

"On Board the Good Ship Earth" By Herbert Quick

We Are All In the Same Boat

I.
(Copyright, 1913, by Herbert Quick.)
Often we hear the saying, "We are all in the same boat," but how seldom do we think of the world-wide, universal sense in which the maxim is true. We are all passengers on the good ship Earth, and all history is the record of the relations between human beings as such passengers.

A great airship is the Earth, 25,000 miles in girth, covered with water, save where the high spots of the solid crust stick out in patches and spots to the extent of a quarter of her deckroom. On those spots, called land, we, the passengers must, in the main, live. It is the great gift of God to all men.

The good ship Earth has no crew. She is like an airship automatically controlled by some force not contained in the vessel guided. She has no rudder, no sails, no motors, no engines. She works herself. The shove into space which set her going is all the impetus she needs; so on, and on, and on she flies in her predestined path, without a crew, laden with passengers.

We know that she moves, just as we know that a railway train moves—by the way in which things beside her path seem to move. The stars and planets are to the earth what the farms, towns and buildings are to the train. They show us passengers that our good ship Earth is on her way. But we do not know whether she is bound. We are embarked on a vessel that left port aeons ago under sealed orders.

Our airship is globular, and spins around and around—for the Pitcher who hurled her gave her the whirl that means a curve ball. She holds us to her, so we cannot fly off. She draws us, as a magnet draws steel dust, so that as she spins from the thumb and finger of God, we stay on. We know that our round ships whirls, just as we know the same thing of a merry-go-round—because we pass the same thing regularly—once every 24 hours. The things we pass are the sun, moon, planets and stars—our whirling is proven by the same things that show our forward motion.

Our forward path is a circle, too—for after 365 days we return to the place occupied a twelve-month ago. This is our trip about the sun, and makes our year. Thus we go spinning like a curved baseball, and behaving as would the baseball if the pitcher could throw in a circle—the sun being the pitcher's box in the center of the ring.

But do we return to the very spot occupied a year ago? No, for the sun, too, moves, as if the whole diamond and planet-studded outfield were traveling, carrying the great Game with it; or like a ball whirled about the head of a man who walks as he whirls it. Whither does the Man walk who whirls about his head our good airship, Earth? We do not know. We only know that toward some unimaginable goal the sun travels, dragging with him all our planets with all their moons, and a great cloud of comets, asteroids, and meteors. It is one of the mysteries incident to the fate of the human race—that of sailing on their ship Earth under sealed orders.

We are on this ship as passengers; but there is no cafe service. The passengers must feed themselves. Moreover, they must subsist out of the ship itself. The ship breaks out in a green rash called plant life. On this, millions of things called animals live by taking the green substance into their bodies and making it over into body-tissue. Certain other animals eat these plant-eating animals. The decks of the ship, even the watery parts, are thus full of growing, and eating, and killing, and digesting. And we, the passengers, who believe all this is for us, are of the sort that eat plants, and devour animals, and do more killing and destroying than any of the other creatures on board.

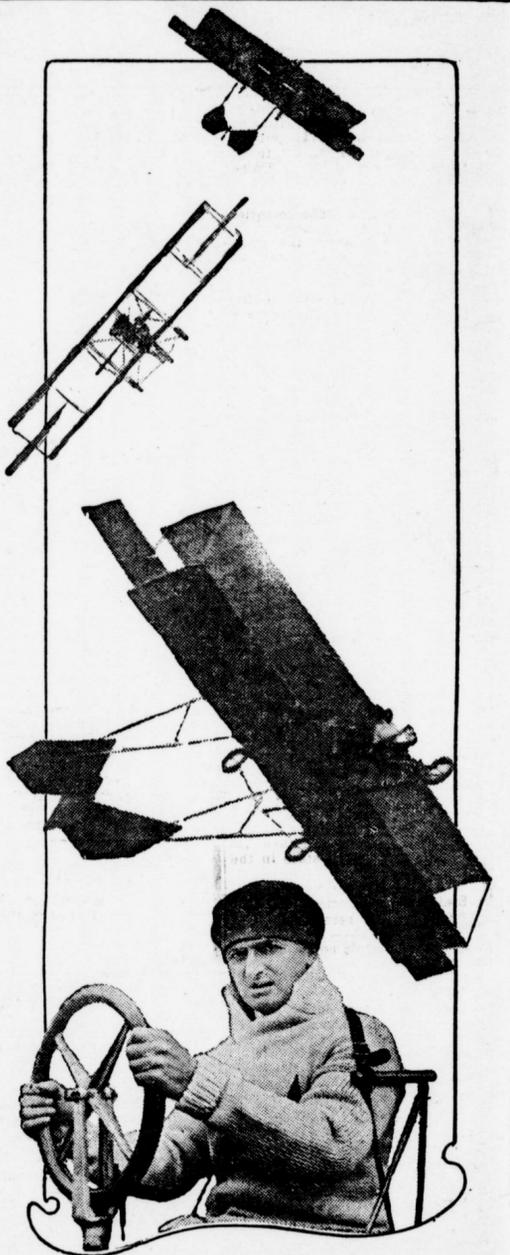
Now all these plants and animals are made out of the ship itself. We are all in the same boat with the plants and brutes in this respect—we are made of the earth, and we dissolve back into the earth. When the earth was a molten, uninhabited, uninhabitable mass, it weighed (save for an occasional meteor which we pick up as we fly) to a pennyweight what it weighs now, with its plants and animals and its billion and a half people; just as a cheese weighs no more when it becomes full of mites. We are earth-mites. We are just bits of earth organized into two-legged bubbles of earth which last a score, or two score, or three score years and ten, and then—Death pricks the Bubble, and we are earth again. We last only for a few whirls of the merry-go-round, the longest-lived of us.

