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Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

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There are 360,753 graves of soldiers and sailors in the national cemeteries.

It seems to be impossible for either the city or county to get its road paving done before wet weather in the fall.

Looks as if about 5,000 Tacoma voters would be shut out of the election by failure to register. Last chance today.

The city actually made money by being robbed by Bringolf for it got interest on the whole defalcation from the bonding company.

"U. S. forces kill 50 men, losing but 4," chirps Hearst. Fine batting average, fine! At that rate it will cost us only about 4000 men to kill all Nicaragua.

Indiana woman has invented a silencer for the baby. Babe can howl all it likes and not be heard. Hope the price by the barrel on that invention will be within the reach of all.

Chicago ministers are showing signs of trying to save the souls of the rich who lease their property for immoral purposes. Someone must have given them a pointer on the location of needy souls.

It was just darned mean in Norman Hopgood, of Collier's, to withhold his expose of the forging of those Hearst Standard Oil letters until those Standard fellows had plead guilty, anyway.

Congressman Humphrey drools thusly: "If it is true that my country is controlled by crooks, then may I never know the truth." Poor little angel child! Someone take him into the nursery before his feathers get all wet.

Idaho supreme court decides against the Bull Moosers because "an assemblage of self-appointed delegates does not constitute a legal convention," which would mean that that Chicago gathering in August was—Oh well! "Onward Christian Soldiers!" just the same.

Can anyone imagine such as the Roosevelt-to-Harriman letter being written from the White House in McKinley's or Garfield's time? asks the N. Y. Herald. No, indeed. No letters at all! Mr. Hanna would simply strap on his spurs and personally call with an empty bag on his shoulder.

With railroad earnings twenty millions a month ahead of last year, bank clearings showing 5 to 20 per cent gains, steel mills full of orders and with almost unprecedented crops, transactions on the New York Stock Exchange are the smallest in many years. There is something in this presidential campaign that makes the big gamblers wary. Maybe its the probability that "manipulation" is to be knocked in the head.

Senator Theo. Burton has taken Wilson's trail in behalf of Taft. Mr. Burton won the world series record by voting with Aldrich 114 times in revising the tariff downward by increasing the duties. 'Tis said that Mr. Burton's judicial temperament is so dispassionate that you don't have to have ice in your buttermilk when drinking alongside him. It's going to be a cold day for Woodrow with Theo. coasting along there behind him.

With deepest pleasure we announce that there is now in our midst Dr. J. E. Melville, of the University of Glasgow, Scotland, with a message that will appeal to every manly heart. Just now the good doctor is at Los Angeles where he proclaims that peppermint candy is good for the baby because it keeps the infant busy. For this purpose the Los Angelesans have been relying almost wholly on the native fleas and they sure will welcome the change to candy.

LO! THE NOBLE ONES!

Speaking of the personnel of that meeting of the Society of American Indians at Columbus, O., the N. Y. Times says: "They are the nobler red men, without the bloodthirstiness of their sires and their capacity for rum and mischief."

A Christian white man and editor is the last man on earth justified in throwing stones at the American Indian.

The white man found the American Indian happy according to his needs, a creature with high ideals of honor and worshiping God, according to his lights, with a sincerity that would compare favorably with much of the sincerity of worship of the present day. Moreover, the red man loyally practiced his religion. Physically, he was the equal if not the superior of the white man. Our growing divorce evil, our white slavery, our advertisements of private doctors are awful obstacles to our consistency damning him for his social immoralities. Maybe he was a savage, but he never perpetrated anything worse than old, cultured, civilized Boston and Lawrence, and dozens of other communities permit in their slums.

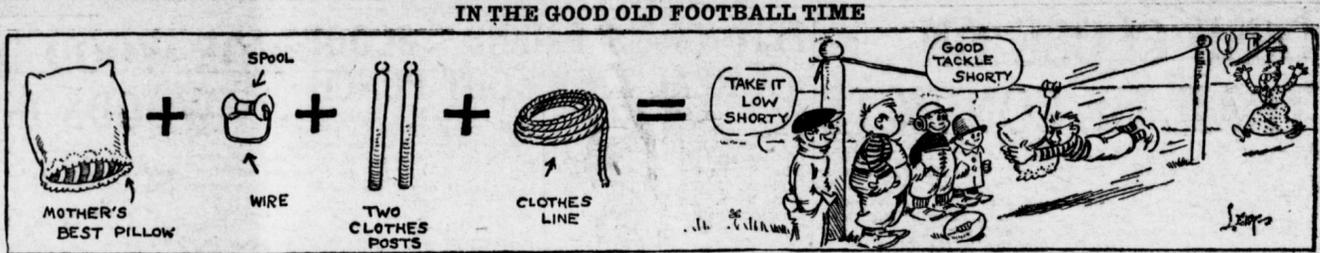
Truth confesses that very largely by fraud and force we took the red man's vast realm. We made him bloodthirsty by it. He thirsted for blood. We thirsted for gold.

Yea verily. That handful of red-faced representatives at the Columbus meeting are "the noble red men". They are the remnants that have survived our gold thirstiness, our rum and our diseases. Shall we pause in admiration of their nobility—and editorially stone their ancestors?

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SOMEWHERE ELSE Daughter—Father, you shouldn't have kicked George last night. You broke the poor fellow's heart. Father—I didn't come anywhere near his heart.—Boston Transcript. Stopped. She—Have you a running account with that bookmaker? He—I did have, but he stopped it before it got into its stride.—London Opinion. She (very pretty)—How dare you kiss me! I'll have you arrested. He—What's the use? Any judge would acquit me.—Boston Advertiser. ALMOST A MIRACLE. One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holselaw, Clarendon, Tex., was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes, "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, and was completely cured by ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 218 pounds. For many years our family has used this wonderful remedy for Coughs and Colds, with excellent results." It's quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Ryner Mainstreet Drug Co., 933 Pacific avenue.

