

## Let Uncle Sam Do It

Now let's see what our economic policy will be toward radium, so important in the treatment of cancer—to those who are rich enough to afford radium treatment.

The world was at the mercy of European chemists who closely guarded the secret of their process of producing radium. But Uncle Sam's splendid staff in the laboratories of the Federal Bureau of Mines, at Denver, went to work and succeeded in refining radium from Colorado ores by a process of their own. These government scientists have just handed over to the National Radium Institute 171 milligrammes of their radium, as proof of their success. It is a great triumph, and those good fellows of the Denver laboratories should be honored and rewarded. But, how is this splendid discovery to be handled?

Shall we, as usual, surround this new discovery by a high tariff wall, and thus keep up its price?

Shall we say that it is a blessing that should be at command of all humanity at the lowest possible cost?

These questions are pertinent and timely. There is already strong opposition at Washington to the radium conservation bill. Parties holding radium-bearing ores demand a monopoly, and the government proposes to keep unto itself all lands containing such ores. It is the same old issue of Fostered Cinch versus Humanity, Dollars versus Men. It is the same old effort of so-called "individual initiative" to patent itself and become a curse.

While the foreign nations are engaged in barbarism, let Uncle Sam again add to his glorious record.

In the case of radium, in whose uses there may be untold blessings for man, "Let Uncle Sam Do It!"

Let him monopolize America's radium-bearing ores, that the poorest of his children may have the benefits of radium in cure of disease.

Moreover, and best of all, let him say to the whole world: "I have discovered a simple, cheap way of producing radium from the ores. I do it this way and that way. Here are all the details. It is no secret. Thank God that I have it and that I can freely give it to all humanity!"

Through such things, not by big tariff exclusions, or by boundary fortresses, or by safe-guarding secrets as to the production of human necessities, will come the universal brotherhood. Happy, fortunate and great is the nation or the man who can do the whole world a good service, and does it. To let greed interfere with this is high crime against both God and man.

## Did You and Don't You?

Did you ever climb aboard a street car somewhere about 6 p. m., with the vision of a nice hot beefsteak at the far end of the line dancing entrancingly before your mental gaze? Yes?

Did you notice the fare indicator registering 115 and the thermometer still rising, whereas the capacity of the car was in the neighborhood of 60?

Did you hang onto a strap, with one foot in the air, or swing onto a seat handle while you swayed to an' fro like a fly fan in a Chinese restaurant?

Did you have your favorite bunion trod on as the car stopped at every corner up to 63d street to let off some raging man passenger, or have a 100 pound woman, with an arm full of bundles and a shopper's grouch, glare up at you while she poked you under the fifth slat with a steel ferruled parasol? Yes?

Did you get home in time for supper? No? Then you know why mere mortals ride the ubiquitous little jitney, don't you?

## Some Political Pull That

Folks Folks who have been thinking that pretty near everything putrid in American politics had been presented will have to take another guess.

A bill, fathered by one Graham, is up, in the Ohio assembly, which proposes to put the selection of county liquor license commissioners in the hands of executive committees of the major political parties. It is enough to make old Demon Rum laugh. Legal permission for the party bosses to run the saloons would be a howling old reform, wouldn't it?

The New York Stock Exchange reports: "Trading in the stock of the Missouri Pacific was very active and it gained 2 1/4 points, immediately following the announcement that the control of that line would probably pass from the Goulds to the Kuhn-Loeb interests."

That the New York Stock Exchange is a cold-blooded proposition everyone knows, but it might at least have waited until after the funeral before giving vent to its glee at the demise.

## THE TACOMA TIMES

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## DIANA DILLPICKLES IN A 4-REEL "SCREECHER" HER STRONG-MAN BEAU



### A GENTLE HINT

Tourist—I say, guide, it's about time we were getting near the falls, isn't it?

Guide—Yes, sir. May I request the ladies to stop talking for a moment, and you will then be able to hear the thunder of the waters quite distinctly.

### A LEADING QUESTION

A lawyer once opened his cross-examination of a handwriting expert. "Where is the dog?" "What dog?" said the astonished witness. "The dog," replied the tormentor, "which the judge in the last case said he would not hang on your evidence."

A CRISIS  
"What's the trouble at your house?"  
"Hunger strike for a new bonnet."  
"Your wife refuses to eat?"  
"No; she refuses to cook."

### APPLIED CHARITY



## TALK OF THE TIMES



TELL THE UNDERTAKER  
I've dabbled in oil somewhat lately. I've bought stock in mines that were not; I have taken misfortune sedately. Yet have been up against it a lot.

I'm mighty nigh busted, I guess, though. To make my disaster complete I'm going right down to Chicago and dabble a little in wheat.

### A WORD FROM JOSH WISE



FAVORITE FICTION  
"It is with a feeling of mingled pleasure and humbleness that I stand before you this evening—"

CORRESPONDENCE.  
Dear Selah: I maintain and can prove that they had automobiles in biblical days. I offer this passage for your perusal: "He went up into Heaven on high."—Frank Hickey.  
Dear Frank: By Jinks! It's a wonder you didn't claim it was a White—Selah.

COUNTRY NEWS  
PUYALLUP, Feb. 3. — Wesley Kading, who is employed in a Tacoma movie show, arrived Sunday to spend the week shooting and visiting his parents.

