

Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

Poor Belgium

In the spring of 1908 there was organized and promoted in the great Sacramento valley of California a reclamation land project known as The Natomas Consolidated.

Upon this project, involving some 200,000 acres of land, there were floated and sold bonds to the amount of \$16,000,000.

These bonds were sold in all parts of this country and some even found their way into western Europe.

Last spring the company defaulted on the interest and a re-organization was decided upon. Then came the task of calling in the bonds. Meantime war was declared and the European bondholders were hard to find, but finally re-organization was affected with 98 per cent of the bonds in hand.

The other 2 per cent are lost, but they have been traced to Liege, Louvain and other ruined cities of Belgium, where the bonds and doubtless their owners were lost.

The facts are that millions of American securities held in Belgium have been lost in a similar manner, and there is now no way by which the heirs will be able to get their heritage. But it is fairly certain that the close of the war will bring more "claimants for lost estates" than any previous tragedy in the world's history.

And It Is Sad, Too

"If a town be given over to one single industry a single fact that threatens that industry may make a whole town sad," said Secretary Redfield in his Dallas speech.

Secretary Redfield concentrated a whole sermon in that one sentence. This country is dotted with towns owing their existence to single industries, where the male population of the town depends on such industry for employment. Generally speaking, these little cities boast a happy, prosperous and contented citizenship.

Yet illegal combinations of unlimited capital—more popularly trusts—are threatening these industries and these happy communities more and more. Every day sees some independent concern close down its plant or be forced into a combine. They must scrap heap their machinery or cut their employes' wages. There is no alternative.

That is why whole towns ARE sad.

Let the Women Beat It

Reno "business men" want the present divorce laws, requiring 12 months' residence, amended, and the old six months' clause restored. They also advocate the passage of the Pari-Mutuel and horse racing bill now pending in the state legislature.

Women voters of the state protest vigorously against any changes in the present law and are assembling in mass meeting everywhere to initiate measures to block the proposed action.

It resolves itself into a question of selfish business interest as opposed to public decency; whether Nevada goes forward or backward; whether, under the cloak of "better business," Nevada is to become once more the refuge of the matrimonial derelict, the resort of the shyster lawyer and the mecca of the tin horn sport, or is to remain a place of abode for a clean and virile people.

It's not our affair. It's Nevada's. But, as usual, the women are right.

A Bible By Henry Ford

Amongst other things, Henry Ford, the Detroit profit-sharer, told the U. S. investigators of industrial relations this:

"My idea is justice and not charity. I have little use for philanthropies as such. My idea is to aid men to help themselves. Nearly all are willing to work for adequate reward. We have all kinds of cripples in our employ, and they are making good. We have a great many who have been in prison, who are outcasts from society. Every one of them is making a good showing and is gaining in self-respect and strength of character. We will guarantee to take every convict out of Sing Sing and make a man out of him."

You could run a government, a religion, a family, or a business on such a formula, and make an unheard-of success of it. Fact is, it is Christianity, or a Bible, expressed in condensed form.

A Field For Billy

There's rotting, stinking, corroding, corrupt, hell-ridden, God-defying, devil-ridden New York. God'll get it in His own good time. He can move it, and, oh, how He will move it!—Billy Sunday.

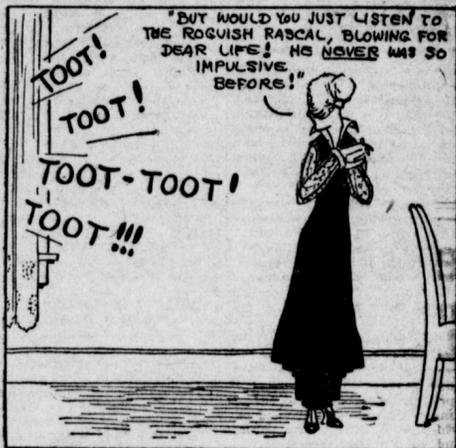
By the shades of Sam Jones! That's talking mean about New York. Were you in that subway mix-up, Mr. Sunday?

Where We Bump

Kaiser Wilhelm got off a real good thing, when he said, "One man with God is a majority."

We get most of our bumps by imagining that we are the very man.

DIANA DILLPICKLES IN A 4-REEL "SCREECHER" HER RAILROAD ENGINEER BEAU



KNOW THIS TRAIN?

Stranger (at station) — What train is this?
Station Master — That's the 4:05 last Monday afternoon. You'll get to Podunk at half past 3 the day before yesterday, according to the time-table.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

... HIS CLASS.

A gentleman, generous in his contributions for church purposes, but not regular in attendance at public worship, was described by a clergyman as being "not exactly a pillar of the church, but a kind of flying buttress, supporting it from the outside."

THE TACOMA TIMES

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TALK O'THE TIMES



ET AL.
The weather and the gas bill can't get on together any day; No matter how the weather goes, The gas bill goes the other way.

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE



It's funny how many things you meet comin' your way when you go out 'n' look fer them.

The Ho and Ho river in China has 11 mouths. It is said that our fluent W. H. Paulhanus is not in the least jealous.

WHY, HORACE!
"I was reading the other day about an Oregon hen that had laid 3,000 eggs," writes S. T. Horace. "If you know the name of the man who owned her I wish you would send it to me as I have news that will interest him very much. In a downtown restaurant yesterday the waiter served to me the first egg that hen laid."

Of course, Horace, we always claimed we ate that egg, but if you wish to usurp the honor, take it away.

A marriage has been arranged between the Crown Prince of Greece and the daughter of the king of Roumania. Any fighting between these countries will probably be confined to the royal household.

They have discovered five beans in San Francisco that are declared to be 2.00 years old. Which proves that Boston isn't the original bean town by any means, eh, Mawruse?

