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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE TACOMA TIMES

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LABOR AND THE LION'S DEN

Some centuries ago, Nero the Roman emperor, fed little bands of people called Christians, to the lions which he brought from Numidia for the purpose of pleasing the Roman populace.

Nero was very kind. If one of these Christians would falter long enough to renounce his faith, the lions would be called off.

Emperor Nero was imbued with the idea that by thus replenishing the appetites of his ferocious beasts with human flesh he could put a stop to this growing movement called Christianity. Once in a while, sometimes quite frequently, Mr. Nero caused the magnificent grounds of his palace to be lighted with torches, the flames of which leaped brightly enough until they flickered down in the night to the piece of charcoal which had been the living body of one of these persistent persons who called themselves Christians.

Time went on and despite the barbarous methods of treating them, the band that called themselves Christians with the man Christ as the inspirator of their willingness, grew and grew. Other emperors and other methods than those of Nero were united in an effort to wipe them from the face of the earth. Held to public ridicule which waxed into frenzied viciousness as they calmly walked to the lions or hung with fervid and agonized mein as human torches those Christians grew and grew, somehow or other, until they became a wave whose crest, though even not as yet reached, became all powerful centuries ago.

Absolute lack of fear and a courage of convictions on the part of those men and women who made fine feeding for the Caesarian lions caused the Christianity of today. Be you Heathen, Pagan or Christian, you know that this is the truth.

In the violent face of persecution and drawbacks the early Christians faltered not.

Los Angeles, California, last Saturday contributed a bitter blow to what men call Organized Labor.

In the face of every obstacle which power and wealth could bring to bear, men of humble beginnings, but with the inherent idea to protect themselves, their homes and those within them, have fought and suffered for what they considered and knew to be their rights.

To say that the Labor Unions were responsible for the dastardly crime which wrecked the Times building and left widows and orphans in mourning and terror, would be an insult, not only to labor, but to the intelligence of the capitalistic element which has, in many instances, waged against it bitter warfare.

No man of capital who has dealt with the leaders of labor could from his heart's depths contend that such deplorable methods would for a moment be considered, let alone encouraged or countenanced.

BUT—Just as true as Labor Unionism was not responsible for the havoc caused in Los Angeles, without doubt it is just as true that conflict between Labor and Capital was, in a measure, responsible for the dynamite plots.

Unfortunately for Organized Labor, it must bear

the brunt of the outcry for the present at least. In the hour of turmoil and rage of men following explosion of the death dealing bombs, a protest will go up that may put dents in the armor plate of those who believe in organized protection against the power of capital.

Where capital is strong and organization of labor frowned upon, the palace garden of wealth will figuratively blaze with the torch of Union Labor.

Where the lions of capital roar, the growl will be savage, and labor must girt up its loins and face calmly what is to come.

Capital itself has not immediately suffered because of the wrecked Times office. No recompense can be made for the human toll, which in itself will be oil to pour on the torch of labor.

Labor has suffered a bitter blow because of the foul fiends who believe in fire and bomb. Human beasts may be found anywhere, and when it is made to appear that they spring from a certain element, the reaction is bitter and humiliating and men must be very brave and very firm lest the cry raised against them help nail to the cross principles for which they have been fighting.

Harrison Grey Otis, owner of the Times, holds a great weapon in his hand, and countless times its cannons have been loosed against the men who believe in organized labor. From now on there will be a tighter ramming of guns and bitter canister will pour forth at the camps of Union Labor.

There will be no quarter shown and the fact that Organized Labor deplores more deeply than anyone else the disaster which centered about its enemy will cause no alteration in the capitalistic purpose to take every advantage of the horrible event.

So men who believe in the right to protect themselves against the inroads of money power must, perchance, find themselves struggling against the freshly sharpened fangs of capitalistic lions turned loose against them.

There may be death battles in some instances, and when the lion fails to sink its horny claws bodily into the laborite struggling to support those near to him, there will be the withering torch to fight, the torch of condemnation put before the public and burning more brightly because of the Los Angeles disaster.

