

## Record Of the Standpatters

YOU'RE STILL A Standpatter, are you? Rather proud of it, too? Perhaps you don't know the company you are in as shown by the record of the Standpatters, beginning back a few thousand years. Well, here it is:

Who would not hearken to Noah, a preacher of righteousness, and were all drowned in the flood? The Standpatters.

Who refused to let the children of Israel go up out of the land of Egypt? The Standpatters.

Who had Daniel cast into the lions' den? The Standpatters.

Who rejected the teachings of Jesus when "the common people heard him gladly?" The Standpatters.

Who compelled Galileo to recant his declaration that the earth revolved? The Standpatters.

Who put Columbus in prison after he had discovered a new world? The Standpatters.

Who, after the globe had been circumnavigated, still insisted that it was flat? The Standpatters.

Who believed it was right to hang persons for witchcraft? The Standpatters.

Who decried the introduction of the sewing machine, the cotton gin, the self-binder and other labor-saving inventions? The Standpatters.

Who, north as well as south, opposed the abolition of slavery? The Standpatters.

Who objected to the adoption of standard time? The Standpatters.

Who opposed the building of the Panama canal? The Standpatters.

Who have continually fought all legislation in the interest of the people? The Standpatters.

Who have always believed that a public trust meant private graft? The Standpatters.

Are you still a Standpatter? If you are, it is from among them and be ye separate."

## What William Shows Us

A VERY FINE LAWYER, a gentleman who has recently been mentioned in connection with the Ohio governorship, writes us:

"Taft's term in the White House has done more to open the eyes of the people to the folly of turning the government over to lawyers and judges than anything else which has happened in a generation."

Yes, sir! From evil cometh good, often, very often. We get those delicious "lady fingers" cakes from ancient eggs, and from Bill Taft we get a tremendous demonstration of just exactly the sort of man not to make president. We sure owe it to Bill to say that in this respect he has done the country a service unequalled by predecessors in particular or collectively.

But our government is pretty largely a government by courts, now, and to follow logically our Ohio correspondent, it is a bad thing to put lawyers on the bench.

Bad government by lawyers, good government by laymen. This is sound argument, rational deduction. And we may eventually get around to curing some of our governmental ills by such a substitution, not with consent of the lawyer, Ohioan or otherwise, however.

## A Chinese Program

OTHER THINGS BESIDES tea, fancy plates and stories about missionaries are coming out of China. The new China is thinking about governmental matters, about taking its place in the comity of nations, and is going about it in the right way.

Yuan Shih-Kai, first president of the Chinese republic and her greatest living man, was recently quoted as expressing his aspirations in these words:

"I want to build for the millions here and the millions to come. We want food, we want work, we want peace."

After all, there isn't so much difference between the Chinese and ourselves, is there? Yuan has stated in a few words the entire program, the entire hope of the progressive masses of the United States.

What is the meaning of all this talk about conservation of national resources, tariff revision, trust regulation, popular control of the government, initiative, referendum and recall?

## Observations

**SELF-GOVERNMENT** must still be somewhat of a problem when a city like Detroit promptly renominates eight of her eighteen aldermen who are under indictment for bribery.

**NOTIFYING** Wilson, Marshall, Taft and Sherman was tame work. A committee to notify Willie Hearst that he wasn't nominated could have made folks' patriotism just boil.