All the time the high-places on which we live—the dry parts of the decks called land—are being worn down. And when the plants and animals go back into the earth, a part of them only can be turned again into things the Passengers can consume. So there is a loss of matter to subsist upon. Furthermore, we Passengers multiply in numbers. In some portions of the ship we are already so numerous that we cannot find adequate subsistence. We seem to be growing in numbers almost everywhere. In our part of the ship, we have a hundred millions where a hundred years ago there were not three millions, and we are told that in three hundred years there will be ten hundred millions of us here in the United States.

Can so many passengers find subsistence on the ship? We are for the first time in our world's history, so far as we know, possessed of the knowledge and the intelligence which make us able even to ask such questions. One by one the bandages have been removed from our eyes, and we see the good ship Earth round and entire, and we can achieve some approach to a realization of her problems. What are these problems, and how shall we meet them? We can no longer face the future blindly asserting that all will be well. All is not well. All has never been well. We can no longer see nation go up against nation to slaughter and burn with the feeling that it does not concern us. It does concern us. For the first time in the world's history, we are able intelligently to ask ourselves what this tremendous voyage on the good ship Earth really means, how we are to treat our fellow passengers, how we are to possess our great vessel, whether life for all of us and all our children is possible, and if not possible, who with his progeny shall survive—or should survive.

See tomorrow's Times for announcement of the next article in this great series.

OH, YES, WE HAVE SOME REAL PICTURES OF THE SPIRAL DIP!



This composite picture shows Lincoln Beachy's famous spiral dip. The photographs were snapped at various altitudes and give an idea of the precarious angles at which Beachy tips his machine while doing this dare-devil stunt in the air. Beachy is the most reckless aviator in the game. He flirts with death every time he takes his machine off the ground. The bottom picture is Beachy seated in his aerial craft.

INVENTOR'S MIND GONE

In the basement of the home of E. J. St. Croix of South Tacoma today there are the results of nine years of experimentation upon a new mechanical device. Those who have followed closely the inventor at his work declare these experiments would shortly bear fruit in the placing of a new machine upon the market. But St. Croix, whose record will show that he is no idle dreamer, but that he has already a number of invaluable inventions to his credit, is today in the county jail awaiting examination by an insanity commission.

His relatives say his nine years of constant study and mental strain connected with perfecting the machine whose parts may be found in the basement workshop, have caused a serious breakdown in the inventor's brain cells.

St. Croix is 40 years old and well educated. He had \$196 on his person when arrested yesterday. All night at the city jail, he complained of coldness and drafts and he slept only when rolled in four great blankets. This morning they took him to the county jail.

His brother-in-law from Seattle visited him this morning and told Jailor James Longmire of the conditions in St. Croix's shop.

The Choice of a Husband is too important a matter for a woman to be handicapped by weakness, bad blood or foul breath. Avoid these kill-hopes by taking Dr. King's Life Pills. New strength, fine complexion, pure breath, cheerful spirits—things that win men—follow their use. Easy, safe, sure. 25c. Ryer Malstrom Drug Co., 933 Pacific av.

FOOD SHOW COMES SOON

The grocers and manufacturers second annual pure food show opens at the Glide rink next Monday night. Carpenters and decorators are converting the large hall into a show place. One hundred exhibitors will take part in the show.

Daily concerts by Francis Richter, blind pianist, a dandy baby show where silver cups will be given as prizes, pie-eating contests and other unique stunts, including vaudeville, will make up the daily program. Automobiles will be shown in that section.

GAIETY GIRL DEAD

(By United Press Leased Wire.) LONDON, Jan. 7.—Jennie Hanson, known on the stage as Maud Hobson, is dead here today. She created the title of Rolef's "Gaiety Girl," touring the United States. Miss Hobson was an Australian.

