THE TACOMA TIMES

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INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS

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STAND TOGETHER---WORK TOGETHER

The City of Tacoma has a brilliant future before it. Nobody doubts the fact who has kept track of the rapid development of manufacturing interests here and the steady influx of population.

There are other cities on Puget Sound with bright prospects. The era of prosperity has done much to develop the entire Puget Sound country, and all the dwellers along the Sound are satisfied.

The people of Tacoma have no time nowadays for petty disputes between cities and towns as to which is destined to be the greatest. They are all "best." Bickering merely wastes energy that can be devoted to more useful purposes.

Again, the citizens of Tacoma are contented with the present prospects of their city. The one thing to do is to work together for the development and upbuilding of Tacoma.

WANTS CHRISTMAS ABOLISHED

It always happens. Every year somebody bobs up with a proposition to abolish Christmas.

This year it is a preacher in New York state who says that Christmas has become "completely securalized," an occasion for extravagance and overwork, a weariness and a reproach to religion.

"Better abolish the festival," he says, "than to make it a semi-pagan saturnalia."

'It is quite possible that Santa Claus, with his sweet traditions, redolent of brotherly love, charity and the impartial love of the Universal Father of us all, has done more for the promotion of real religion than many preachers in the world.

Take Santa Claus and the spirit sentiments and emotions he stands for out of the world for a single generation, and the true message of Christ would become incomprehensible to the indifferent human mind.

Real, blood-warm, heart-deep sympathy with and love for humanity such as is represented in and aroused by Santa Claus at Christmas time—the sacrifice without hope of credit, the giving for the mere sake of the blessed joy of giver and recipient—are all an "imposture" and a "semi-pagan saturnalia in the mind of that narrow incarnate selfishness which seeks in religioin only the salvation of its own stingy little soul.

Santa Claus may be an "imposture," but the joy he brings to millions of little hearts is genuine.

Christmas may be a "semi-pagan saturnalia," but it mellows the hearts of millions of men.

The world cannot afford to lose either. Nor will it.

There's a charm in the name and a spell in the air that exhilarate youth as nothing else can and bring back to old age the virgin emotions of childhood. Its spirit is holy, its traditions ennobling and its sweet superstitions are sainted.

Every instinct lying at the source of man's moral nature requires that there be a time in the year when for a few brief hours self may be forgotten, when the heart may turn tender and the coarse passions soften, friends may be drawn more closely and enemies forgiven, peace may descend upon us and the glad soul revel naked in the glorious benediction of the Yuletide glow.

A semi-pagan saturnalia, indeed!

It was a pagan saaturnalia once. While the Christ was yet unborn, our sun-worshipping ancestors, accepting the perceptible lengthening of day at this time of the year as a triumph of their god over the hosts of darkness, instituted this festival of magnanimity and merrymaking, and it has descended through the centuries, the growth of human knowledge and sympathy adding to its beneficence and the graces of religion perfecting its beauty, until it is a festival that knows no creed, no clime, no age, no people, but is the glad jubilee of all humanity, as natural as it is beautiful.

MORE RAILROADS NEEDED BY TACOMA

The time is approaching when the people of this city will demand other railroad facilities than those of the Northern Pacific.

Tacoma is growing to be too large a place to be much longer dominated by one railroad—or any railroad.

While Tacoma has been helped in many ways by the Northern Pacific in the past, and those favors are not forgotten, the people see that other cities in the Northwest are reaching out and inviting first one railroad, and then another, to come and help swell the volume of their trade.

And the railroads come.

In these days the cities with the most railroads have the advantage. Railroads are indispensable to development and progress.

A few days ago Union Pacific officials were in Puget Sound cities looking around. They said that the Union Pacific would enter the Northwest.

Have any steps been taken to invite this railroad here?

Its advent would develop more business and give emloyment to many more men.

Then there is the Great Northern. It misses Tacoma at present, and the name of Tacoma is not upon its folders scattered throughout the country.

The advent of the Great Northern would bring trade. It would furnish many citizens with work.

If, as seems probable, the Northern Securities company is dissolved and with it the community of interests between the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, cannot the latter be induced to enter this city AND COMPETE?

These are questions of the day. They mean everything to the City of Tacoma.

THE RIGHT TO TRUTH

Great truths are common property. No man, merely because he utters them, can call them exclusively his own. Others may have uttered them before him. Thousands may have thought them witnout uttering them.

