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Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

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DON'T LET METCALF DO IT

It becomes evident that the Metcalf Compensation bill, now before the legislature and known as bill 49, will be more popular with the employers and insurance companies than the bill proposed by Governor Hay's commission.

Metcalf's bill is more generally favored by the big interests as easily may be seen from reports emanating where employers hold forth.

Section 46 of Metcalf's bill has the following provision, which shows that self-insurance on the part of the employer enters into the bill. It was this very self-insurance that the Hay commission wished to get away from.

"If the employer is insured by means of self-insurance, that is, by an account representing part of his asset and carrying the risk or a specific part of it on a plan for periodical sums paid or credited into the account, or by a fund granted or set aside separately by him in trust for the purpose, then:

"The compensation schedule of such insurance account or fund may, in all payments, be substituted for the schedule described in this code: provided it is duly pursuant to law as substantially equivalent to this code in the benefits secured to the employe."

This little paragraph apparently has all the earmarks of a "joker" which would provide for the usual litigation on the part of insurance companies. Metcalf in this paragraph, to all intents and purposes, destroys whatever virtue his bill might have possessed.

Paragraph E of section 23 stipulates that: "No employe or dependent or other person interested in such compensation shall be entitled to commence or maintain any action at law or suit in equity for such compensation until the amount thereof shall have been determined as herein provided, and then only for the amount so awarded and according to the terms and conditions of the award and the benefits of this code."

This paragraph appears before Metcalf's provision that the insured employe or dependent shall be turned over to the tender mercies of an insurance company.

Every man, woman and child who labors in Washington, should send his senator at Olympia a letter denouncing this bill of Metcalf's.

Sunday Night Sparking

The Sunday night sparking is a sacred institution. But for it, life would be at a certain age not worth living, and race suicide would become indeed a matter of serious apprehension.

The man who has not tender memories of taking his girl home from Sunday evening service and going in for "a little while" is apt to be a crusty bachelor, hating women because he never knew one in her most charming attitude.

The man whose youth was never mellowed by a Sunday night kiss stolen from not too unwilling lips has missed half his life.

Half? Yes, indeed! The Sunday nights when the fire burned low—and the lamp, too—hold a hallowed place in the memories of every normal life.

The low fire and the low light have cast a softened glow that reaches all the way to the grave.

They who are grown old and heart-hardened may sneer at it now and think that young hearts should be calloused as old ones are; but time was with all of us when we looked forward through the seven days of the week to Sunday night as the golden time of the week.

And our fathers did it. And our grandfathers. And our great-grandfathers. It is an ancient human custom that did not originate with our youth or fade with it. Our children do it, in spite of our frowns. And our grandchildren will. And our great-grandchildren. Generations come and go, but Sunday night sparking remains.

In the face of all this, a New Jersey judge has ruled that an engagement of marriage entered into on Sunday night is void. On this ground he has released the defendant in a breach of promise suit from all claims for damages.

This is a hard blow at courtship of the kind that keeps its weather eye on the breach of promise courts; but it is not likely to impede the progress of that true love which runs its most even course on Sunday nights.

OBSERVATIONS

IN Columbia, O., when they wanted a big vote, election officers voted and put the names of English Sparrow, Hay Wagon, Ping Hat, etc., on the list. And Columbia politicians are probably solid against permitting women to vote.

SIR FRANCIS GALTON is dead in England, at 89. He was one of the early explorers of the Upper Nile, and wrote a work on the heredity of genius that made the world talk and think for many a day.

STEEL TRUST is reducing wages right in the face of the high cost of living. Cut down the salary of its new president from \$100,000 to \$50,000 a year.

WE like that multi-millionaire New York girl who married a policeman just because he saved her life and she loved him. She's the "best dresser in America," too.

NOW, if Japan will do the right thing by our fair, we won't lick her.

WIND-SHIELD for motorcycles is the latest. You'll know how you're hit, hereafter.

SIXTY billions of dollars in gold would sink the biggest ship on earth.

BY 1912, India will be making its own steel rails. England's doing it for her now.

AUTOS got so common in New York now that real swells are returning to carriages.

MEX insurgents claim they've "won nine states." But they seem to be awfully reckless about holding on to them.

INSUBRECTIONS march out. Federals march in. That Mexican revolution begins to sound like a continued-in-our-next-year.