FRITZI, DIVORCEE

(By United Press Leased Wire.) NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—The divorce action brought by Fritzi Scheff, actress, against John Fox, Jr., writer, is being heard today. Incompatibility is charged.

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J. S. McKee, Hoquiam real estate man, is suing Frank A. Gillett, prominent business man, for \$10,000 for saying he was "the biggest crook in town."

Henry Baumann, 17, accidentally shot by Joe Murphy, a companion near Centralia, died yesterday.

Schools at Milton, near Walla Walla, are closed on account of an epidemic of itch.

MASSILLON, O.—Moving picture exhibitions will be conducted at the state hospital here for the benefit of bed-ridden patients.

The Free Speech league of New York will finance the appeal of Jay Fox, Home colony editor, to take his conviction for publishing "Nudes and Prudes," to the supreme court of the United States.

WASHINGTON—The corsetless girl has "arrived in society." In several recent dances the young debutantes here nearly all appeared minus stays.

Ruberold and Universal Roofing \$1.40 sq. up. Get samples. Ewing's Hardware, 1111 So. C. "Advertisement."

The government got an eye opener on the parcel post in the local as well as other offices and the heavy trade has exhausted the stamps of small denomination. Over 500 packages a day have been going out.

CHICAGO—Dorothy Beason, 21, a circus girl from Williams, Ariz., is in jail charged with horse stealing. With her last half dollar she rented a riding horse and rode away on it.

Following a dinner by the Men's club at Parish house tomorrow night Dr. J. Alden Smith of the state university will speak at an open meeting on "Some Problems of City Government."

About furs. See Mueller, 921 South C. "Advertisement."

PHILADELPHIA—The commission on social service has found that any self-supporting woman can live on \$7.20 a week in this town.

State Auditor Clausen thinks \$17,000,000 will be needed to grease the wheels of state in the next two years.

State fish hatcheries have 25,000,000 fish to liberate this year.

Governor Hay is house hunting in Spokane.

NEW YORK—To aid woman's suffrage, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont will produce a series of plays dealing with "the cause."

Over \$10,000,000 has been spent building good roads in Washington in the last two years.

Gordon Simmons, Montesano liveryman, after a 13-year search found a saddle stolen from his livery barn in 1900.

Banquets served by Parcels Post. We can now send cooked foods 500 miles. Duenwald's, Tacoma's leading delicatessen, 313 11th. "Advertisement."

NEW YORK—"Bum," bull-terrier mascot of Madison street station, who saved many lives by warning people of fires, is dead. He is credited with more than a thousand "rescues" in six years.

The P. & I. building at Centralia was burned to the ground, loss \$8,000.

Ed Dunlavy, 6, shot his sister Edith, 9, through the face with a pistol while their parents were away at Centralia.

State board of control pardoned and paroled a lot of Walla Walla prisoners yesterday but took no action in Wappenstein's case.

Perfect fitted glasses \$1.50 up. Pfaff, Jeweler and Optician, 1147 C st. "Advertisement."

SHANGHAI—Execution for those under forty and imprisoned.

Snow Bound

Today all Tacoma is snow-bound, and it is not very pleasant, either. You can't get out today and look for furnished rooms or a house, but that need not worry you. Read the rental list in the Times tonight, and you will find what you want. Read Times "Want Ads" for profit; use them for results.

Wheels, Wings and Propellers For Badges Of Sky Soldiers



These queer looking pictures are evidence that military airmen have come to stay, and hereafter will be an essential part of every army. The usefulness of air soldiers has been proved in the Balkan war and the Italian-Turkish war. And now France, which led the way in military "airmanship," has adopted a set of badges to be worn by its sky scouts and fighters. It is expected that these badges will be adopted by all the other powers, including America. Picture No. 1 is the old badge for all military airmen, and is now displaced by the others, which indicate the highly specialized duties of the service. No. 2 is for an air-mechanic, with the chevron below the wheel to indicate a first class specialist. No. 3 is for an officer-airman. No. 4 is for an officer pilot of a dirigible balloon. No. 5 is for a sapper who does duty with dirigibles. No. 6 is for a non-commissioned officer of aeroplanes. No. 8 is for a sapper in the aeroplane service. No. 9 is for a repairer of balloon fabric and aeroplane wings. No. 10 is for a specialist in cord making.

POPE URGES PEACE PACT

(By United Press Leased Wire.) ROME, Jan. 7.—Pope Pius today sent a message to the European ambassadors who are "holding conversations" in London, requesting that the powers use their influence with the envoys of Turkey and the Balkan states in behalf of Palestine.

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