As indomitable Christians fought their cruelist battles in the amphitheaters of Rome and burned to charcoal in the palace gardens of emperors, so the man who believes he has a right to cry against oppression of capital must now suffer and meet with fortitude the cruelist dart which has been hurled.

A far cry it is, back to that little band of Christ followers. But didn't they win the greatest battle the world ever saw, and didn't they win because when the odds opposing were greatest they proved themselves the strongest.

Now we have Organized Labor hurled again into the lion's den.

Nero is kind. He will ask once more whether you will give in.

But his lions are roaring, and the torch oil is ready for the pouring.

'YANKEE' ONCE MEANT A DUTCH COLONIST

A Dutch professor has spent considerable time and labor investigating the origin of the word Yankee, which for a long time has been regarded as an Indian corruption of the word "English." The professor says all old theories are wrong. In the seventeenth century, he says, when New York was New Amsterdam, Great Britain was at war with Holland. There were many clashes in New Amsterdam between English and Dutch colonists. The English called the Dutch Yankees—formed from the Christian names of Jan and Cornelius De Witt, prominent Dutch statesmen. Corneille was better known by his nickname of "Kees." The two names combined make the word Jan Kees, or Yankees. "J" is pronounced with the sound "Y."



SOLVED! VENUS WAS DOING THIS!

(The End of the Mystery That Baffled the World.)



CHAPTER IV.

Here is the real explanation of the Venus of Milo mystery, to wit, what was she doing when she lost her arms. Mr. Vulcan, husband of Venus, woke up at midnight one night and sat up straight in bed. He thought he had heard a noise in the room. He was right. By the light of the moon he saw just what you see there. "That settles it," said Vulc. "I've been missing money and plug tobacco out of that hip pocket for the past two years, and I'm hornswoleged if I am going to stand for it any longer!" THEN IT HAPPENED. (The End.)

HUGGED A DUMMY IS SENT TO BASTILE

PARIS, Oct. 2.—The champion "defense" has been sprung in a French court. Francis Brigaux, arrested for trying to steal a dressed dummy from in front of a store, told this to the judge: "While strolling along I saw a smart girl and when I got near I recognized her. 'Hello,' I said to myself, 'here's Ffine, and dressed fit to kill.' Ffine is my best girl. 'Hello, Ffine,' I exclaimed, and put my arm around her waist. I lifted her off her feet and was going to kiss her, when the shopman saw me and cried 'Stop thief,' and had me arrested. Then I saw that it was not Ffine, but a dummy model which I held so closely in my embrace."



JOSH WISE SAYS:



"A guardian's been appointed for Zeb Horvlock. He dented he was in his dotage, but it wuz proved on him that he'd been livin' roun' among his married children."

"WHERE ARE THE SNOWS OF YESTERYEAR?" Where is Admiral Dewey? Where is Adiral Schley? Rudyard Kipling? Henry Gassaway Davis? Zelaya? Castro? Chas. Warren Fairbanks? Kuropatkin? Boni de Castellane? Carrie Nation? Nogi? Abdul Hamid? Billy Sunday? Jas. J. Jeffries? Oh, where is Willie Whittia? Rube Waddell? Wm. Travers Jerome? Where is Jos. B. Foraker.

Neither a peer nor a felon may enter the British house of commons.

"Twas the night before Christmas, And all through the house Not a creature was stirring— They were all downtown scuffling, and fighting, and swearing, trying to purchase the Christmas presents they ought to be buying right now.

In Russia the railroads keep books for passengers to enter complaints of the service.

"I have a friend who suffers terribly from the heat." "Where is he living?" "He isn't living."

There are 7,123 national banks in the country.

"Mrs. Sharpontongue was here today and wanted her husband sent home and placed under her own care," said the doctor in the bug house.

"Let him go?" asked the superintendent. "No," he said he would rather stay here.

"Ah! The man must be sane after all."

A CRAZYLOG.

AS LISTENED BY FRED SCHAEFER.



find how few things were broken. Neither the mattress nor the lard suffered any fractures. And the six-hole kitchen range hadn't lost a hole—only the parts that were round the holes.

But we were able to cook with the sewing machine. It made excellent fuel, being all reduced to stove lengths. We were sort of sorry we brought the eggs, because it took so long to separate them from the thread and buttons and attachments when we unpacked.