A rider named Egg won the six-day bicycle race in Chicago. It's hard to see how he didn't crack under the strain.

AND IN TACOMA
IT DOESN'T SNOW
The married ladies' coasting club of the East End enjoyed the time of their lives Tuesday evening. It is said that they indulged in some very daring feats, that were much admired by the spectators.—People's Advocate, Shawnee (O.)

BILL COCKROACH
Bill Cockroach ambled into the prosecutor's office with a very buglike air. He espied Deputy Selden seated in a corner combing his hair. (The use of the singular is correct here.) "This is my birthday," announced Selden. "Thasso?" answered Bill. "Which?" "Forty-second," said the deputy. "That accounts for it," returned Bill, satisfied. "What?" asked Selden, now puzzled. "Your hair," said Bill. (The use of the singular is also correct here.)

TRUE STORY
George Stone, Commercial club president, eats his luncheon at the Olympia grill. He was sitting with a party of other luncheoners and Otto Cemek asked Jack Browne where he spent Sunday. "At the ranch," said Jack. "What ranch?" asked Otto. "Monkey ranch," put in George. Then he laughed. Now the point of this story is not that he laughed. In fact we don't exactly know what the point is, but, whatever it was, it was deucedly funny, y'know, old top.

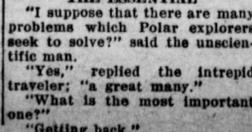
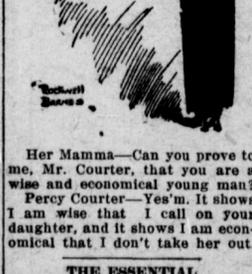
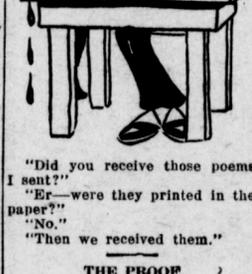
SASSIETY NOTE
The popular modern problem play, "The Divorcees," by the well-known author of "Married Bliss," will be staged in the superior court next week. Mrs. Hank Seemore, the popular society matron, will appear as the leading woman. She has imported a new gown for the occasion, a creation of crepe de chine over old copper. Hank will appear in his working clothes. Favors will be distributed to the witnesses who can talk loudest and longest.

SELAH!

DISTRACTED.
Frenchman — You are funny people, you Englishmen. You take strong whisky; you put water in it to make it weak; you put sugar in it to make it sweet; you put lemon in it to make it sour; then you say, "Here's to you," and drink it yourself! Mon Dieu! Great Scotland Yard!

"Bertie," said his mother, "what would you like to give your cousin Willie for his birthday?" "I know what I'd like to give him," answered Bertie, who had been bullied by the older boy, "but I ain't big enough."

Adventures of Johnny Mouse



NARROW BETWEEN THE EYES

Take a close look at Representative Hartley of Everett if you ever get the chance. Don't miss it. You'll see why big, brainy, capable, intelligent, broad-minded men like Prof. Angell, dean of the University of Chicago, refuse to accept the presidency of the University of Washington. You'll see a grown-up man who is mentally narrow between the eyes.

Big men, like Angell, would never permit dictation from the narrow-eyed men. Broad-minded men prefer to advise with men who have at least a thimbleful of brains on how a big state institution should be run.

Imagine a man like Angell kowtowing and fawning before Representative Hartley and his like in the legislature, begging, supplicating, pleading for a building appropriation that should have been given the university at least two years ago. And then watch Hartley thunder:

"Why do you teach socialism at the university?" Can you imagine Prof. Angell replying in the spirit of President Landes answer:

"Please, sir, don't be angry. We discourage socialism. We don't teach it at the university."

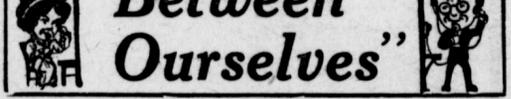
What a spectacle! Yes, Mr. Hartley, the University of Washington students study socialism.

It may even widen your eyes to learn that they study the doctrines of Confucius. Also the doctrines of protective tariff, and free trade, and a lot of other things.

They study these things because they constitute a part of human knowledge. Education is meant to broaden the mind, not to narrow it. The university teaches, it doesn't advocate, these various political doctrines.

If Glenn Hoover, university graduate, is a socialist, then John C. Higgins is a standpatter. If Tom Murphine is a progressive, then Howard Cosgrove gives three rousing cheers every time Taft's name is mentioned.

A FEW LESS HARTLEYS IN THE LEGISLATURE, AND THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON WILL HAVE ITS CHANCE AS A REAL EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION. IT IS NOW THE VICTIM OF 2-4 POLITICIANS.



BY ADMAN.

Every time I stop a moment and talk to Bernard Comber (Scotch Tailor)

Some poor unfortunate comes along and makes a touch for two-bits, and being the bigger of the two, I'm the goat.

I met Nell Phillips yesterday afternoon on C street. He had his pockets full of socks, a box of cigars, a package of hairpins and two loaves of bread.

"Where in Sam Hill have you been?" I asked. "Just made a trade with a Chinaman."

It takes a Scotchman every time—even with the Chinese.

"I got a pair of socks and six Flor de Stinka cigars out of the deal."

Nell swapped an old awning for the above.

J. H. Bradley of Bradley & Chastain drives an automobile.

John is a good friend of mine, but up to date has not offered to show me the town.

That's some portrait of Abe Lincoln the Peoples Store is giving away.

It's by Barry, the noted American portrait painter, and I think every Tacoman should have one.

Talk about the Times bringing results. Harry O'Neil (Jim) sent me that picture yesterday.

Much obliged, Jim!
(Continued Tomorrow.)

OUTBURST OF EVERETT TRUE