OUR DAILY BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

Rev. Anna Howard Shaw had the distinction of being one of the first women Methodist ministers in this country, albeit she once was refused ordination on account of her sex.

But, next to being a Methodist, the Rev. Miss Shaw is a suffragist. And she certainly is strong for that votes-for-women proposition. In fact, she was agitating for the ballot before most of the modern suffragists were born.

She is a lecturer, a writer, and does everything good that will help along the cause. She also entertains pronounced views on the subject of matrimony. All bachelors are barbarians, she says, and if you are of that tribe you may as well take your hat and make a sneak for the party while the beating's good. Come again tomorrow.

Our guest is sixty-four years old today.

TEACH SEX HYGIENE IN SCHOOLS, SAYS DR. ELIOT

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—A paper prepared by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, before the American School Hygiene association, created a sensation because he called a spade a spade.

His subject was "School Instruction on Sex Hygiene."

Dr. Eliot held that to prevent the moral and physical disasters that result from ignorance in the young, it is absolutely essential that systematic instruction shall be given to all children in the process of reproduction and in the disorders that follow violation of nature's laws.

The policy of silence, he said, has failed everywhere, and instructions in sex hygiene should be given in all schools. This, he maintained, will be criticised, because it may abolish innocence in young manhood and womanhood and make the most intimate concerns in human life common talk.

"But," said he, "virtue, not innocence, is manifestly God's object and end for humanity; and the only alternative for education in sex hygiene is the prolongation of the present awful wrongs and loves in the very vitals of civilization."

"THEN IT HAPPENED" Our Daily Discontinued Story.

The horses are already at the post. Puffs of dust over at the half-mile pole showed where the starter was coaxing them into line for the drop of the flag.

The betting shed was deserted except for a few hesitant sports who were waiting till the last moment to put down their money.

Reginald Centerush took a last look at the odds and turned to go. He had been steered against "dead ones" all day by touts and was in no mood for further traffic with these pests of the race track.

A pimply-faced, rat-eyed youth with an opium joint odor sidled up to him and said, "Mister, lend me your lead pencil. I've got a corking good thing in this race—"

(THE END.)

Misery loves company—but it's hard on the company.

"Were are going, Oscar?"

"I haf just got a chob by der Smithsonian Institution to get some entomological speckiment. Do you van to go along?"

"No, tank you—I haf cout out dose cheap hotels."

Birth, Life and Death of 1 Drop of Water

Here's the life of a splash: A scientist of the Royal naval college, Greenwich, secured the history of this particular splash, from start to finish, with the aid of a camera working with an exposure of but a very small fraction of a second.

A drop of water, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, was allowed to fall from a height of 16 inches into a pan of water colored white with milk, and 14 pictures of the resulting splash were taken. Here are the pictures, showing the rise and fall of a splash.

The first picture shows the drop of water, elongated in its fall, about to strike the water. The drop looks black because of a little lamplack that coats it. The second picture shows the drop disappearing in the milky water. A sort of a crater is formed, which rises and spreads till it reaches its highest in the fourth picture. After that it falls and spreads, while at the same time the liquid in the center begins to rise.

Picture 8 shows the birth of the second feature of the splash, the cone. In the ninth picture the cone is perfect, and in the tenth it begins to stretch up to make the next form, the pillar. The black cap of the cone shows that the original drop that caused the splash is being hoisted with its own petard, so to speak.

Picture 11 shows the splash at its highest. Then the pillar falls and spreads, and in picture 14 the end of the splash proper is reached. After that there is nothing left of the commotion but the ringed ripples that go outward from the place where the drop falls.

All this happens in the twinkling of an eye. It happens every time a drop of rain strikes other water, and the little jets of water that appear on the surface of water during a shower are the "pillars" of the splashes.

Slams, Jabs, Boosts and 'MOST ANYTHING

When the shades of night are falling And the daylight has declined, Take a gentle hint from nature, Gertie, dear, pull down the blind

Charles F. Murphy favors the direct election of senators by Tammany.

Famous Stickers, Revised. Lorimer, Ballinger, Ty Cobb, Diaz.

JOSH WISE SAYS:

"Th' sexton caught Tod Fridemush chawin' tobacco in church. Th' sexton reported it ter Deacon Horslock an' th' deacon promptly ordered him ter go back an' tell Tod ter loan him a chaw."

It only cost George P. McLean \$14,541.51 to get elected senator. Which is a mere bagatelle to what it will cost us.