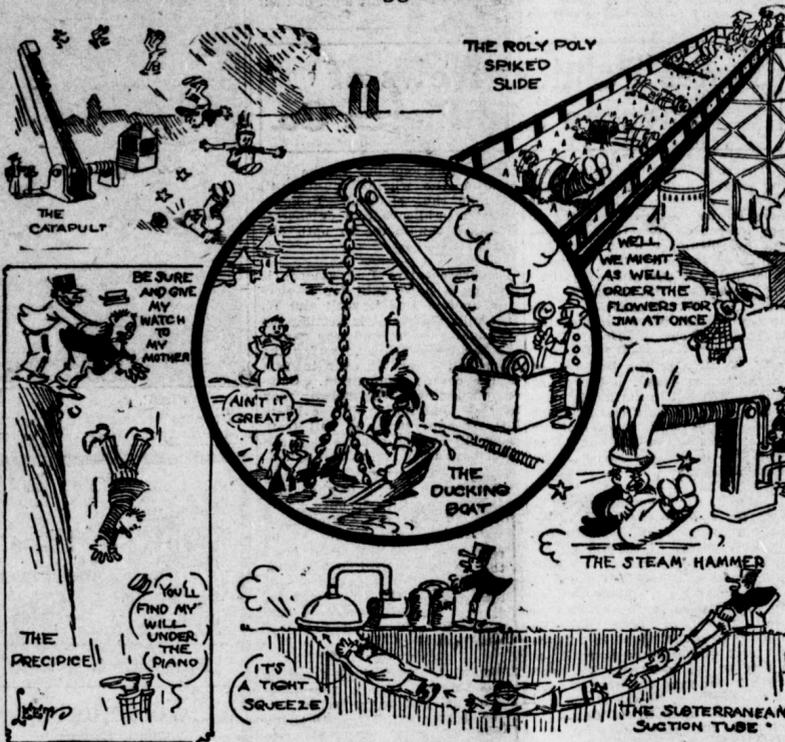
**WE** note that the American Bar association is having its annual gabfest over the evils of progress.

**BOB HODGE** speaks tonight at the Tacoma theater at 8 o'clock. Hear Hodge and be convinced that he is the right man for governor.

## With Times Fun Makers



In View of the Craze for Painful Amusements, Our Comic Artist Offers a Few Suggestions.



**NICE ABOUT IT**  
At a meeting of business men a discussion was started regarding a banker who has the reputation for hard bargaining, close-fistedness and invariably getting his pound of flesh.  
"Oh, well," said one man, "he isn't so bad. I went to see him to get a loan of \$500 and he treated me very courteously."  
"Did he lend you the money?" was asked.  
"No," was the reply, "he didn't. But he hesitated a minute before he refused."—Kansas City Star.

**WOMAN'S PROGRESS**  
"I tell you, women are taking their proper place in the world." How now?  
"Mabel's graduating essay consisted of a thesis on the theory of throwing the spit ball. Nobody ever thought, ten years ago that a girl could do anything like that."—Kansas City Journal.

**TWO OF 'EM**  
His companion bent over him, with pitiful earnestness, and stared beseechingly into his waxy features. Again came the flutter of the eyelids, but this time his will mastered approaching death. His lips weakly struggled to execute his last commands, and the friends bent closer to hear the faltering whisper: "I am—gone. Yes—er—I know. Go to Milly. Tell her—I died with—her name on—my lips; that I—er—have loved—her—her alone—er—always. And Bessie—tell—er—tell Bessie the same thing."—London Weekly Telegraph.

**LIKES NOTHING COMMON**  
Mrs. Tinkle—They say that Mrs. Neaurich is becoming more proper every day.  
Mrs. Dimple—Yes, indeed; you should have seen how mortified she was a while ago when she learned that her husband owned common stock in a railroad.—Satire.

**MATERNAL FRIGIDITY**  
"I know I keep late hours, mother," confessed the repentant young man, "but you've told me many a time that I was the 'star' of your existence, and so—"  
"Notnow, Percival," interrupted the austere old lady, looking at him over her spectacles; "you're my midnight son."—New York Tribune.

## THERE WERE STANDPATTERS EVEN THEN



Here's a picture of Jonas Hanway, carrying THE FIRST UMBRELLA, long, long ago, on a rainy London September day. Of course they laughed at him. Quite a few people carry umbrellas nowadays, without creating any excitement.

**NOT ALWAYS.**  
Prisoner—And I thought stars and stripes were the emblem of liberty!



And I have my butt on!

The sun was sinking in all his glory.