All the great writers of the world have been accused at times of more or less plagiarism. Shakespeare was particularly "guilty." Emerson had to write a defense of himself, a large part of which is said to have been plagiarized.

And so it goes. Nowadays anybody accused of appropriating somebody else's thought may respond by quoting Emerson, who in his turn only quoted somebody else.

In general, neartly all great writers, mostly more or less plagiarists themselves, have seemed to agree that anyone is perfectly free to use anybody else's ideas, provided he can put them in more forceful words, enlarge upon them, extend them to a wider circle of minds, or apply them to a definite purpose.

These somewhat trite observations are called forth in recognition of the charge that President Roosevelt has incorporated in his late message some things said in a recent interview by District Attorney Folk, the famous St. Louis prosecutor of boodlers. These short extracts are examples:

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Bribery has not been included in extradition treaties heretofore, as the necessity for it has not arisen. While there may have been as much official corruption in former years, there has been more developed and brought to light in the immediate past than in the preceding century of our country's history. It should be the policy of the United States to leave no place on earth where a corrupt man fleeing from this country can rest in peace. The exposure and punishment of the public corruption is an honor to a nation, no ta disgrace. The shame lies in toleration, not in correction.

FOLK INTERVIEW.

Bribery has not been included in treaties heretofore, because there has been no necessity for it. There have been more cases of bribery in the United States in the past two years than in the hundred years preceding. It may have been just as common heretofore, but the evidence of it was not brought to light. If the present program is carried out, and there seems to be no reason why it should not be, there will not be a civilized country on earth where boodlers fleeing from the United States can rest in peace. Sure and swift punishment of public plunderers is a state's honor, not its shame. The disgrace is in toleration, not in corruption.

In the face of these resemblances an authorized statement was made at the White House that 'no one except President Roosevelt had anything to do with the message.'

This means, of course, that the president fully recognizes his right to make his own any thought not nailed down.

It officially places plagiarism among the inalienable rights, such as those of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Huge wave broke up a poker game on the liner Oceanic and scattered a jackpot of $350 all over the room. Too much water is bad for any kind of speculation, it appears.

Come With Me to China

By DICK WOOD

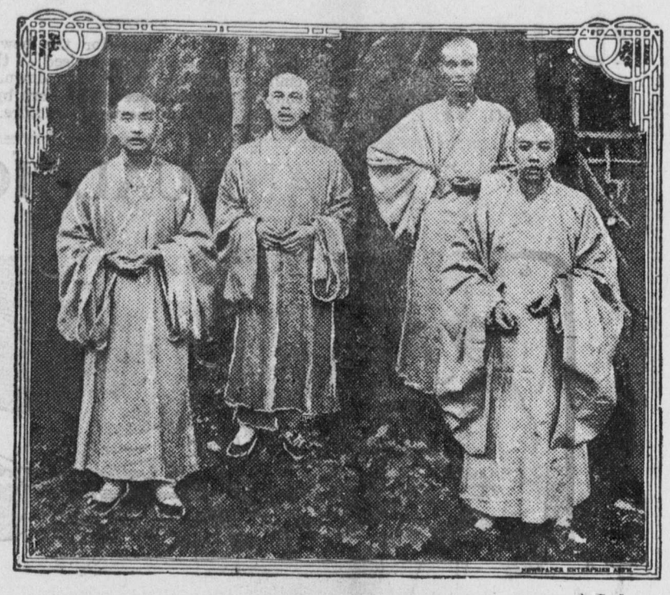
A VISIT TO THE HEAD-SHAVEN MONKS OF BUDDHA AT THE HOI-TONG MONASTERY, NEAR CANTON—PUBLIC SQUARE SPEAKER THERE AS IN AMERICA.

CANTON, China, Dec. 23.—Instead of a finger bowl at the end of a meal in China the waiter brings you a basin of hot water and a hot towel. In this hot climate—and Canton is hot—the reason becomes obvious. By indulging in this liquid luxury you are greatly refreshed, and enjoy the sweet sensation of feeling, at least, temporarily cool.

After our morning's hot towel, Jeu Ngong and myself once more battle our way through the river craft and over to Ho Nam, which is directly across from Canton.