The drop in meat prices is another mere bagatelle.

An Italian photographer got a good picture of a midair collision of aeroplanes in which both aviators were injured.

Speaking of aviators and attitudes and such, the backbone of winter is another constant sticker.

Parables of 1911.

A girl there was who lay in bed and naughty yellow novels read. She helped her mother—I don't think—and gave all work the "rinky-dink." And then to crown her lazy ways, spent afternoon at matinees. She would not sew, she would not cook, she would not learn from wisdom's book; but just lived on from day to day in her happy, lucky, careless way. While mother dear did oft aver no man would ever marry her. But one just did (strange things oft go) who's rich, so she don't have to cook or sew.

Moral—This girl now has a cinch, you bet, while wise old mother's working yet.

Russia's no place for Nat Goodwin. They only allow a man five flings at matrimony over there.

A Philadelphia man has invented a universal clock. A band, marked in quarter hours, passes over the top of a map of the earth and shows the time of day in every city of importance.

Still, It Was Perfectly Good Cake. "Won't you try a piece of my wife's angel cake?" "Will it make an angel of me?" "That depends on the kind of a life you have lived."

Condemn Courts For Sentencing Warren

At a meeting attended by many members of Rosedale local socialist party last Sunday, a resolution was passed condemning the United States appellate court, which confirmed the decree of the federal court in the case of Fred D. Warren. The concluding paragraphs of the resolution read as follows:

"That the Warren case is not an exception, but a glaring example of the tyrannical actions, outrages and injustices of venal appointive and irresponsible courts appointive and irresponsible courts.

"That all the governmental, legislative and judicial powers are inherent in the people, and their prerogative is to make and unmake governments, legislatures, laws and courts, and the long train of abuses, usurpations, bribery, hoodlum, crimes and incumbrance of class courts make it incumbent on the people to exercise their inherent power and abolish all courts, technicalities and precedents, and provide for the submission of all cases to impartial boards of arbitration in their stead.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 10, 1911.

Dear Dad:—The Progressive league has appealed to governor to help the Borah resolution for election of United States senators by the people. This resolution will be voted on at an early date and every effort should be made to see that senators do not dodge or vote wrong. Resolutions by labor unions and by all organizations interested in popular government, editorial expression in the newspapers, interviews, personal appeal, letters, telegrams—every effort should be made to drive the senators to the passage of this resolution. It is the people's fight. The senate always has been the stumbling block of this constitutional reform. Now the senate must go on record. Watch your senator. Prod your senator.

Today in History

Feb. 14, 1876, there were filed in the patent office at Washington two papers that have made both lawyers and inventors rich. Alexander Graham Bell filed an application for a patent for a device for conveying sounds along a wire; Elisha Gray filed a caveat declaring that he believed he was about to invent a musical telegraph. It was nearly a month later before the human voice was actually heard over the telephone. But because these two documents were filed the same day there began lawsuits over the telephone patents which lasted until 1901 when Gray died unrepentant.

FRENCH TRAITOR HIDES IN LONDON

About six weeks ago we predicted in this column that Mr. Lorimer would be retired to private life. That prediction seems about to be fulfilled. About the only question now is whether he will go or wait to be pushed. If the roll were called today, there would be plenty of votes to declare Mr. Lorimer's seat vacant. The testimony presented in the Lorimer case has been overwhelming. Everybody is convinced except the members of the committee which applied the whitewash, and a few very hardened champions of Special Privilege, like Heyburn, Bailey, Paynter and Burrows.

For the hall of fame I wish to nominate John Thomas, negro, a hack driver, thirty-two years of age, who has been driving since he was 14. Owing to the judgment and nerve of John Thomas, the United Press still has the services of W. W. Hawkins, manager of its Washington bureau. Mr. Hawkins and his wife and friends were the victims of a runaway accident and after the pole of the carriage had been smashed by a reckless automobile carrying three through the crowded streets of Washington for nearly three miles before the frightened horses were stopped. John Thomas held the reins and steered a course with wonderful discretion and cool judgment, and after dodging street cars, teams and other automobiles, ran the horses up 13th street hill and finally sawed them down. Our congratulations to Hawkins, and profound respect to John Thomas. Sincerely, RATH.

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In the Editor's Mail

Everybody in Pierce county reads this column. Short personal mail, will be printed. Write about anything or anybody you wish, but do not have malice as your motive. Many letters are not printed because they are too long. Keep 'em short.