He Didn't Dare To.  
"George Washington never told a lie. It does not seem possible."  
"He knew it would be of no use."  
"How so?"  
"He married a widow, and you can't lie to a widow and get away with it."—Houston Post.

**Her Proxy.**  
"Well, auntie," asked her young master, "do you really believe in the Bible?"  
"Yes, sah, ebery word."  
"Do you believe that the whale swallowed Johan?"  
"Yes, sah; I believe it cause the Bible says so. I'm gwine tuh ask Johan 'bout dat jes as soon as I gets to hebban."  
"But suppose Johan isn't there?"  
"Den, honey, you ken ask him."—Judge.

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The Times WANT AD PHONE is Main 12. Call that number any time up to 9 p. m. and your wants will be met.

## The Times Daily Short Story

THE LOBSTER POTS  
By Harold Carter

Jean Piret flung the oars into his boat and pushed off from the shore, followed by the curses of the Breton fishermen.

"Traitor," shouted one. "The English gold is dearer to thee than the honor of France. Go, catch thy lobsters for the English commander."

Piret made no reply, but glanced up the bay to where, anchored in the swift tides, the British battleship inflexible, a man-of-war of three decks and ninety guns, loomed like a menacing specter against the mouth of the harbor. Next he looked back upon the little fishing village, so lately devastated by the red-hot cannon balls of the invaders. He paled and muttered into his beard.

"Go, then, accursed one, catch thy lobsters for the English!" cried the fishermen, shaking their fists at him as he pulled out. Their anger was natural. The English supply ship had not come in, and Jean Piret's lobsters and fresh fish, which he sold to the English officers, formed a welcome change from the unvarying rations of half mouldy pork, pickled in brine. He alone of all the Breton sailors took out his boat nowadays. In him the love of gain seemed to have supplanted patriotism.

As he heared the battleship however, his eye clouded. He glanced along the bay. No pilot had brought her hither, nothing save sheer luck had guided her through those swift tides and rocky barriers. Once she set sail or lost her anchor she would be swept to destruction upon the needle edges of the submerged rocks, over which breakers constantly were foaming.

"Ha, Piret, have you fish for us?" cried an officer from the deck as his boat pulled by. "Or any more of those delicious lobsters you brought us yesterday?"

"I go for lobsters tonight," answered Piret gloomily, watching the twilight deepening over the sea.

"Where do you set your bait?" the officer shouted.

"Under those rocks there are lobsters bigger than any off the coast, and sweeter." Piret responded, indicating the direction hard by the big anchor that kept the big vessel fast by the bows.

"May fisherman's luck be with you," said the officer piously, turning away. Jean Piret answered nothing, but baited and let down his pots. Then in the gathering gloom he turned and shook his fist at the man-of-war, whose giant hull swung blackly, athwart the tide. It was full in, running between the shoals of the Biscay coast with all the force of the Atlantic combers.

Darkness deepened, became impenetrable. Even the giant ship was nothing more than a great gray shadow, and only her top lights indicated to the villagers that she was there, waiting implacably. She had no searchlights, for this was before their day—

**Ennui**  
BY BERTON BRADLEY

I'm sick of the mountains,  
The lakes and the plain,  
And even the seashore  
Just gives me a pain.  
I'm weary of places  
Vacationists roam;  
I'm weary of loafing—  
I want to go home.

I'm bored with the hammocks  
That lazily swing,  
I'm sick of the birdies  
That warble and sing.  
I'm sick of flirtations  
As frothy as foam;  
I long for the city—  
I want to go home.

I want to be busy  
Where life is athrob;  
I want to be hustling,  
I get back on the job.  
The summer's near over,  
And up in my dome  
This carol is ringing—  
"I want to go home!"