### SELAH'S PRIMER



MEANWHILE  
It is observable that the honest, impassionate potato doesn't become so high as to be the nectar of the plutocracy, nor so low as to discourage the grower.  
BUT  
John Klink, a butcher of Lafayette, Ind., bought a cow which he slaughtered. Inside the stomach he found a bright silver dollar. Will Mr. Klink please ascertain where the cow grazed and wire at our expense.  
BILL COCKROACH.  
Bill Cockroach stumbled into Justice Lincek's court room and crawled out on the window ledge for a breath of fresh air.  
Bill of late had not been in the best of repute at the court house and various and devious means to bring about his demise have been resorted to.  
As he sat complacently in the sunshine, he heard a faint whistle. Instantly a bevy of pigeons appeared, circled about and settled down on the same ledge with Bill.  
"Zip," he was whisked away over dizzy heights, held fast in a pigeon's beak.  
The bird settled down on a roof. Bill jumped and all the while he swallowed a gulp of cold. Through a crack in the roof Bill shot downward, downward. He brought up suddenly, sally bunged up, in Judge Lincek's court room.  
"What, you here?" cried the judge. "I thought my pigeons got you?"  
"Your pigeons!" exclaimed the roach. "Why do you call 'em your pigeons?"  
"Because they always come when I whistle," said the judge. And they do.

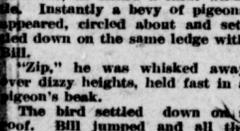
TOO BAD  
Tramp—it is needless to ask the question, madam. You know what I want.  
Lady—Yes, I know what you want badly, but I've only one bar of soap in the house, and the servant is using it. Come some other time.  
MARY'S SHADOW  
"Now, Elsie," she said, "Mary followed Edward VI. didn't she?"  
"Yes, ma'am," replied the little girl.  
"And now who followed Mary?" asked the teacher, hopefully.  
All was silent for a moment, then Elsie raised her hand.  
"Yes, Elsie!" queried the teacher, "who followed Mary?"  
"Her little lamb, teacher," said Elsie, triumphantly.—Harper's.

AN OLD GRUDGE  
"Pa, what are 'growing pains'?"  
"Those are what little boys have when they are growing tall."  
"My, you must have suffered awful, pa."

### A HARD CROWD

One of the courtroom boys of a big Broadway hotel plaintively told of the roughhouse treatment that he had received in the early hours of the "previous morning from the enthusiastic guests of a hilarious dinner party.  
"What kind of a diner was it?" asked a sympathetic listener.  
"Why, it was given by one of them college aluminum societies."

A SQUEAK FROM JOHNNY MOUSE  
A SMALL SUCCESS IS OFTEN THE DAMPER TO A BIG AMBITION!



CLIFTON MCKER

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## OBSERVATIONS

Cleveland police are forbidden to wear wrist watches; next thing we know they will not be permitted to smoke scented cigars or carry powder puffs.

Jim Patten says the price of wheat depends upon the morning smile; and the next day he became a grandfather—two dollar wheat boys.

Shun overrefined foods and avoid beri-beri, advises an eminent physician. In other words, use a berry berry and nut nut diet.

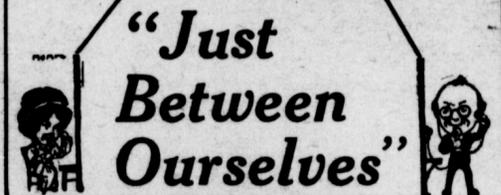
A Hammond, Ind., man tried to kiss his best girl's friend and she broke his neck—proving what some best friends do.

Europe seems to be getting around to a point where they'd be glad to make it a six-round on-decision fight.

Uncle Sam Gompers and the Kaiser have the same birthday. But Uncle Sam has won more battles.

Why complain of the High Cost of Living; they have reduced the price of teaching the Fox Trot.

The only fellow who really has time to burn is the stoker at a crematory.



BY ADMAN.  
I've been "put" on this page—better known as the high-brow columns—and I guess I'd better stay PUT.

I think I ought to be at the top of the page, and I want your help to put me there.

If I can't get there by fair means, you and I will start a campaign on the Editorial department that will make 'em come across.

Here's one that was handed me the other day.

When a duck lays an egg she waddles off and says nothing. When a hen lays an egg there's a hell of a noise. The hen ADVERTISESES. Hence the demand for hens' eggs.

Homer King, E. S. (Judge) Stallcup, Ed Watkins, Ralph Latham, W. P. Moffatt, Bill Broenkow and Mort Howe all sit at the same table with me at lunch every day, except Sunday.

Mort Howe is brother to Bill Howe the Wheat King.

Bill Broenkow and I are both neutral regarding European controversies, neither one of us cares who licks the—

W. P. Moffatt subscribed for the Times today. Who can tell what may follow this sudden outburst. He runs the State Business College and talks "chickens" (I mean birds) during lunch.

You'll see Homer King taking a prominent part up at the Sportsman's Show. He's some pigeon, is our Homer.

Henry Prince is now a full-fledged speed cop and he had the nerve to tell me I must walk slower going past his store.

Commodores are my favorite brand, Henry! Thank you!

I called on Herbert W. Little, adv. manager, McCormack Bros., yesterday and he told me he would have some good buys for Times readers in Wednesday night's paper.

I've just looked over the ad and tried to pick out one item, but find they're all so good I'm going to ask you to read it yourself, on page eight.

Let's all go to the Sportsman's Show at the Armory tonight. (Continued Tomorrow.)

## OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