Safely arrived on the Ho Nam side, our sampan draws into a little slip, or blind canal, with steps leading down to it. Here we behold bathing boys, mothers washing miniature recalcitrant images of themselves, and the kind of water buffaloes you see in magazine pictures of Manila. The water buffaloes are nose deep in the slimy slip of water. They are ridding themselves of gnats and flies, as the fox rids himself of fleas.

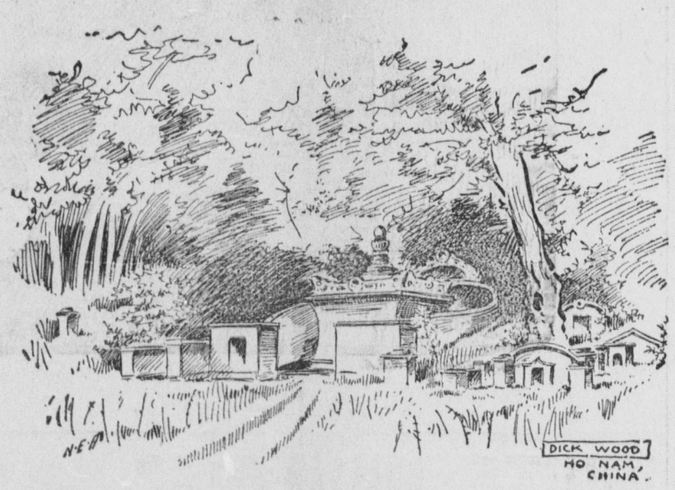
It is the noon hour. No Ham is disporting itself. Porters have laid aside their poles. ven the beggars have ceased begging. And all seem betaking themselves to the Hoi Tong monastery, whtiher we are in like bound.



MONKS AT THE MONASTERY AT HO NAM.

The bare, or soft clad, feet of the streaming multitude give out little sound as they glide and slip along over the century-worn flagstones leading to the monastery. It seems we are going east, but directions are hard to tell in China. I have yet to see a rooster weather vane with the old familiar N. S. E. W., and a watch and the sun seems about the best way to determine the matter.

Jeu Ngong is bare headed, is clad in the filmiest of filmy fabrics that you can't see through, and wears no socks, but a pair of light rubber slippers. Jeu Ngong is sensible. I am sweltering. And that isn't all. The tacks in the heels of my burning "vicis" cause me to slip and slide like a fellow with his first pair of roller skates on, the flagstones are so smooth and slippery.



ENTRANCE TO THE CHINESE MONASTERY AT HO NAM.

As we draw near the monastery a drone begins to make itself heard. It is the drone of human voices and each step we take brings it more noticeably to our ears.

As we pass under the strangely roofed portal, Jeu Ngong stops me to call my attention to the monster Buddhas at each side. Their only claim to attention is that, sitting, they are each twenty-three feet high. Had I seen them first I would have "marveled greatly," but Buddhas are so common in China one ceases to marvel. What interests me more is the sight that greets my eyes in the great open court beyond. Here are groups of hundreds and hundreds, to say nothing of knots of ten and blocks of five. The individual is rare, unless it be some sleeping coolie or unnoticed beggar. What are they all here for, and what are they doing? Let's go slow and see.

Here are two men playing Chinese checkers in the shade. On this side is a whole bunch; apparently doing nothing. Over yonder is a story teller telling stories.

Ah! Here we are. Here's something just like home. Here's a fellow making a speech. What difference does it make if we can't understand him? We can listen to the sound of his voice and note his gestures, can't we?

Jeu Ngong says "come along," but I'm going to stop. Evidently the peripatetic orator is as common an institution in China as he is at home and in other parts of the world.

The Hoi Tong monastery of Ho Nam, with its all connected up buildings, spreads over almost a quarter section of ground. Its courts seem countless, its Buddhas plentiful, and an American without a guide would be irretrievably lost in trying to thread the mazes of its corridors and galleries. It is centuries old; much older than the eight feet in diameter cast iron rice bowl of which it boasts. The rice bowl is only a little over a century old, and is cast in one solid, hollow semi-spherical piece, with a flat four-inch flare around the top which supports it above the square brick oven beneath. The bowl and oven were devised to cook 1,000 portions of rice at a cooking. Famine, stark famine, caused its making; and, because of the remembrance of how the monks fed the poor at that time, the present day inhabitants of Canton and Ho Nam contribute freely to the support of the handful of shaven-head monks who still linger in the shadow of Hoi Tong's departed glory. For, with the enlightenment of southern China in recent years, many monasteries and temples have been allowed to fall into decay, and their idols are more tolerated than revered.