**SUCH IGNORANCE.**  
Visitor—Little man, do you know who I am?  
Bobby— Gee! Don't YOU know?



THEN, LEANING OVER, HE BEGAN FILING BENEATH THE WATER.

before the day of the torpedo, too. She had nothing to so far as she knew, from any enemy, seeing that the bulk of the French fleet was making for the Mediterranean by the way of Trafalgar, soon to be memorable. Piret shook his fist once more, his face convulsed with hatred. Then, muffling his oars with rags, he began to row silently, picking up his lobster pots. Twelve of them contained the bait which had not been taken, but in the thirteenth was a fine file of steel. Piret

dipped his hand into the sea and began feeling until he came on what he sought. It was the great chain that held the anchor of the inflexible. Then, leaning over, holding his boat stationary with his left hand, which gripped the hawser, he began filing beneath the water.

Half an hour later he laid the file aside and felt the chain with his hand. In the strong steel there was the smallest indentation. He hurried his work. It would take him all night, and it must be completed by dawn.

Day broke at last as Piret reached the shore. He did not hesitate, but went from door to door, awakening the inmates, whispering to them. As each man heard he took his musket from beneath the floor where it had been concealed and hurried after the fisherman. But before the mists had risen from the face of the sea cries of distress came ringing over the waters. Then came another sound, well known by all; that of a ship's timbers grinding upon that rock bound wall.

Suddenly the curtain of the fog rolled. Hard on the rocks rolled the stranded hulk of the inflexible. The giant waves broke over her, her guns rolled helplessly upon their chassis, pointing skyward and seaward. One moment the villagers paused in awe, the next their muskets crashed out a thunder of doom to the invaders, black in the rigging.

Jean Piret had baited his lobster pots to good purpose.

## WATCH FOR AMERICAN KING IN THREE GENERATIONS



KEIR HARDIE; A SKETCH FROM LIFE.  
By Harry P. Burton.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—"In three generations America will be the greatest monarchy the world has ever seen. She is, right now, rushing with all her might toward such a development with the unchecked growth of her mighty plutocracy and the continuous upbuilding of her mighty army and her mighty navy—the two chiefest bulwarks of a predatory wealth and a landed aristocracy. The time is fast arriving, these things plainly seem to point, when a king will finally be demanded to rule this land—a king about whom the satellites, monied and titled, may revolve, and who, by pomp and ceremony, may delude the people as to their REAL rights."

Keir Hardie, member of the English parliament and most famous of all British socialists, paints this as a possible picture of future, near-future, American politics.

Keir Hardie, not wild-eyed and burning with unchastened fire of youth, but white-haired and luminous with a fine-blown intelligence, made the statement to me calmly and forcefully. This is Hardie's fourth visit to the United States and he says he feels sure now that such a royalistic regime as he pictures MUST and WILL come to pass here unless the workmen of this country begin AT ONCE to REALIZE and to TAKE THEIR RIGHTS. He says:

"American people are no different than English people and although they haven't a king now and vaunt much their republic still if things keep on moving as they are—carrying more and more power into the hands of the favored few and backing up their power with militia, navymen, guns, powder and armored cruisers—it will not be a great while away before the king arrives, and when he does the people will be flattered by him then just as the English people are flattered by him today.

"Will the American nation allow things to go on here as they are going?  
"Will Americans arrest the tide before it is too late?  
"These are the questions I am eager to see answered. I want to see the working people of America have too much intelligence to neglect their rights and pass them over to an aristocracy.  
"There is only one way they can conserve their rights. And that one way is to redistribute the centers of wealth so that they cannot go on increasing automatically and delegating, in proportion, more and more power to the owners of these pools and, decrease in proportion, the power of the people who are creating these pools.  
"The way to redistribute this wealth is to establish municipal and state ownership of public utilities and the means of production. And to do this, the working class must put itself in control of municipal councils, legislatures and national congresses.  
"Royally heroic warship—is a disease, a form of insanity, and Americans, the workers of America, should not succumb to it, even to the final symptoms that announce its coming. Instead they must rouse themselves, form their own party and never again allow themselves to be governed and exploited by an oligarchy—a rule by a few self-chosen egoists."