I had my troubles with the freight house man, too. I tried to send along a pet goat, but the man said it couldn't go as household goods.

"Well," I said, "it can't go as a passenger, even if we are traveling second class."

"Well, then," said the man, "let it go first class."

But I found a way out of it. I asked the man if dairy utensils would go as household goods, and he said, "Sure."

Then I said the goat was a dairy utensil.

And to prove it I showed him the butter prints it had made on the seat of my pants.



"I understand, Osgar, dot you was a veteran of 1871 in der Franco-Prussian var, before you came to diss country. I guess you hate der French?"

"No, nod von bit; but I am awful sore on der Prtish."

"So? For why are you sore on der Prtish? You nefer was in no var mit dem."

"I know. But ditn'd dey hire a lot of Chermans to fight us ofer here in 1776?"

LETTERS TO MY SON

Delicate, Whimsical, Spiritual Idyls of Motherhood—The Self-interpretations of a Woman's Soul Addressed to Her Unborn Man-Child, by a Woman Whose Name is Withheld. (Extracts from the book entitled "Letters to My Son," published and copyrighted, 1910, by Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.)

THE LAST

Little one, the time has come quite close when I shall have you for my own; so close that this is the last letter I shall be able to write. Now that it has come, I don't seem to be afraid any more. Perhaps it will take me away from you and Oliver altogether; but I have asked that if I am not to be allowed to stay, I may stay just long enough to feel your lips upon my breast and your head in the hollow of my arm. That will be, I know. For the rest, I can think of nothing but that I shall, at last, after all the years of longing, see your face, and feel your little body in my arms. My heart seems to be a great white flame, because of the love that is in it, and my body is full of gladness because it is giving you to Oliver. Are you going to be a great little gift, beloved? Indeed, I think so. Be true, and whatever else your life is, it will be that much finer for it, because there is nothing really great that is not built on truth. Love Oliver without fear, and give him your whole confidence, for he will never abuse it. Little son, you do not know how much I want you to believe that! And if I am not there, you will love him for me, too, won't you? I am afraid he will be very lonely sometimes, because we have been a great deal to each other; but if he has you it will not hurt quite so much. Oh, my darling, though I am not afraid any more, yet as I write my heart goes out in great longing to live. There are so many things I could do for you both that you cannot do for yourselves; so many ways in which I could be of use to you, for men, in

IN THE PUBLIC EYE



SENATOR W. P. FRYE.

And now it is reported that another of the New England reactionary senators will retire—voluntarily, of course—at the end of his present term. Senator Frye, Hale's colleague, and the daddy of them all in point of years, is the next one scheduled to walk the plank at the behest of progressive voters.

Frye's term does not expire until 1913, but he is now 79—five years older than Senator Hale, and ten years older than Aldrich, both of whom considered themselves too old to seek another term—which reason was as good as any other, although it was not the primary one. If you don't think so, look at the Maine election statistics.

The aged Maine solon began holding office nearly 50 years ago; and succeeded Blaine in the senate in 1881, being re-elected five times. He has been president pro tem. of the senate almost continuously since 1896.

best and at the end of that period be reduced to actual cost, which will give the people the benefit of the profits in years to come which would have gone to the corporate owners.

Tacoma has a chance to be placed in the front rank at once if the docks and telephone are taken over and we as citizens should be for a Greater Tacoma; should voice our sentiments until we get them.

The docks and telephone can be self-supporting at once and in that way will not be a drain on the cash box of the city. Hoping the clubs (those in favor) of Tacoma will boost in earnest for both; and last but not least, with the aid of the people's paper, the Tacoma Daily Times, we may get it. So yours for success,

RESIDENT.

Freckles

Disappear Quickly When This Treatment is Applied.

At this time of year "Freckle Face" is with us in full bloom. And the anguish and heart pang those freckles cause! Not necessary at all! At the first sign of a freckle, or even if your face is already covered with them, go to toilet goods counter of Ryner Malstrom Drug Co., get a two-ounce package of Kintho (extra strength) apply it a few nights (maybe only one night), and presto! your freckles are gone like magic. Money back if it fails.