To the Editor of The Times: Dear Sir:—In your article of this afternoon paper in regard to the gas company being asked to give a reduction in the price of gas. They have put in meters all over town that seem to register 20 percent more than the old ones did. Can't you do something to arouse the public to the injustice that is being done here. We are at their mercy. Is there no remedy? A. M. WILSON.

South Tacoma. To the Editor of The Times: Dear Sir—Being a reader of your bright paper, published for all the people, I was following an account about the injunction granted the corporation that own and control the coal mines at Lafayette, against the miners. Being an ex-resident of Colorado, where I lived nearly 20 years and was in favor of women's suffrage when it was passed. But do you know (the thought comes from your own investigation) that the notorious and corrupt supreme court of Colorado was elected by the help of women's votes. Also all the corrupt officials of Denver were elected by an electorate composed mostly of women voters. If my memory serve me right the women are slightly in the majority in Denver. Now, I am not opposed to women's suffrage, and I would vote tomorrow to make it general over the United States. But what have the women done for Colorado after nearly 20 years' of suffrage? With two notable exceptions, re-electing Ben Lindsay county judge of Denver in spite of politicians, and helping to swell the 40,000 majority to the amendment to the United States constitution which makes 8 hours a day's work underground and in the smelters; echo answers nothing. There is as much corruption in Colorado today, if not more, than before 1893. I hope you will pardon me for butting into journalism. I remain, Yours truly, CHAS. L. WILLIS.

Tacoma, Wash. Editor's Note—Isn't the fact that women created or helped create a decent working hour for the toilers worth much, even though nothing more was accomplished in twenty years?

To the Editor of The Times: Dear Sir—I will try to answer the enclosed query in the shortest way possible, as follows: Socialism is a science, the object of which is the establishment of co-operative ownership of the means of production and distribution, with the ultimate end in view of giving everybody as nearly as possible the full value of all he produces and thus preventing the exploitation of mankind for the sake of profits. Yours truly, B. G. PROKOP.

The REAL King of Beasts More Cruel Than Tiger, Evil as Sin, Mad for Gold and Power Up and at Him!

We've been thinking over this king of beasts business again. And we say, once for all, that it is not true that C. P. is the king of beasts. C. P. may be a beast, all right—but there is no doubt that he is sometimes, and perhaps, in a certain sense, he is all the time—but if he is, he is not by that token KING of beasts. If he's a beast, it is not he that is king. Just as the tiger is king of cats, by virtue of being "the most" specialized and efficient" of cats, so there is a variety of genus homo that is king of beasts by virtue of being "the most specialized and efficient" beast in the business.

This specialized beast can make C. P. sit up at the snap of a finger, jump through hoops and bark for every morsel of food that he gets.

This beast, more terrible than any dragon of yore, has his habitat throughout the civilized world. In some places he really wears a crown—you can see with your own eyes that he is a KING of beasts. But mostly nowadays, the beast has a habit of cleverly concealing the fact that he is a king. He makes his lair high up in some skyscraper on lower Broadway, or perhaps on Wall street, and comes and goes openly in an automobile, and most of the people who see him coming and going don't even realize that he is a beast—much less do they realize that he is a KING.

This blindness helps the beast in his secret and wicked work of being the boss beast.

It is only when you look at the beast with eyes that have been trained to see the mark of the beast, that you are enabled to see the beast as he is—evil as sin itself, cruel as the tiger in the jungle, with the slaver of his madnests for gold and power dripping from his fangs.

This creature is the real king of beasts. Not the lion, for this beast is more terrible than the lion—not the tiger, for he is more cruel than the tiger—not the grizzly, for he is more implacable than the grizzly—not the hippo, for he is more destructive than the hippo—none of these is the king, but rather this two-legged creature with the fur-lined overcoat and the silk hat, living high up in the windowed cliffs of lower Manhattan.

Here, then, is your king of beasts Get busy. Up and at him!

If you don't—if you do not hunt this beast to his secret lair and smite him and drag his forth and break his crown and shatter his scepter—the time will come when you will work to find gyves on your wrists and shackles on your ankles, and the mark of the king of beasts branded in your forehead.

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THE TACOMA MARKET

Table with columns for RETAIL PRICES and WHOLESALE PRICES. Includes items like Round steak, mutton, pork, beef, etc.