In the gardens beyond the walls of the Hoi Tong monastery are the tombs of the first monk and his immediate associates in the founding of the institution. Passing out through the last tortuous turning of the last long corridor, past damp cells, long locked, a vision of peaceful loveliness, bathed in green, greets the gaze. In these gardens we find that strangely dwarfed tree, grafted and grown into the shape of a perfect fan, whose dotted designs are made up of the tiny green leaves of the aged pigmy itself. Here, also, are strange and rare flowers and plants, trained into shapes of Buddha, with Buddha's carven and painted head surmounting each. Scummy ponds of stagnant water are indicated by a profusion of water lily leaves, and smoke-like willows dangle down to kiss their brilliant blooms hard by the edge.

Three hundred years ago the Hoi Tong monastery was founded, but it is a safe prediction that in less time than that it will be given over to railroad yards. For they are dispossessing the flower-boat people over in Canton to make "made ground" for that purpose. And the railroad has reached a point within three miles of that city.

In connection with Canton's "made ground" I was struck by the fact that there are no tin cans or bottles in it. Tin cans and bottles are not—in fact, nothing is—thrown away in China. Everything is utilized to its fullest extent.

DICK WOOD.

FIFTY MILLION DOLLAAS FOR PRESENTS IN NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—Fifty million dollars for Christmas presents in this one city. That is the estimate which a department store officer made yesterday. He said it was very conservative. In another store they told me they'd wrapped up and sent away almost $50,000 worth of stuff right from their back door. These people laughed at the $50,000,000 estimate and said $75,000,000 would be nearer. But then they'd just had John W. Gates in the shop.

There you have New York's Christmas spirit measured in dollars. The lump sum takes your breath away. But, measured in smiles and lack of grouch, it's even more impressive. When several millions of people are either stripping themselves to buy these scores of millions of Christmas gifts or working twelve hours in the day to sell them, there's bound to be a big tension. With it all, somehow, the patience of the metropolis never snaps at Christmas time. Above the hollow-eyed shopgiri, driven from sunrise till late evening in her fetid pen behind the counter, above the distracted hubby, doling out till-Fberuary money in his wife's clutches, there seems to preside a sustaining spirit. You can't squeeze it out in the sardine-box elevator, nor dampen it in ankle-deep slush, nor fret it away in the grating cash-trolleys that still bear off the government lithographs when all estimates are overstepped.

The hub of the city in this Christmas shopping week is Twenty-third street. One long spine, studded with shops, up and down Sixth avenue at this point, directs the whole activity of the 4,000,000 of Greater New York. For a mile, from the old shopping center of Fourteenth street up to Herald square, the new breastwork of the big stores, the people are wearing the flagging down. From breakfast until theater time thousands on thousands of Christmas givers swarm like ants in and out of the huge caravansaries along the route. Every inch of curb and foot of cobble is disputed by hundreds of trim coupes. In a turbulent sea the shopping-bound vehicles toss backward and forward, eddying about and dashing up their elegant freight at the gaping maws of the shops. Down from the elevated railroad chutes is vomited a constant black flood of counter-bound humanity. Over the platforms of passing street cars great clumps of shoppers are thrown off or injected. Up and down the broad sidewalks moves a constant army of jostling, eager, tireless men, women and children.

NOT AN EASY THING.

To thread the streets is not easy. To navigate the straits between the counters inside is at times an impossibility. You back from your goal at the counter, and clutch to hold it. You have scarcely marked the probable location of the thing you're after before you are swept back or beyond it. At all times you must give your toes to be stepped on, your ribs to be bruised, your breath to be crushed out. But, withal, a temper is seldom shoplifted.

What are the presents? Oh, any and every present you ever heard of to begin with. Then, any and every present that anyone in the city ever had or heard of. And on top of that, thousands of presents that no one but the gentlemen who invent presents in Switzerland, India and all over the world ever heard of. It is the toy display that makes this gigantic babar look distinctly a thing of Christmas. Of course, one glimpse sets the children wild. You can be sure of one hand of the child you're dragging through the toy maze. Its head, eyes, ears, feet and off-arm, though, are straying beyond control. And yet the grown-ups never seem to tire of the toy paradise.