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NOTHING SERIOUS

WOULDN'T THIS GET YOUR GOAT?



Comic Personals

When the editor opened his "Question Box" this morning instead of the usual accumulation of mail he found a chubby youngster with Lord Fountieroy hair combed in it. Whom he recognized at once as his juvenile friend Inquisitive Edwin, the boy who wants to know why. Every once in a while this human interrogation-point breaks in and turns an otherwise peaceful atmosphere into a riot of things that cannot be clearly answered. One has to forgive Edwin, however, for when you adjure him that "children should be seen and not heard," he promptly declares his willingness to sit and listen—provided you can tell him the answer. Could anything be more reasonable? Or more baffling? Here is his latest inquiry for the Comic Page: If a feather tickles, what keeps a hen from laughing herself to death? Financial. "I don't know whether it is a good thing to encourage women to go into politics or not," said the man with the furrowed brow. "Surely you do not doubt their capability?" "Not in the least. But think of the appalling sums that will change hands if they get to betting hats on elections." Trapped. His conscience hurt And he was sad; He ne'er would flirt Again, egad! The reason why? Oh, can't you guess? With soulful sigh The maid said "Yes."—Birmingham Age-Herald. True to Life. "What success have you had with the portrait of your mother-in-law?" "Tremendous! It is such a speaking likeness that my brother, when he came to look at it, instinctively put his cigar behind his back."



INQUISITIVE EDWIN

PERSIFFLAGE "Hello, Jones! I hear you were sick." "Yes; I was threatened with a fever, but the doctor succeeded in arresting it." "Ah! he arrested it for making threats, I suppose." NOW-A-DAYS "The ancient Romans seem to have got a lot of fun out of gladiators fighting to the death." "And in these times they won't even let us kill an occasional umpire!" His Narrow Escape. Mr. Post—"The savings institution of our town has gone up, Pat. Patrick—Glorr be! I'd be after losin' \$250 thin if I hadn't been robbed of it on me way to the bank.—Harper's Bazar. Natural Antipathy. Little Boy (to gardener)—Jones, why do you always pull your barrow behind you, instead of pushing it? Jones—"Cos I 'ates the sight of the beastly thing. Not Long. "Did she love him long?" "Till he was short."—Baltimore American.

JOKES

NEED SLEEP "Don't you sometimes long for peace and quiet?" "No," replied the Mexican. "War with us, is like the elevated railway system in some of your large cities. Nobody would be able to sleep if he couldn't hear it."—Washington Star. SAVING GAS Maud—So you've accepted Jack. You must regard him in a different light from what they used to. Ethel—To tell the truth, there wasn't any light at all when I accepted him.

SCANT They were leaving Eden. "The laugh," exclaimed Adam, "is on us!" "And that," rejoined Eve, with sudden consciousness, "is about all!"—Judge. SOFT SPOT HIGHER UP Jennie—He must have a soft spot in his heart for me. Wennie—Why so? Jennie—He says he is always thinking of me. Wennie—But, you know, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head.—London Telegraph.

UNSELFISH Stout Lady—Are you quite sure you can swim, George? George—Of course I can. Why do you ask? Stout Lady—I feel so relieved. I don't know what I should do if Fido fell into the water!—London Opinion.

VOICE OF PROTEST He—What in blue blazes all those confounded cats tonight? I never heard them yell in such a blood-curdling way. She—Maybe somebody has just told them about 9-cent milk.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. HIS EXAMPLE Teacher—Bobby, give me an example of the word "damper." Bobby (after a moment's thought)—Paw says maw is too damperticular about his feet bein' wiped.—Boston Transcript.

Nothing Left. His look was the look of utter desolation. "My last friend," he exclaimed, "has just borrowed my last dollar."—Puck.

Noted Japanese Sizes Up Our American Politics



Artist's sketch showing what Saburo Shimada, noted Japanese, thinks is the effect of capital control of American politics.

By Saburo Shimada. The greatest influence of control over the political power of the United States lies in the purses of her millionaires. This is what intelligent Americans acknowledge and have so far endeavored in vain to stop. The democrats raise loud protest against the trusts and the tariff, the evils of which the republicans cannot altogether deny. The university professors also join in the cry, but they too cry in vain. In election campaigns politicians must call upon the help of the wealthy; the liberal contributions of the rich to the universities silence their professors' lips; and congress and the press are alike apt to serve at the feet of the bosses. That the American legislature and government should be injuriously affected by such a state of affairs is inevitable. America's interference in Cuba was dictated by the apprehension that interests of American capitalists might be jeopardized. The dispatch of American troops to Mexico was effected also under the pretext that the civil commotion threatened to injure American capital in Mexico. The universal inclination towards economic enterprises diverts America's best sons to the field of business, with the consequence that commercial magnates command an incredible measure of authority over politics. Candidates for the presidency and governorships, being unable to secure election unless they are backed by business men, often commit prejudicial acts in the legislature in favor of the interests of business men.

LATEST MARKET REPORT FOR TACOMA HOUSEWIVES

Table with market prices for various goods like Strawberries, Apples, Potatoes, etc.

THE BEGINNING Do not postpone the opening of a savings account simply because of the smallness of your first deposit. All things, you know, must have their beginning. The big things of today were little things of yesterday—Remember, we receive deposits as low as a dollar. 4 1/2 BANKERS TRUST CO. BANK 4 1/2 CAPITAL \$200,000.00 BANKERS TRUST BUILDING, TACOMA, WASH.

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