenue!

OUR DAILY BIRTH-DAY PARTY. TODAY IN HISTORY. October 4, 1861, just 50 years ago today, the United States of America contracted with John Ericsson to build an iron-clad battery of iron and wood combined which would make a sea speed of eight knots an hour for 12 consecutive hours. The contract price was \$275,000, to be paid in five installments of \$50,000 and one of \$25,000 except that 25 per cent of each payment was to be retained by Uncle Sam until after a satisfactory trial of the vessel. The description in this contract fits the most famous warship of the rebellion—the original Monitor.

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