It seems this year as though there was a toy miniature of every real thing in the world. They range from the $200 electric railway with six trains, stations, switches and four tracks, which I saw young Cornelius Vanderbilt nor his head for, to the old-time rag dolls that the subway laborer gives his spare nickels for down on the East Side. Everywhere you will find Santa Claus. He towers four storiles high in the inner court of one of the big stores. He circulates in costume about another with presents for the children.

In a hurried trip along the line yesterday I saw Charlie Schwab, the steel ex-king, nodding a beaming o. k. as two shopgirls held up, one after another, and laid away hundreds of dolls and toys of every description. The jolly steelmaker was having them shipped, I was told, to orphan asylums in his home town and state. John W. Gates was plunging his thick fingers through a tray of thousand-dollar baubles at a jewelry store. Up on the Waldorf route of the millionaire's shops I came across Mrs. Fish sitting in judgment on the kind of bric-a-brac you shudder to think of about your feet or elbows.

So, million on million, the Christmas gifts are mounting up this week, and the tide of free-spent cash will only slack when Christmas eve releases the army of exhausted shopgirls and handlers. But there will be a Christmas for these slaves, too. So everybody is keeping cheerful.

L. G. MEAD.

Nathan Bradfield, son of Patrolman Bradfield, who died yesterday, will be buried from St. Leo's church at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning.

The Home

BY CYNTHIA GREY

STREET CAR MANNERS FOR WOMEN

In the first place, don't fail to signal at least three cars and get on two of them before you discover that you are going east when you should go west.

When the westbound car comes along, don't forget to stand on the wrong side of the street, and after rushing frantically after the car, having been successful in catching the conductor's eye, don't forget to glare spitefully at the conductor as you leisurely mount the steps. Your final leisure will impress him with your dignity and your dagger glance will make him feel that it is all his fault that women won't learn where the car stops.

Don't fail to choose as the hour for returning from a shopping excursion that hour when everyone else, especially worn-out working people, are going home.

Don't forget to pass the length of the crowded car looking significantly to right and left until some man far more weary and deserving of a seat than you are, rises and offers you his seat. Be sure not to thank him, for it is "no more than he should do," and, besides, you may be saving his life by forgetting a "Thank you," which would be likely to bring on heart failure due to surprise. Then men have no feelings; they are a queer kind of an animal; they feel uncomfortable seated in a car; they prefer to stand. It rests THEM to hang to the straps.

Be sure to drop into your seat and settle yourself comfortably, pushing back until the men at your sides are pushed to the edge, then remember to wriggle your elbows constantly, especially if your neighbors are reading papers. And under no consideration forget to read over the shoulder of one or the other of your neighbors, and when he looks around pretend you were not reading.

By all means so manage that you won't see the conductor collecting fares until he says, "Fares, please!" and it is customary to have previously arranged that your purse is in the front of your shirt waist, buttoned up under a jacket. Have numerous handkerchiefs, small parcels and various ribbon ends ready to make their exit with the purse and in your blushing confusion and hasty scramble after the ribbon ends drop your purse. That is the only way to divert the conductor an dhe enjoys bumping heads with three or four other men who bend at the same time to recover the fallen purse.

Grab the purse when it comes up as if you never expected to see it again. Men, especially conductors, respect a woman who knows enough to keep an eye on them.

Find the ticket in a compartment of the purse which you had forgotten, and just as the ticket catches the light have your veil drop over your eyes and obscure your vision.

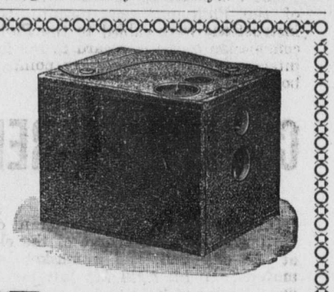
Don't fail to signal the car to stop three streets too soon, and by no means discover your mistake until the car has come to a standstill.

When you arrive at your street stop on the rear platform, or on the ground with one foot on the step, to explain to the conductor that you "never knew X street from Ystreet because the two corner groceries have the same pictures in their windows." Take plenty of time to go into details, for the conductor has by this time become attached to you and will hate to see you go.

WEATHER REPORT

FORECAST TILL 5 P. M., THURSDAY.

For Tacoma and vicinity: Partly cloudy tonight and Thursday; cooler tonight; light to fresh variable winds, probably shifting to easterly Thursday.



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