SAVE \$2.00

Why throw your old hat away? I can reflock, dye, clean or repair it for you at a price that means a saving of about \$2 on what you would pay for a new one.

Val McMennamin 118 South 9th st. Just Off Pacific.

The Fool Who Preached Prevention

A statistician here in Tacoma figured out for his own satisfaction the cost of disease.

You see he had to do it, for he had to pay the bills. It was just this way: His little girl came home from school one day with scarlet fever. She was put to bed and a doctor was called. Then he got a nurse and bought drugs and specially prepared food, and one day, about three weeks later, he went down to the undertaker's and picked out a nice little white coffin.

These are his figures, and you will find them somewhat enlightening on the subject of health: One doctor, 25 calls at \$1.50..... \$37.50 One nurse for three weeks at \$15 per week..... 45.00 Drugs and medicines..... 25.00 Food..... 15.00 Loss by destruction of infected clothing..... 25.00 Disinfecting..... 5.00 Calculating..... 10.00 One funeral at \$200..... 200.00 Total..... \$362.50

Of course, this wasn't all the expense in connection with the case. The doctor made a little out of it, so far as the money was concerned, but he had to take extra precautions in disinfecting his clothing, and he lost a few patients who didn't want him in the house while he was attending the scarlet fever patient.

The grocer who delivered the groceries had to take extra precautions which cut down his profit, and so did the milkman.

Well, this man talked the matter over with the doctor, the nurse, the school board, the board of health, and everyone else concerned. He found there had been a loss all around.

Being a careful business man he wanted to stop the "leak," and it occurred to him that it might be a whole lot cheaper not to have any disease in the city at all. So he opened a debit slide to his ledger and entered these items: On ounce of prevention all the time at \$0.06 per ounce..... \$0.06 One share of expense in establishing sanitary drinking fountains in the schools and elsewhere..... .10 On share of expense for maintaining a good health officer..... .04 Services of a doctor in good season for one year..... 3.00 One share in maintaining good drinking water in the city..... .07 One share in maintaining tuberculosis hospitals..... .26

One share in maintaining health..... \$ 3.47

The man was very much impressed by the figures. He wrote to the state board of health and got some statistics on the subject of disease. He found out that disease was more extensive than war, and that it left behind much more misery, unhappiness, blighted lives and deformed bodies.

The man then was firm in a conviction. He started out to convert the world and tell everybody else how to absolutely do away with disease for \$3.47 a year. The doctors took his side of the case, but the people couldn't just understand why they did it. Wasn't it more profitable for the doctors to have folks sick? They just couldn't understand why doctors should be so "all-fired" altruistic, and suspected there was "a nigger in the woodpile" somewhere.

And as for this preacher of health and his \$3.47, he was either crazy or a fool. Probably had an "ax to grind" himself.

"We have never had any sickness in our family," most people said. "What's it to us?" They were a little amused at his figures, but they kept on at work, and didn't think about it unless they got sick themselves. The man had several death-bed converts, but they didn't seem to help the cause much.

Well, to bring an end to this story, our man was run over one day by a street car. He died the next day. The newspapers printed nice obituaries, and mentioned his "valuable services to humanity."

But the people said, "Well, thank heaven, we're free from that nuisance of a preacher. Public drinking cups have never hurt US. We haven't died of tuberculosis, or scarlet fever, or whooping cough, or diphtheria—at least not YET. We don't know anything about where ur milk comes from, or what's in it, but it hasn't killed us YET, and probably won't, anyway. There is altogether too much of this maudlin sentimentality about disease and the like, anyway."

And the undertakers thrived and fattened throughout the land. MORAL—If you haven't seen the moral already it is too late now.

In the Editor's Mail

Short letters from Times readers will be printed in this column when they are of sufficient general interest. You may write about anything or anybody so long as personal malice is not your motive.

Tacoma, Oct. 1, 1910. Editor Times, City:

Dear Sir: There is a great amount of talk in Tacoma as regards the municipal ownership of public utilities, such as street

railways, docks and telephones. All of these are of great value to the public and should be owned by and for the public and placed on a paying basis for at least one year or as the commission deems